A BISHOP IN THE ROUGH

BISHOP OF NORWICH

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A BISHOP IN THE ROUGH

REV. JOHN SHEEPSHANKS,
Frazer River, 1860.

BISHOP OF NORWICH,
1908.
(*Photo Maull & Fox, London.*

Frontispiece.]

A BISHOP IN THE ROUGH

EDITED BY THE

REV. D. WALLACE DUTHIE

AUTHOR OF "THE CASE OF SIR JOHN FASTOLF"

WITH A PREFACE BY THE

RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF NORWICH

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PREFACE

A FEW prefatory words may be necessary to explain how it has come to pass that this volume appears now, and in its present form.

From time to time, in lectures and addresses and in private conversation, I have been led to relate incidents of my past life which have been received with more or less interest. And from many quarters, from my own dear relatives, from friends and brother clergy, there has come

> "A prayer of earnest heart
> That I would all my pilgrimage dilate
> Whereof by parcels they had something heard."

I was in some degree able to gratify this wish, for I had always, even in trying circumstances, at the gold-mines of Cariboo or on the arid steppes of Asia, kept a fairly full journal. And at odd times of my present life, when on my annual holiday, perhaps in some simple Tyrolese inn, I have found amusement in filling out my journal from my own recollections. I thought that possibly my children might like to have it printed after my decease.

But a few months since one of my clergy, the Rev. D. Wallace Duthie, himself an author of repute and experience, most kindly offered to undertake the work of revising and piecing together the portions of my journal and preparing them for the Press.

This kind offer was readily accepted; for I had neither the leisure, nor perhaps, through indolence, the inclination to do the work myself, yet would gladly see some of my reminiscences of the past years in print. So all the labour was in fact performed by Mr. Duthie, who has also, as will be perceived, with much trouble and skill, supplemented the narrative where needed; and the book, under the auspices of the excellent publishers, is now launched upon the public.

There is a serious, and in truth a sad, consideration which causes me to welcome the opportunity of setting some of my experiences in foreign, and especially in heathen, lands before the public.

It is to me a striking thought that this earth is undergoing far more rapid changes than at any former period of its history. Not only are the means of travel enormously improved, the railroad and the motor-car now penetrating into countries absolutely untravelled but a few years ago; not only are countries quite unknown in the days of our grandparents, such as the vast continent of Africa, being traversed in every direction, but to me, a much more interesting thought, the animals and men that inhabit the earth are rapidly changing year by year.

Many of the most beautiful beasts of creation are disappearing with melancholy rapidity. As a young man I have followed the tracks of the buffalo on the prairies of North America. Now, as wild creatures (*ferœ naturœ*), they have ceased to exist. Only a few miserable creatures are preserved in Canada and the Yellowstone Park. Those beautiful creatures that thronged South Africa fifty years ago, whose wonderful horns we beheld with admiration in the halls of our gentry, grandsons of the hunters, the antelopes, the elands, the springboks, are either exterminated

or driven away into other latitudes, there to perish, unless indeed, as I hope, steps are taken to preserve them in their wild state of nature in extensive parks.

Even the ungainly hippopotamus is, we are told, vanishing from the sluggish rivers. Similarly the cariboo and the moose are disappearing from Northern Canada. The Englishman with his deadly rifle, under the guidance of the great modern god, sport, gives no quarter.

But sadder far than this is the fact that races of men are disappearing. The natives are gone from Tasmania. In Australia the "black fellows" have dwindled to a wretched remnant. The Indians of North America are either dying off or degenerating—they are but few in number compared with what they were when I first knew them, fifty years ago—or they are being domesticated or amalgamated with the whites. My grandchildren will see the time when, north of Mexico—I do not know that I need even make that qualification—there will be not a single "Wild Indian" in North America. The "noble savage" is being improved off the face of the earth, and some of us lament him. I cannot now dwell upon the causes of the disappearance of these people, though, alas! some of them I know right well. But my point is that they, with their traditions, legends, manners, and thoughts, are in fact disappearing, and the world will soon know them no more.

Any work, therefore, which gives a truthful and realistic account of their lives and manners should be of some interest as the time goes by, though another volume will be necessary for those particulars of their history and religion of interest to the ethnologist which came under my observation.

Similarly, though perhaps in a less degree, there may be some interest in the sketch of the community at Salt Lake

City under the astute absolute government of President Brigham Young.

That state of affairs has now passed away for ever. Even the comparatively immutable Asia is changing. The railway has penetrated Mongolia to the astonishment and, I suspect, disgust of the simple nomads. Motor-cars have appeared in the sacred city, and I suspect that before long the bizarre customs of the Mongols and the strange religious rites, the fire-worship, and the adoration of the Khutuktu, will be matters of the past, and but scantily recorded in the memoirs of travellers.

It has been suggested to me that, as a kind of finish to these memoirs, I should append some reminiscences and reflections upon the work of the Church at home, as it has come under my observation during the past sixty years, in the belief that they might be useful and not without interest at the present time.

I do not know that I can write anything of value, except to testify to the enormous improvement in the activity and work of the Church during this truly wonderful period. In the forties and fifties of the last century the "Oxford Movement" had effected a change in the religious and churchly opinions of a considerable but not, I think, a very large number of Church-people. But those new or revived opinions and theories had as yet but a very slight practical effect upon the Church life of the parishes. At least in middle England we occasionally, but only occasionally, met with a clergyman who had daily prayers in his church, and perhaps even preached in a surplice, and was in consequence dubbed a "Puseyite"; but, in general, things went on much in the old way.

There were good men who did their duty according to

their lights, but there was but little pastoral skill exhibited in the working of the parishes, and but few attempts at new methods or more complete organization. The idea of work of the ordinary clergyman might perhaps be set forth in three sentences: two full services on Sunday (with no omissions), careful attention to the sick, kindly "relief" given to the poor.

No one, I think, contributed more, if as much, to set up a wholly different standard of parochial work than the man who gave the impulse to my own life—Walter Farquhar Hook. He translated the principles of the Oxford revival into actual work. For many years, by his life and doings at Leeds, and by his writings, he exercised a practical influence over the character and work of the Church which, I think, has not been exercised since by any presbyter of the Anglican Communion.

Until the day of his death he was in the habit of receiving large numbers of letters from clergy, and indeed from laity also, asking for instruction and advice upon matters of faith or conscience or discipline. In this correspondence Mrs. Hook, a very clever woman, and one who well knew her husband's mind, was of great help to him.

When Dr. Hook went to Leeds as Vicar in the year 1837, the Church of England was in fact in that rising town nowhere. The various Dissenting bodies were numerous, zealous, wealthy, and progressive. The poor Church was altogether behind.

His appointment, as being that of a High Churchman, roused hostility. When the churchwardens, eight in number, were elected, it was found that the Dissenters had carried every seat. The Vicar manifested no anger, told the newly elected wardens that he relied upon them to fulfil their

legal duties, to be present at church and keep order, and that he had no doubt that they would get on very well together.

To their surprise the wardens found that there were not, as they supposed, considerable funds at their disposal; but, on the other hand, it rested with them to provide means for carrying on the services of the church. Accordingly—strange fact, unprecedented, I should suppose, in the history of a great parish!—collections were made in the Dissenting chapels for the carrying on the services of the parish church.

The Vicar continued on pleasant terms with his churchwardens, until at the end of the year they were replaced by Churchmen. Some of them had learned in the mean while to respect their Vicar and appreciate his ministrations, and continued on as worshippers at the parish church.

If the secret of his remarkable personal influence be inquired of, the first and comprehensive answer must be returned that it was his own personal goodness. No one who was ever associated with him could have any doubt of his personal piety. He was a large-hearted, generous, lovable man, with nothing small or mean about him. Strongly holding decided views, and ever ready strenuously to oppose what he held to be doctrinal error, he was yet personally truly humble-minded. No one ever saw a sign of pride or assumption in him, and his subordinates, the youngest curates, he ever treated as though he were their elder brother, and was met in return with enthusiastic loyalty.

The parish was mapped out into different districts, one of the eight curates being assigned to each district, though sometimes a junior, a deacon, was put under the care of one of the priests. This staff was under the immediate direction and superintendence of the senior curate.

The Vicar always took the utmost care in the selection of the curates, who were as a rule invited to stay at the vicarage "on likes" before any engagement was made. If the Vicar were quite satisfied as to the character of the man —and he made no mistakes—he was put over a district, and apparently left much alone, under the superintendence of the senior curate. There was much independence left to each curate, who might set agoing new machinery and make new ventures of faith in his district with the general concurrence of his immediate superior. Yet the Vicar's eye was over the whole, and he knew pretty well what was going on in all the districts. He was always ready to be referred to, and would often visit peculiar cases at the request of the curate in charge.

There can be no question that one of the chief causes of his very remarkable influence in Leeds was his preaching.

He regarded preaching as a solemn, responsible converting ordinance, took great pains with his sermons, and, when at home, preached always every Sunday morning and evening and usually on Saints' days. In his latter years, believing preaching to be a work to which he was specially called, and having reason to believe that his sermons were often greatly blessed, he preached a good deal in all parts of England; for he regarded an invitation to preach as a Providential call, so that the jocose saying sprang up, "Bait Hook with a sermon, and he is sure to take."

Doubtless there are those who, now reading his sermons with, to the present day, their rather unattractive style, will wonder at the effect which they unquestionably had. But those who heard him in his own church would cease to wonder. The secret of his influence, which is the secret of all the deep effect which is ever made by oratory, lay in the

fact that he was entirely *en rapport* with his audience, and they with him.

Of the multitudes of rich and poor who, Sunday after Sunday, hung upon his lips for three-quarters of an hour—we felt we were defrauded if the evening sermon were less than forty minutes—there were very, very few—I should think only a handful—who did not thoroughly believe in the Vicar. They knew that he was carrying out in his life the truths and the precepts which were uttered with so much power yet softness by his magnificent yet truly human voice.

One important point in his preaching, and indeed in all his ministrations, was his singular knowledge of human nature. All other men whom I have been associated with in my life have made mistakes, and sometimes grievous mistakes, in their judgment of human character, but Hook never. His accurate knowledge of the principles which guide human conduct was of the greatest value to him in his preaching.

I remember on one occasion the senior curate and I walked behind the Doctor and Mrs. Hook on our way to the vicarage, where we always had supper on Sunday night and arranged the work for the week.

As the Doctor walked up the steps to the vicarage, a man, who had been following hard upon his footsteps, sprang up behind him and began to talk eagerly. We, of course, stood still. On entering the vicarage, after the man's departure, the Vicar, with a curious smile upon his sympathetic countenance, told us what the poor fellow had been saying. "'Ah, Vicar, you were too 'ard upon me to-night'" (*i.e.* in the sermon). "'I don't say you were wrong. But if you had known all the circumstances, you wouldn't have

been so 'ard upon me—you wouldn't, indeed.'" Of course the Vicar knew nothing whatever about the poor man.

Another point in his preaching was this—that he always set up a high, but never an unattainable, standard. I have heard a baker, an enthusiastic admirer, say, "The Vicar never tells us to do anything but what we might do, and ought to do. He knows how to make allowances. There is no preacher like t'ould Vicar."

Mrs. Hook, within my own hearing, attributed the Vicar's success in great degree to his *bonhomie*, and I have no doubt that she was right. He was always genial with everybody. On one occasion he was trying to persuade a man of intemperate habits to take the pledge. At last the man replied, "Well, Vicar, I will take it if you will." "Done!" was the quick reply. Rather taken aback, the man retorted, "But how shall I know if you keep it?" Many men would have been ruffled by such a doubt. But not so the Vicar. "You ask my missus, and I will ask yours." *

His *bonhomie* was very useful on many occasions, as sometimes when he was in the chair at meetings. He was, of course, Rural Dean; and sometimes hot discussions would arise, for those were days of eager controversy. If the discussion became sharp, the President would intervene. Rolling about in his chair, somewhat after the manner of Dr. Johnson, he would plunge into anecdotes, and tell

* Sometimes in his genial good humour he would, with much amusement, tell a story against himself, such as the following. Calling upon an old friend at Coventry, a pretty little girl came into the room, and walking up to the Doctor, and gazing at his bulky form and massive face, said deliberately, "I've seen zu before." "Have you, my dear?" "Yes. I've seen zu at ze Zoological Gardens!"

us some capital story of one of the notabilities of his acquaintance. And the laugh restored us all to good humour, except, of course, the two who wished eagerly to press their own views.

I have drawn this slight sketch of Dr. Hook, because, learned as he was, and an authority on pastoral theology, he was, I think, unquestionably the foremost parish priest of his day. And this because the principles upon which he acted, increasingly adopted since the time he first advocated them, appear to me to be the true principles of the Church of England, and well calculated to promote her work. He certainly was *felix opportunitate vitæ*. He raised the Church and increased the strength of the Church enormously in Leeds, and indirectly throughout all Yorkshire and the North.

The change that has passed over the episcopate during the last sixty or seventy years is, I suppose, to the full as remarkable as that which has passed over the work and character of the parochial clergy. The worst days of the eighteenth century had indeed departed for ever. The Bishops were no longer found haunting the ante-room of the Prime Minister to make interest for promotion to a better, *i.e.* a richer, See.

But bishoprics were still often, perhaps usually, given to political adherents, or to oblige a great man, or under the influence of private friendship. The object aimed at, as indeed is too often the case now—the object which commends itself to those who desire preferment to benefices—was to oblige and benefit the person preferred, rather than to seek out the man most likely to do well the work of the vacant post. The person, not the work, was the predominating consideration.

Bishop Bathurst, of Norwich, and his friends were bitterly angry because at the age of eighty-three the important and onerous See of Winchester was not offered to him by the Liberal Government. And in actual fact, in the year 1831 the Archbishopric of Dublin was offered to him, when eighty-seven years of age, by the Prime Minister, Lord Grey. He was well known to be an enthusiastic supporter of the Reform Bill.

There were many excellent men upon the Episcopal Bench, but they knew little of the science of episcopal work. They remained usually in their cathedral cities, unless they were in town, and scarcely ever went into their dioceses, except when on their periodical rounds for the purpose of holding Confirmations.

I remember well one worthy Bishop, a kindly, courtly old man with an aristocratic lisp, speaking thus at my father's table: "Some of my Right Rev. Bwethren say they find the work of their dioceses vewy onerous. I cannot but think this is from want of method, want of method. What I do is this. I have a map of my diocese, and draw an imaginary line—an *imaginary* line—across it, dividing it into two fairly equal moieties. I go through the one half one year, confirming the dear young people. I go through the other half the next year, confirming the dear young people. And the third year—why, haw, haw, haw! I have a holiday."

Similarly, the excellent Bishop of the then vast diocese of Lincoln writes to the Bishop of Norwich in 1833: "The present is my idle year: I have neither Visitation nor Confirmations, and can therefore, without the slightest inconvenience, hold Confirmations for you."

I do not suppose that these Fathers in God had any

idea that there was more that could be done. There was no tradition in the English Church of a Bishop going frequently throughout his diocese, visiting the clergy in their own parishes, and preaching in the village church. Such was an idea never broached. There were excellent Bishops wishful to do their duty, but some one was wanted to show the way.

Our own Bishop was a country clergyman, who got his bishopric through the interest of his patron, who became a Cabinet Minister in the Whig Administration. He was a very kindly man, and certainly on one occasion, in which my own honoured father was concerned, exhibited singular humbleness of mind.

It is remembered to this day how his kindness of heart once nearly got him into trouble. Walking along the high-road, he saw a carter beating his horse rather cruelly. Whereupon the Bishop stopped and remonstrated strongly with the man, who, however, not knowing him, only gave him "sauce." So the Bishop went on his way somewhat perturbed.

A gentleman coming up, who had seen the two conversing, asked the waggoner if he knew who it was. "No," he says; "but I gave him a piece of my mind." "That was the Bishop." "The Bishop! Why, we rent land under him. I'll run and beg his pardon."

The good Bishop, still ruffled, chanced to look behind, and saw the carter tearing along with his long whip in his hand, doubtless to administer personal chastisement. So he took to his heels and trundled along the road as well as his age would let him, the carter gaining on him fast. Fortunately, before long there was a cottage by the road-side, where the panting prelate took refuge. The carter

followed. An *éclaircissement* took place, and a suitable apology appeased the good-natured Bishop.

The traditional mode of administering Confirmation was deplorable.

In the West Riding of Yorkshire, and in the great East Anglian See, Confirmations were held only once in seven years. Of the former, Dean Stephens says: "A vast number of ill-prepared young people were brought together in waggons from great distances. The occasion was frequently a scene of scandalous festivities and improprieties, and many of the candidates returned to their homes initiated in vice, instead of being confirmed in goodness."

Upwards of 1000 candidates were presented at Leeds on the occasion of the first Confirmation of Dr. Hook's vicariate. It was much the same in East Anglia. The custom of the diocese is, and has been since the Middle Ages, for the Bishop to hold his Visitation of the clergy once only in seven years. My brethren of the Episcopate will envy me.

When the appointed time arrived the Bishop's carriage was brought round. On one or two of these Visitations, so the story goes, the Bishop and Mr. Gurney exchanged horses for the occasion, the Bishop's four bays going to Mr. Gurney's stables, and Mr. Gurney's four blacks going to the Palace. Then in step the Chancellor, the Registrar, the Chaplain, and the Bishop himself, all in wigs and gowns and canonicals, to go off in solemn procession all round the diocese, visiting and confirming. This solemn progress had been handed down from mediæval times, when the Bishop stayed at his various stately houses, visited the clergy, instituted and even ordained others.

On one of these progresses, immediately after the "Black

Death," some hundreds of priests were ordained. The children, results of the seven years' waiting, were brought in to the various centres in crowds, in carts and waggons. Incidentally, Bishop Bathurst mentions in one of his letters that the day before he had confirmed between 1600 and 1700 young people in one of the fine churches at Bury St. Edmunds. There were eatings and drinkings and junketings in the public-houses, and the candidates went back to their often distant homes in the gloaming. The certain dangers and probable sins of such gatherings as these are obvious, and so too the distaste they would breed in the minds of pious Dissenters to the blessed ordinance of Confirmation. This progress occupied about two months.

I myself was confirmed in the noble church of St. Michael, Coventry, with between 300 and 400 others. The Bishop gave us no address at all before the laying on of hands—which would suit well enough some of our modern critics. But after the Confirmation, mounting the pulpit and drawing from his silk cassock his black velvet sermon case, he gave us what was then styled his "charge."

His opening struck me, and has never since been forgotten: "My dear bwethren, we have just been engaged in a vewy interesting, and I must confess, as far as I myself can perceive, a wholly unobjectionable ceremony." The sharp schoolboy thought that, if that were all that could be said, he might as well perhaps have stayed away.

But indeed in those days very little was said, except by an occasional "Tractarian," on Confirmation as being one of the blessed God-instituted means of grace. It was regarded rather as being the taking upon one's self the vows of Holy Baptism—a useful ceremony.

There is no need to point out the contrast between the

Ordinations of the present day and those of the time to which I am referring.

I believe I am doing no injustice when I say that the matter which apparently was then thought of the greatest importance was that of the examination. The candidates had the briefest possible private interview with the Bishop, perhaps none at all. His legal secretary, on the Saturday evening, told the assembled gentlemen with an affable smile that they were all "through," and must be at the cathedral next morning at half-past ten.

There were no days of meditation and prayer, no kind of a "retreat," as now, between the examination and the Ordination. At Norwich, as one of my clergy tells me, whose uncle went through the experience, "Very little work was done in the Ember days; and in the evenings they all met in the Palace and played whist. And for no inconsiderable stakes, too."

There were great difficulties and obstacles handed down from the past which thwarted the earnest efforts of most zealous clergy. In some parts of the country there were the hunting parsons, and in all parts there were the non-resident parsons. The dreadful hindrance to the work of the Gospel presented by non-residence is strikingly brought out in that interesting and illuminating book, the "Life of Bishop Stanley," by his son Arthur Stanley.

Some of the facts there brought out seem almost beyond belief, *e.g.* that there was an instance of fifteen benefices being held by three brothers. "In 1837," writes a gentleman from Norwich, "I saw from my window nine parishes, of which only one contained a resident clergyman."

In driving through the diocese the coachman has often pointed out to me the knoll, not far from the church,

where the parish clerk would stand and wave a white handkerchief to the parson, as he rode by on his cob, to signify that there was no congregation, and that he might ride on and take the duty at his next living. It is delightful to see what a change the firm and righteous administration of the new law enforcing the residence of the clergy by good Bishop Stanley effected in all this.

I suppose that there is no branch of the work of the Church which has developed in a more remarkable way than the work of missions to the heathen.

For long years after the Reformation the Church, in trials and difficulties, was trying to maintain her position in England. Then came the Deistic movement and the miserable Erastianism and deadness of the Georgian era. Missions to the heathen were not only neglected, but derided.

In grubbing among the books of my father's library, I once fell upon two handsome volumes of sermons by Dr. Coetlogon, a divine of considerable repute in his day. Being always fond of sermons, I set about their perusal, and came to this question, "Are we bound to send missionaries to convert the heathen?" Will it now be believed that the answer was "No"? And the reason given was this: "The preaching of the Gospel at the first was authenticated by miracles. To attempt to preach the Gospel to heathen without the power of working miracles would be futile. We now have no power of working miracles; therefore to send missionaries for their conversion would be useless." I read no more.

Matters were improving. Good and earnest men, more particularly the Evangelicals, were showing increasing zeal for the good work; for, indeed, zeal for the conversion of

the heathen is the thermometer of love for Christ. But generally Church-people were languid and indifferent, or even hostile, to the cause. "Charity begins at home." How cleverly Satan makes use of proverbs! Milner, in his "End of Controversy," makes zeal and success in the conversion of the heathen one of the notes of the Church, and pours scorn upon the miserable attempts of the "Protestants." And I have heard extreme Tractarians do the same. Since that time the Pope himself has sounded the note of alarm for the zeal of the "Protestants" and the increasing success of their missionary efforts.

But no enthusiasts in their wildest dreams would have thought it possible that within a century there should take place such a gathering as that of the late "Pan-Anglican Congress"—not that personally I think we have any ground for exultation or self-complacency in that world-wide gathering. When we contrast our position in the mission-field and the position of our Church in the Colonies with our influence as a nation, the enormous wealth of those who call themselves members of our Communion and the efforts and the results of the work of other Christian bodies, who have also all their home needs to supply, I feel sure that we have cause for soul-searching and shame.

The condition of the foreign work of the Church is analogous to that of her work and prospects at home. It fills us with humiliation because of our deficiencies, and yet gives us hope because of our improvement and progress. But for this it would have seemed unkind and invidious to have touched upon the lamentable neglects of the past.

But these matters show us two things: (i.) the difficulties that we have inherited from the past—the amount of lee-way which the modern Church has had to make up; (ii.)

that while the present condition of the Church, with regard to her influence upon the nation, is indeed truly saddening, yet we are improving. The tide is not on the ebb, but on the flow. God, in spite of our sins, has watched over His Church. A new movement and a fresh life has stirred within her during the past seventy years.

The Church is no longer thought of and spoken of as "The Establishment." She is regarded as the Spiritual Body, to which more especially God has committed the work of ministering to the great Anglo-Saxon race. The old methods —or, perhaps, rather the old non-methods—of work are regarded as unsatisfactory. New ideals have sprung up, and new and more thorough methods are being employed. By God's good providence good men were raised up to show us, in a concrete form, how the work of the Lord might be improved. Such among the presbyters were men like Dr. Hook, of Leeds, and Mr. Claughton, of Kidderminster. And for the raising of the standard of episcopal life and work, the great Bishop of Oxford, Dr. S. Wilberforce, showed the way.

Look to the Church now, and the contrast between the work being done at the present day and that which was being done sixty or seventy years ago is indeed remarkable. We believe that "the good hand of our God has been upon us." But whether the results achieved are commensurate with the improvement in the work done is another and a difficult and a doubtful question. Is the Church, with regard to the nation, stronger than she was seventy years ago?

I do not doubt that there is far less hostility. The Establishment was odious, as a rule, to all Radicals. It was regarded as a privileged institution, opposed to all progress and liberality of thought. The conduct of the Bishops and

clergy, especially of the former, in their persistent opposition to the Reform Act, was still tenaciously remembered. Church rates were regarded as a hateful impost. At a fiercely contested election, no leading Churchman and Tory—for, alas! the two were synonymous—was safe from insult. When the mob, with colours and band and banners, the Liberal "rally," swept round the town at election time, they always paused before my father's house, though he was personally greatly respected, and was indeed a Liberal until his latter years. We children were bidden not to show ourselves at the windows, and cowered behind the blinds while the yelling and the hissing and the opprobrious epithets went on.

All this has passed away. Some excellent legislation has been carried; among the rest the Church Rates Abolition Act, dreaded and opposed by the clergy, but indeed a blessing in disguise. The greater earnestness and zeal of the clergy have been recognized. The Church has learned to depend less and less upon the aid of the State, and more upon the devotion and liberality of her own members. And in proportion her strength has increased. We need to go further in the same direction.

But has the Church a greater spiritual influence upon the masses, and especially upon those forces which, as is inevitable in the long run in a democratic country, are rising up to increasing power amongst us? Is it not a startling and lamentable fact, if it be true, that of the large contingent of "labour members" in the House of Commons, only one professes himself to be a member of the Church of England? What is the explanation of this?

A sufficient answer would require treatment at considerable length. I will only briefly put forward two considerations: (i.) Politics. An established Church has almost

inevitably a tendency towards conservatism. The clergy have a shrinking from democracy, and offend therefore the advocates of popular rights.

To give but one instance. There is no doubt that the great majority of the clergy were opposed, or were generally thought to be opposed, to the extension of the franchise to the agricultural labourers, and were certainly believed by them to sympathize and to act with those who would deny to them what they regarded as their interests and legitimate ambitions. The result of this, and the consequent hostility of the "Agricultural Labourers' Union," was seen in what was called the "exodus of the labourers," when thousands of the labourers openly left the Church, and either joined the Nonconformists or more usually dropped into the vast army of the indifferents.

I trust and believe that this alienation from the Church is dying out, and the labourers, especially the younger men, are becoming increasingly attached to our Communion.* But great harm was done. My own conviction is that while a clergyman, as an individual, has as much right to his opinion and the exercise of his vote as any other citizen, for the ministers of the Gospel to take such a line in purely secular matters as alienates a section of the nation, and indisposes them to accept the ministrations of the Gospel at their hands, is wrong and indefensible; for we are ordained not to teach secular politics, but to save souls.

(ii.) Such men as our artizans, a fine class of men whom

* At the time of my first Visitation, in 1893, there were only a few hundreds of communicant labourers in the diocese. By my second Visitation, in 1901, the number had increased to 4527, and by 1908 to 7119—a good increase, yet the number ought to be many times greater. The population of the rural districts has in the mean time considerably decreased.

we wish to win for the Gospel, are alienated from the Church, as they say, because they seem to have no place in her Communion.

The artizan can go to the parish church, if he please, unless indeed it be, as is not unlikely, a pew-rented church; in which case it is not the place for him. Otherwise he can go and no one notices him. Perhaps the musical service, the intoning, the anthem, the short sermon, do not suit him. But he has no opportunity of advocating any change. The church is managed by the vicar, with perhaps the aid of a few "influential people." Oh, that expression, the "influential people"! What harm it has done! There are those who appear to think that the Church exists for the influential people. To this I cordially assent, if we may merely omit the word "influential." The artizan knows that none of his sort has any part in the work or management of the church. Nobody accosts him when he attends, or extends to him the right hand of fellowship, or misses him when he stays away. He thinks he is neither welcomed nor wanted, and will go elsewhere where he will be, or else he gives up religion as a bad job.

I contend that in such parishes as the bulk of our town parishes, consisting partly of the affluent, partly of the working classes, partly of those who belong precisely to neither, it should be known and understood that people of every class are welcomed and invited to take part in the work and management of the church. In fact, every such local church should be managed upon democratic lines. While the spheres of doctrine and worship are reserved, all the temporal affairs of the church—the finances, the temporal undertakings—should be managed by the laity under the presidency of the parish priest.

And care should be taken that upon this body of management every class should be adequately represented by those who are ascertained (by votes, if necessary) to be genuine representatives of the class. The aid and co-operation of every man of good character, willing to help, is thankfully welcomed. A place and a work of some kind should, as far as possible, be found for every one. All should be brought in, and there should be a keen sense of brotherhood among all who listen to the same Gospel and kneel together at the same holy table. There are churches where this is being attempted, and with happy results being done. Were they multiplied a hundred-fold, the Church would be stronger and the work of the Church's Lord better done.

I must express my cordial thanks to Miss Claudet for the kind loan of photographs by my late dear friend F. Claudet; and also to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge for permission to make extracts from my work ("My Life in Mongolia and Siberia") published by them.

JOH: NORVIC:

Christmas, 1908.

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THE CALL TO THE WEST

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"Go by all means. I hope you may do some good out in British Columbia. Anyway" (with one of his sweet smiles), "I think you will get good yourself."

This was the encouragement given to the future Bishop of Norwich in the contemplation of work and wanderings that were to fill up the next eight years of his life. It was no common man who spoke it. Tall, red-haired, with large mouth, so little was he beautiful to outward seeming that he wrote in his diary, "Terrible ugly fellow I am, but I can't help it," and placed on record the fact that his granddaughter "cried at the sight of me."

To most people the sight of him was welcome and inspiring. Of most quaint and beautiful nature, apt and droll in language, vigorous beyond the common in mind and body, no citizen of Leeds but delighted in the brave and vehement old Churchman, Dr. Hook. To his curates he was as a father. Advice from him was more urgent than commands from

other lips, so that listening to his sanction his young colleague knew he must respond to the voice which had already called to him across the Pacific.

Few men were more fitted for the task which lay before him than John Sheepshanks. Though he went down from his University of Cambridge undistinguished as an athlete, he had happily the physical qualifications which fitted him to be a pioneer of the Church. How much of fatigue and weariness he was capable of enduring, how little the loss of comfort and convenience affected him, this record will show. It was no school for skulkers in Leeds. There they heard nothing but manly notes. Possessed of the missionary spirit from his earliest youth, he now turned to the colonies with the advantage of a training in so good a workshop.

But why leave Yorkshire, that county of broad acres? Why desert Leeds when sin and sorrow were for ever clamouring at the door, where work was eager and absorbing?

His face was set to leave his native land because of compelling claims in British Columbia. Gold had been discovered there, and with that magic word thousands had hurried to the new domain which lay by the wash of the North Pacific. By the end of 1858 a rush had been made into the country, especially from the United States, whence no less than twenty thousand souls had landed on Vancouver Island. All sorts and conditions were amongst them—Scandinavians, Germans, Italians, and other alien nationalities; men of business with offices closed and neglected; lawyers and doctors, their clients left behind; sailors who had deserted their ships, and shopmen with souls above yard measures and tape; farm hands and teachers; the strong and the weak, the starving and the well-to-do, they were

all there, and all on fire to make or mend their fortunes. Nor in the Babel of tongues were there wanting the distinctive accents of our own islands, for multitudes from Great Britain and Ireland had pressed on to the far West by steamers and sailing vessels.

Here, then, were the opportunities for a young and ardent Churchman, his resolution for service abroad approved by "surely the most delightful vicar a young curate ever had," as well as by his more immediate relatives. He was soon ready to set forward with the added encouragement that a friend, the Rev. R. Dundas, had engaged to journey with him, and share in the task of breaking up the fallow ground under Dr. Hills, the newly appointed Bishop of British Columbia.

Their travels began at a time when the great, the incredible drama of the Mutiny was drawing to a close, a time when John Brown had made his famous raid into Harper's Ferry to be captured, shot, and gathered to the Immortals. The year of grace was that of 1859. As for the season of the year, it was so far forward in the summer that the blossoms in the Warwickshire orchards were already changing into fruit.

There were various routes open in making for Western Canada—by New York, then across the Isthmus of Panama to San Francisco, with its steamboat service to Victoria; or by Quebec and Lake Superior over the Rockies, a long and fatiguing journey; or they could reach their desired port in Vancouver after a four months' voyage by plunging round the Horn in a sailing vessel.

They chose rather to visit the West Indies and the island of St. Thomas, bearing away along the shores of South America. From his youth Mr. Sheepshanks had been

enamoured of those islands and magical seas; he was hungry to see the quaint cities of the Conquistadores, where the sandalled sentinels cry through the night the same reassuring watchword, just as they did hundreds of years ago.

The swell ran high, and out in the open there were "skippers' daughters" when the two young men found themselves on board the mail steamer *La Plata* bound for the West Indies.

"There was nothing remarkable about our voyage in the W.I. mail steamboat *La Plata* to the West Indies, though to me, who had never previously been for a long voyage, everything was novel and full of interest. We had the rough weather usual round this tempestuous island of ours. The usual bird, wearied, almost spent with fluttering over the waste of waters, settled upon the bulwarks, was nursed and fed and then dismissed, probably to die. Then came the blue cloudless skies, the burning sun, and the ocean smooth as a mirror, the flying fish flitting over the water. Then there was the harbour of St. Thomas and its sharks, the brown hills and the desolate, ruined sugar plantations of the island."

From this point the voyage was continued in a vessel destined to make history. The Battle of Bull's Run, with all that it meant of humiliation to a great and patriotic people, was still unfought. But the time was not far distant when the heroic age of the American Commonwealth was to begin, and to begin with that struggle for life or death, between slavery and the principles of freedom, in which the fate of the flag with the stars and the stripes was to stagger. Messrs. Slidell and Mason, representatives of the south at the Courts of St. James' and the Tuileries, were to be forcibly removed from the protection and neutrality of a vessel flying

the Union Jack, a breach of international law to be resented by the English Government, atoned for indeed, yet to leave behind it an ill-will, deepening to hatred, between the two countries.

It was in the *Trent* that Mr. Sheepshanks sailed into the harbour of St. Thomas, to find it much as Charles Kingsley described it a few years later, "as veritable a Dutch oven for cooking fever in, with as veritable a dripping-pan for the poison, when concocted in the tideless basin below the town, as man ever invented." He was not sorry when they steamed out of port.

Yellow Jack had come aboard, and the captain, with sixteen of his crew, of whom one died, were down with the fever. Calling at St. Martha and Carthagena, "miserable places, brown and dusty, the earth brown, the men's faces brown and sallow, the houses looking as if they had at first been made of soft gingerbread, and then had been baked a yellowish brown by the soft sun," the young parson had an eye to past ages and mused on the changes that had happened since our enterprising privateers lay in wait for the treasure-laden galleons rolling heavily homewards through these waters. How often had the English buccaneers welcomed the sight of the enemies' topsails in these seas! History brooded over that part of the world; of all these towns, posted along the shore, not one of them was without its legends, survivals of the hundreds of years of violence and bloodshed they had known.

At Aspinwall they said good-bye to the old *Trent* and her cockroaches, and crossed the isthmus by rail to Panama. A stay of several days enabled Mr. Sheepshanks to make short excursions into the neighbouring country.

"I had often dreamed in England of the gorgeous

vegetation of the tropics, and at last I beheld it around me. There is something new, some fruit or flower unseen before, at every step. The road is lined on either side with the cactus, the caoutchouc, the acacia, and the prickly pear. Great ants are clearing a way for themselves across the path, or hurrying up the trees with leaves for their home.

"Mighty gourds hang above the shrubs and white blossoms, and scarlet berries shine out from among the foliage. Creepers hold out their orange and lilac flowers across the path. The flowering trees, which I think are always beautiful in our eyes, are brilliant with colour. The branches of the mango are now laden with the rich luscious fruit. High above, the palm leaves droop in the sultry air. Tall trees of the palm species, with long fern-like leaves, are crowned with masses of bright yellow berries, and round and round them there are wreathed skeins of parasites, hanging in festoons from tree to tree, and falling down to the earth in graceful folds of drapery.

"Nor is the jungle devoid of life. Beetles quiver round the blossoms, myriads of insects fill the air with their ceaseless hum. Gaudy butterflies zigzag across the path, and the timid iguanas steal away through the leaves at the sound of footsteps. Creeping quietly along by the banks of a stream, I came across a whole family of these inoffensive creatures playing on the bank.

"The scene somewhat changes as the morning advances, and the sun 'coming out of his chamber rejoices as a giant to run his course.' The freshness of the early morning disappears. The moisture is licked up, and nature seems to faint. The burning rays beat down upon the jungle and the mire with savage strength. The palm trees droop, and the insects fly for shelter beneath the leaves. Their hum

gradually subsides, and before long there is perfect silence. Everything seems to be beaten down by the intense heat, and the sun, that glorious tyrant, is the conqueror.

"But go forth again in the evening, and the scene is changed. Scarcely has the sun set in the Pacific, glaring fiercely to the last, when the world seems to awaken from its trance and gives signs of life. The air becomes moist and balmy. The air scintillates with fire-flies; they gleam out from the leaves and grass. The shrubs, too, rejoice in the departure of their tyrant; their leaves once more are strong and crisp, and the palm again lifts up her head.

"The insects, too, begin to stir, and the 'Whirr, whirr, whirr, cheep, cheep, cheep,' go on increasing in volume. The frogs croak out their thrilling drone from every pool and steaming morass until the air seems to vibrate with the chorus of sounds. And then, down upon the whole scene, upon shrubs and trees, upon ferns and grass, the moon, never so lovely as in the tropics, pours down her floods of silver light."

Mr. Sheepshanks formed an opinion, unfavourable in the highest degree, of the state of the Christian religion in those parts of Central America—an opinion confirmed by travellers like Humboldt before him, and by contemporary judgment, both Roman Catholic and Protestant. The churches were filthy and full of tawdry images; congregations there were none, or of the scantiest; priests, repulsive in look, gave an appearance of irreverence as they gabbled through their offices; the people themselves were superstitious and immoral. Even the Pope himself was able to effect no reformation, though he had been rightly concerned, and had sent a high ecclesiastic to cleanse, if it might be, this Augean stable.

After a few days' interval, the boat from New York, for which they were waiting, arrived in Aspinwall with seven hundred passengers. Whilst these were urging a wild career across the isthmus, Mr. Sheepshanks and his companion, their tickets for San Francisco in their pockets, made their way to the railway station on the western edge, whence a small steamboat bore them to the *Golden Age* at anchor out in the gulf. And here they were met by the first and most picturesque signs of the new life to which they were committing themselves.

"The cars arrived; and out at once rushed some hundreds of dirty, shabby, bearded men, all of them, as Americans of this class always are, in an amazing hurry to be first. They swarmed along the pier, every man for himself, each absolutely regardless of others. Why not? Other people are able to look after themselves. They dragged vehemently behind them boxes of all shapes and sizes with as much vigour as if thousands of pounds depended upon their getting them into the steamboat without a moment's loss of time.

"At once they ensconced themselves, each in the best place that he could secure, with an utter disregard of everybody's comfort but his own, which I think even surpassed that of the ordinary travelling Englishman. That done, they promptly bought up every eatable that was being vended along the pier. Bread and cakes, mangoes, bananas, and shaddocks vanished in a twinkling. And then they began at once to vociferate that the boat must immediately 'go ahead.'

"Accordingly—for these men were not to be trifled with—'go ahead' we did, and were soon on the deck of the *Golden Age*, the most commodious, comfortable, luxurious steamboat that I had hitherto seen.

"I may as well put down here my first impressions of

that remarkable class of people, of which our fellow-passengers almost entirely consisted, the Californian gold-miners and adventurers. As regards their appearance, they were generally shabby, nearly all bearded, though some wore only a 'goat-tee,' and all dirty. Let it not be inferred, however, that they were all poor. By no means. That portion of them which had already been to California, and were now returning—perhaps only after an absence of a few weeks—and these constituted the great majority—had what we in England would consider plenty of money in their pockets. If high stakes were required for a bet or a game at cards, the money was always forthcoming. And, as a rule, the grimiest of them possessed each his handsome gold watch, chain, and seals.

"They might, had they chosen, have been clean and well dressed, and at certain times would be; but to be ordinarily shabby and dirty was their way. They were used to it; and certainly it was a way to save them a good deal of trouble. The only peculiar articles of their dress were the boots and hats; the boots being almost always top-boots coming up to the knee, and going over the trousers; the hats being wide-awakes of every size, shape, and hue. The favourite was, I think, a high-crowned hat, shaped like that of the old Puritans, with about four inches cut off the crown, and of a tawny orange colour. In face they were hairy and brown, with a keen look, very bright restless eyes, and a person, though some were mere youths, broad and muscular.

"To leave their appearance. The first thing that struck me was their shocking profanity—of this I had been warned before; but the reality exceeded my expectations. Every sentence had its oath. And this, not an ordinary oath, but one of the most horrible description. I was particularly

struck with the constant use of the Saviour's name. They appeared to disdain the ordinary forms of swearing, and to search for the most far-fetched and shocking oaths with which their imagination could supply them.

"The youngest men were by far the worst. These oaths when talking with a clergyman they always avoided. Perhaps one might occasionally drop out inadvertently; but for this, if they noticed the fact, they would at once apologize, not as having said what was wrong, but as having committed a breach of good manners.

"All spoke to each other on good terms of perfect equality; and mere youths made impudent, sarcastic, and even contemptuous speeches to men who could have killed them at a blow. And yet, as far as I could see, this never bred any ill-feeling; and the older men treated the youths as if in all respects their equals. Age gave no superiority of any kind.

"I observed that they looked upon England as in all respects a foreign land, and upon Englishmen as though they had no more in common with them than with men of any other European country. In this there was a marked difference between them and Americans of the more cultured class.

"Of their habits the most noticeable was their constant chewing of tobacco—with its concomitant. Upon this I need not enlarge; but may mention that the most important item of the furniture of the upper deck was two or three long rows of spittoons, each of which was always 'engaged.' And it was one man's work to take charge of these most indispensable articles, and to sweep up the fragments of tobacco lying about upon the deck."

Fifteen years before Mr. Sheepshanks sat down in the

cabin with these Californians, Charles Dickens had offended their countrymen with his description of their habits and manners. The grudge borne to the novelist has long ceased; few there are who cannot laugh heartily over the humorous exaggerations of Martin Chuzzlewit. Remembering, however, the soreness of feeling which pervaded the whole of American society on what was regarded as the caricature of Transatlantic life; how Lowell deemed it deserving a special word of condemnation in his article on "a certain condescension in foreigners"; remembering, too, that Kipling, in his own trenchant way, has insisted "the American has no meals. He stuffs for ten minutes thrice a day," let us see how the American at table presented himself to the observant traveller of 1859.

"Their manners with regard to eating were characteristic. At the sound of their own dinner bell—there were several dining-hours during the day—they were off. Every man instantly left his place on the upper deck and rushed below.

"Arrived at the table, every man promptly helped himself from the dish nearest to him, then perhaps took some of the next, and of the next; all was heaped upon the same plate and disposed of, as if life and death depended upon their speed. As a rule, they drank nothing but water. The next course was then cleared off, and so on till they could conscientiously declare themselves 'through.'

"The dessert was placed upon the table. Dash went every man's hand into the dish, and lo! nuts and oranges and figs were gone, stored in the pocket for a munch up above. Then a move to the bar for a 'liquor up.' A cocktail, consisting perhaps of a little spirit, a little syrup, and a little water, was mixed by the bar-keeper and swallowed

down at a gulp; and then to the upper deck for nut-cracking and a chew and a smoke. One of these men will be 'through' with his dinner in twelve minutes. A smart fellow, if supplied with dishes with sufficient rapidity, in about seven."

In this company the two clergymen heard much of the doings of the famous Vigilance Committee, whose summary methods had purged a city of its ruffianism almost in an hour.

For the California of these days was the California of Bret Harte and Tennessee's partner. In the absence of law, settled and inflexible, there had arisen the wildest kind of justice. Its verdict pronounced, the desperado or thief, after a few minutes of passionate expostulation or sullen silence, was run up to the nearest bough, or riddled with shots from a score of revolvers.

There was no place for the casuistries of a law court; extenuating circumstances, that sobering influence which interposes between the commission of a crime and its punishment, were little known. Decisions were sudden as death itself.

It was significant of the force of popular opinion that the Federal Government had at last organized its justiciary in California, for its first representative was one of the *Golden Age's* passengers, and on his way to become head of the Supreme Court of San Francisco. How Judge Lynch came into existence, Mr. Sheepshanks learned from the lips of those who had first seen his sudden and terrifying appearance.

"It was at the time of the greatest excitement of the gold fever. California was the centre for the desperadoes of the world. Crimes were of constant occurrence, and were

open and mostly unpunished. The breakers of the law were men often who had been successful in mining and had plenty of money at command. Jurors, or lawyers, or warders, or, so it was whispered, possibly even the judge, might be bribed. Crimes increased in number and the malefactors in audacity. Confidence in the power of the law to protect life and property was rudely shaken, and there was a general feeling of insecurity and alarm throughout society.

"It was felt time a remedy must be found; and secretly numbers of the citizens of San Francisco formed themselves into a 'vigilance committee,' which soon felt itself strong enough to take drastic measures. On a prearranged night all the fire bells of the city were set ringing, and citizens poured out into the streets, which were thronged with people. The crowds poured down to an open space near the quays, where preparations had been made for a rough administration of justice.

"A number of well-known desperadoes, murderers and other law-breakers, had been secured, and they were now put up to trial. The name of some notorious fellow was called out, and at once witnesses stood up and testified. 'I was present when he shot a man at the gaming tables at Stoney Creek. His name was So-and-So.' 'I was there too, and will swear to it.' 'I saw him shoot down a man in a drinking-bar at Sacramento.' And so forth.

"The prisoner had an opportunity of speaking in his own defence, and then his case was decided.

"The next case was then rapidly dealt with. The men were notorious criminals. There was and could be really no doubt about their guilt. So rough justice was done. Some four or five men were promptly hanged, and two or three times that number were told to 'skedaddle' out of the

country at once. If they were found in California in three days' time, they, too, would be hanged.

"Quiet, law-abiding people in the East were shocked at such proceedings. But if law becomes powerless, society in the last resort must protect itself. A wholesome fear fell upon criminals. And before long the law was able to resume its sway."

On the 15th of August the adventurers thronged the deck with shining eyes, already "Talmapais was lifting its shapely head from the sea;" a few more hours and the city of San Francisco, with the blue expanse of the bay, were discovered. It was the promised land! But of those who seemed to descry against the rising sun "the spires of Eldorado," how many were to return disenchanted! From the interior men were retiring in disappointment and wrath, yet with the arrival of every ship the stream poured on to the gold-mines.

CHAPTER II

NEW WESTMINSTER

Esquimault Harbour—The beginnings of New Westminster—Roughing it—Shooting at sight—Through the woods—Replenishing the larder—Christmas away from home.

FROM the Pacific capital the *Northerner* carried the traveller another stage towards his destination, landing him at Esquimault Harbour, where H.M.S. *Ganges* was lying at anchor with his brother on board as mate.

This was a happy meeting—with nothing to forecast the coming of that terrible day off the coast of Spain when H.M.S. *Captain* was to turn turtle, carrying most of the crew, Commander Sheepshanks amongst the others, to the bottom of the sea.

Of the trip in the *Northerner*, Mr. Sheepshanks says—

"The incident of this voyage which is most deeply impressed upon my memory, is connected with the first officer, Mr. French, a Welshman by birth, but by adoption a decided American. At dinner one day he was offered a glass of claret, but refused it on the ground of his being a 'dash-away' (Anglice, 'pledged teetotaller'). Afterwards, when smoking in his cabin, he offered to tell us his story."

From this it appeared that, convivial as he was by nature and habit, he had, after one particularly humiliating

experience, abandoned strong drink out of love for wife and child.

He had been wise enough to see when a man makes a fool of himself and loses self-control through liquor, he should take the first train to the safe and serene land of Abstinence.

There was a strain of the heroic in this unpretending seaman. A few months afterwards, Mr. Sheepshanks, sleeping in the cockpit of the *Ganges*, on another visit to his brother, heard two bluejackets at midnight describing the total wreck of the *Northerner* with the loss of many lives.

The first to swim ashore with a line was French. It was he who returned to the vessel to bring others back with him to the safety of the shore. Yet once again he swam out to the aid of a woman seen helpless on the deck. In this supreme effort his strength, not his courage, failed him, and he sank not to rise again.

The wayfarer was now not far from the end of his journey. The scene of his labours was New Westminster, the capital of the colony, and the future seat of government. Hither he proceeded on one of the Hudson Bay Company's steamers.

As they bore along shore, with the land on their port beam, there streamed before them an interminable labyrinth of watery lanes and reaches, ever-changing visions of greenness and forest, with mountains in the distance touched with whiteness to their tips.

"On either hand, as we steamed up the noble river, the Frazer, the dense forest stretched away over the low lands which formed the delta. The distant view was indeed shut out by the mighty pines, which shot upwards to a height of between 250 and 300 feet.

THE BEGINNINGS OF NEW WESTMINSTER.

"On turning a corner of the river, after an hour or two of steady steaming up stream, at about fifteen miles from the mouth of the river, the captain, who was standing by my side, said, 'There, sir, that is your place.' I looked up a long stretch of the river, and there on the left-hand side I saw a bit of a clearing in the dense forest. Mighty trees were lying about in confusion, as though a giant with one sweep of his mighty arm had mown them down. Many of the trunks had been consumed by fire. Their charred remains were seen here and there. The huge stumps of the trees were still standing in most places, though in others they had been eradicated and consumed.

"And between the prostrate trees and stumps there were a few huts, one small collection of wooden stores, some sheds and tents, giving signs of a population of perhaps 250 people. This clearing continued up river to the extent of somewhat more than a quarter of a mile. And the dense pine-forest came down to somewhat less than the same distance from the river's bank. This was New Westminster."

It is difficult for an Englishman accustomed to the trim landscapes or ordered streets of his native country to imagine a place like New Westminster—the place was so new and of so odd a pattern. Along the horizon there arose no spires of venerable churches; at the end of any vista nothing but sky and water and the eternal and interminable timber, with glimpses of the snow-clad summits of the Cascade Range. There were few neighbours, no proper roads, no streets of solid houses.

It would have been no matter for surprise had the young man's courage failed him as he stepped ashore: the trenchancy of contrast was almost overwhelming. Behind him a crowded city and the settled ancient laws of England, the

chime of bells, the stiles and hedgerows of his native land; before him the forest, the wilderness, the naked heavens, camps of shaggy men lost in the lust of gold, Indians decked in the rags of civilization trooping in to see the stranger.

Moreover, the voice of the settlers had declared that in British Columbia there should be no State Church, so that an English clergyman must dismiss from him ideas of privilege and endowment—must, indeed, enter upon his strange task after the old Apostolic fashion. Destined to make good proof of his ministry, neither cold, nor wet, nor indifference, nor dead opposition to progress—the things that daunt the spirit of most men—must shake him.

He had to rough it from the first. About him were wooden houses still sweating from the axe, paths unworn and sketchy, wanting, indeed, in the litter and discoloration of civilized life, yet with few of its conveniences. His first house was a log hut, placed at his disposal by three Canadian miners whose turn it had already served.

"It was rather draughty, as the wind came in at the interstices between the logs; so I gathered moss and stuffed it well into the crevices. The floor was only of mud, but I had some boards put down, and put in a sheet-iron stove with stove pipe. I also, for cleanliness' sake, had it lined with calico. It is about ten feet long by seven broad, and is made of pine logs. There is a square hole cut for a window. There is no sash in it at present, for sashes are rare, but only a piece of calico, which I draw across the aperture by night and open by day.

"There are curious little dodges for supplying the necessary light. The man in the next hut to mine, just lower down the bank, has cut with his axe a number of holes in the walls of his cabin of the size and shape of a bottle, and

has jammed a number of white transparent gin-bottles into these holes. So he gets his light.

"I have a wooden 'bunk' for my bed, and can sit on the bunk and open the window, and shut the door, poke the fire in the stove, and get down anything from off the shelf without moving from the bunk. I have opened my big boxes and taken out some of my theological books, so that I have plenty of food for the mind.

"You may fancy how novel were my sensations when I closed the door and found myself alone with my luggage, bedding, and blankets. The first thing that I did was to sit down on the wooden frame or 'bunk,' as I have called it, that forms my bedstead, and have a very hearty laugh. My next was to get a broom and bucket and axe. With the first I swept the floor, and with the second I trotted down to the little stream that flows down the ravine and got a supply of water, and with the last I set to work and soon obtained a good supply of wood for fires. I made my bed, and got out some paper and ink, and soon made myself quite snug. I find I get on very well.

"Every day makes me add to the list of 'needless luxuries' what I used to class as 'comforts,' and to the category of 'comforts' what formerly I considered 'necessaries.' I now believe that there are but six necessaries, viz. shelter, fuel, water, fire, something to eat, and blankets. I am really quite well off. I toast some bread for breakfast, and make some tea. Butter is too expensive, *i.e.* fresh butter, being a dollar per pound. I do the same for lunch, and then dine out very often at the Mess, of which the officers have kindly made me an honorary member, sometimes at a restaurant in the 'town,' kept by an old Irish woman."

Amongst his new parishioners there existed but one Prayer-book; of his flock, composed of a few Englishmen and Americans, some Canadians, one or two negroes, a handful of Germans and Scandinavians, not one of them—excepting an English lady—was a communicant.

At the first service held in the Custom House, only seven or eight men, no women, put in a shamefaced appearance. There were no vergers, no sacristans, and no church cleaners.

The new rector himself, with a borrowed axe, cut up wood from the fallen timber lying about, lit a fire, put out some blocks and boxes, and sounded a gong, which had probably formed part of the loot in a recent China war.

One helper there was whose history was typical of the wild Californian life of those days. In the grief and terror of his tragical experience, it is not unlikely that his mind was unhinged, or perhaps his loneliness became a burden too heavy to be borne.

At any rate he suddenly disappeared.

"There was a little pale-faced man who was usually quite early for the service; and then offered to take my place in sounding the gong on the verandah. Observing this I asked him one day whether he would not undertake always to be present and beat the gong for me. Willingly he would do so, he replied, but before acceding to my request it was right that he should let me know something about himself.

"'I am only just out of the gaol at San Francisco,' he said. 'Indeed! And what were you in gaol for?' 'Murder,' was his startling reply. His story was sad; but not a very uncommon one. He had unwisely taken his wife with him to California, a country dangerous for women not of well-

grounded virtue. For there were numbers of men there, attractive, unscrupulous, unrestrained by considerations of religion or morality, and with abundance of money which they were lavish in spending upon the object of their desires. The unhappy woman fell, and her outraged husband meeting her seducer in the street, shot him through the heart.

"This crime, with such provocation, was not thought to be very heinous, and after conviction he was let off with three months' imprisonment. I dropped my offer, yet sometimes allowed him to assist me. No one else in the settlement knew his sad history. He was a baker by trade, and supplied me with bread for some years. I used to see his pale face, which looked as if it would never wear a smile again, at the bottom of the church. But after two or three years he became wild-looking and strange in manner. I lost sight of him, and fancy he must have left the colony while I was up-country at the gold-mines.

"These shootings were matters of not very rare occurrence then in the Western States. But it was not in accordance with the code of honour to take a man unawares, so that he had 'no show' at all. The correct thing was to send a written notice, usually to this effect, 'You d——d villain. I give you notice: I shoot you at sight.' Each man then went about with his revolver—indeed, in the wilder parts of the country, it was a common practice to wear such a weapon —and if they met in the street, or elsewhere, it was a question which of the two beheld his adversary first and was the readiest with his pistol. Sometimes, the first shots not taking effect, they would stand firing at each other, and then passers-by would duck their heads and run for shelter. But it is to be observed that these things only took place among the roughs. Quiet, well-conducted people were safe enough."

Begun under such conditions the little church community gradually spread in numbers, until after a few months it outgrew its temporary home, and was removed to the Court House.

Autumn gave place to winter, and the rigours of the climate set in.

The rainfall in the year is sufficient to cover the whole of the territory to the depth of at least four feet. Milder and more like our own English seasons on the coast, it was this humidity which attracted Mr. Sheepshanks' notice during his first winter.

The spell of the woods fell upon him. When once in the forest he found it difficult to turn homeward. "All woods lure a rambler onward." The emptiness of them gives a feeling of freedom and discovery as he walks. It is well, however, that his senses should be quick to notice the direction in which he moves, or that the heavens have signs by which he can guide his way.

Fitting pioneer in a country far beyond the extreme of railways, Mr. Sheepshanks was a backwoodsman by nature. His senses grew keener; he could guide himself about the woods on the darkest night by touch and instinct.

"There is something very solemn, many would think melancholy and depressing, in a walk in such a forest as that of the lower Frazer. In winter-time the stillness, the absence of life and sound, is weird and impressive. For weeks there will not be a breath of wind. I have known a woodman walk home from his work after nightfall for some weeks with a naked candle in his hand.

"When the snow is on the ground you may perceive indeed the footprints of animals, of birds, of deer, or occasionally of a bear, but you hear no sound, not a cry, not a

whisper, not the rustle of a leaf. Sit down upon a fallen tree and the silence becomes oppressive, almost painful. It is relief even to hear at last the sough of the fall of snow from the boughs of the cypress, the pine, or the yew which stretch like dark green horse-plumes across the trail.

"In summer-time the scene is somewhat different. The prevailing colour is a sombre green. The undergrowth is but scanty. The ground is covered, more or less thickly, according to the soil, with scrub, ferns, and berry bushes. Yet the wood is dense and impervious, for above the scrub there are deciduous trees. In many places the trunks of the forest trees are covered with moss, for the air is damp where the rays of the sun cannot penetrate, and drooping masses of grey lichen, not without beauty in themselves, hang down from the branches towards the ground, and add to the sombre melancholy of the scene.

"There are everywhere mighty trees lying upon the ground. Commonly their roots, which have not struck down deep into the soil, stand up, the light soil still adhering to them, to the height of a one-storied house. If they are still living, they draw up moisture through a tap-root and still send their boughs upwards, and if, as is more often the case, the mighty trunks are rotting on the ground, seeds dropping on them from neighbouring trees soon germinate, and all along their length saplings and young trees are sprouting forth into luxuriant life. So here, as elsewhere, decay is seen to have its uses, and from death renewed life springs forth. Above all this the wood of mighty pines towers upwards, rising to a height of some three hundred feet, the branches overhead almost meeting at the top, so that it is only a narrow strip of sky that is seen from the trail below.

"It is no easy work making a way through this forest.

The mounting some of these fallen decayed giants; the creeping under others; the brushing aside the branches; the crossing streams; the getting across the ravines—this was no easy work. We thought it good travelling to get through at the rate of half a mile an hour.

"There is almost the same strange and impressive silence in the woods in summer as in winter. Occasionally one hears the pattering feet of the squirrels, the screeching of the jays, the crowing of the wood pheasants, and near a stream the pleasant little song of the water-birds. But this is all. Usually there is no sound whatever, but 'all the air a solemn stillness holds.' What a contrast to our dear English woods, vocal with the sweet songs of our English birds! Assuredly England is the land of song.

"On my lonely walks I sometimes took my gun with me, for the sake of getting a bird or two. At first the pheasants, unused to the sound of firearms, were dazed at the explosion, and would perhaps flutter on the tree on which they were sitting—probably a crab-tree—but not take flight. I have not infrequently shot two birds consecutively off the same tree, being at some distance and not seen by them. No doubt the sportsman will consider this but tame work, but I shot not for sport, but for the pot.

"Usually, however, there was a good deal of interest of a peculiar kind about this shooting. Walking along a forest trail, birds which had been feeding on the partridge berry would start up at one's very feet. In a second, before the gun could be raised to the shoulder, they were in the wood, hidden by the trees. Standing quite still, one listened to ascertain the direction in which they had flown and the distance they had gone. Practice enables the sportsman to gauge their flight with singular accuracy.

"Then, quitting the trail—first, perhaps, taking a glance to note the position of the sun—he plunges into the wood, parting the branches and climbing over the trunks of the fallen trees. As he draws near to the spot where he believes the birds to be, he creeps along as quietly as may be, looking up as he goes, in the somewhat dim light, into the branches; for it is a question of which spies the other first. If the sportsman first perceives the long neck of the bird as he peers round from among the branches, he pots him. But very commonly the pheasant is more on the alert, and takes a second flight further into the forest, perhaps in a somewhat different direction. This may be repeated four or five times; and when the sportsman has secured his bird or abandoned the pursuit, the question arises, especially if he be not habituated to the woods, 'Where is he?'

"Fortunately for me, I have been endowed with an unusual faculty for locality, and in the woods had an intuitive feeling in which direction I had come, and whereabouts lay my home. This faculty, which has often stood me in good stead, is susceptible of development. The mind, I imagine, takes a mental note of the direction in which one has come, and then of subsequent changes of direction, and is able to make allowance for them all.

"I never lost knowledge of my whereabouts but once, when I had been moving about in various directions in a very dense wood for a considerable time. Then it flashed across me that I knew not where I was. Fortunately I knew that the moon was at the full and would rise ere long, and so, sitting down upon a fallen tree and lighting my pipe, I waited for this occurrence; for there were no landmarks near, nor any stream, and in wandering about I might only have gone further into the forest. After some time I saw, to

my satisfaction, a silvery glimmer through the trees, and was thus enabled to take my bearings and make my way out of the wood."

It may seem a cheerless career, that of the Rector of New Westminster, as he figures in those early days: his hut rough and comfortless; a prey to the domestic cares of a bachelor; a wintry sky above him, and a desolate landscape around him. Yet he was not unhappy. Nor was the element of sport wanting, though we have seen it was not so much the lust of killing as the demands of the larder which urged him on.

Still, it was discouraging to a young and ardent man fresh from the memories of the crowded parish church at Leeds and the abounding life of that great town, to find himself in a spiritual desert. His first Christmas in the new country brought with it poignant recollections of home.

"On Christmas Eve (1859) I spent the day in calling upon all those who, as far as I could judge, ought to be impelled to keep the birthday of the dear Lord in such a way as would be acceptable to Him, by coming to our worship to offer their spiritual sacrifices of praise and thanksgiving and to partake of the Blessed Sacrament. But I found very little encouragement.

"It was a miserable evening; a soft mild wind was blowing, drizzle was falling; it was soon pitch dark, and in the neighbourhood of the huts and stores the mud was deep and sticky. I floundered about in the darkness, occasionally tripping over a stump, feeling very warm in the moist air with my waterproof garments; and now and then, when down by the riverside, I heard the voices of men in the drinking-bars shouting and singing, and the light gleaming from the saloon fell upon the black mud and cast-away

playing-cards that I was treading underfoot. And I thought of happy scenes at home, and old friends at Leeds, and the dignified, uplifting services at the parish church.

"But still, it was all right. It was delightful having the society of friendly, highly educated men at the camp. We had a nice number of communicants on Christmas morning, and the message of Christmas is always one of 'good news.'"

CHAPTER III

FIRE AND THE AVENGERS OF BLOOD

Forest fires—Fight with the flames—Canadians to the rescue—Native Indians—Tsilpeyman and his race for life—Bloodshed averted—Jack Sprague in gaol and out of it.

THOSE who have lived abroad are familiar with the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night telling of a conflagration in the distance; they know the peculiar acridity of the hot dry air as it hangs over a town and proclaims that the woods are afire.

Consternation and disaster follow in the train of these fires, kindled, it may be, by trifles. The settlers lay down everything, or run from their beds to work like demons to stop the onward rush of the destroyer. British Columbia was not free from these visitations, as an early and startling experience of the Rector of New Westminster declares.

"Yesterday and to-day my housekeeping has been nearly brought to an abrupt termination. There was a large cedar felled a short time ago a little below my hut, and a Canadian, who wanted to break it up, set it on fire. It blazed steadily and quietly for about a week until yesterday, when a fresh breeze arose. The fire immediately began to spread.

"During afternoon service, while I was preaching in the Treasury not far off, I heard the loud crackling and roaring of the flames; and when the service was over I was told

that my hut was in danger. After a spell of dry weather a fire spreads with marvellous rapidity, and is indeed almost resistless. The ground is covered with dry vegetable matter, leaves, twigs, bark, and moss. Above, there is a network of branches; masses of decayed wood smoulder away inextinguishably, and the dry fallen cedars and pines act as strongholds for the flames.

"Moreover, you never can be sure that the fire is put out. The ground is permeated with roots, which stretch for yards beneath the surface. These often act as conductors for the fire; so that when it appears to be extinguished in one quarter, it suddenly breaks out again, yards from the spot.

"I hurried off, accompanied by one or two helpers with axes and spades. It was indeed high time. The fire was coming right onwards, spitting and crackling, licking what trees there were in its course, and sending before it clouds of smoke. It is a fine sight to see the gigantic pines catch fire. The fire runs up the trunk until it reaches the lowest of the branches, which are very high up, perhaps 180 to 200 feet from the ground; and when it catches the leaves it flares up, and there is a great conflagration. With a rush, and with the sounds of an explosion, the flame sweeps upward to the very top of the tree; showers of sparks fall to the ground, and a column of smoke floats away before the breeze. In the darkness of the night this looks very fine.

"There was a path between us and the fire, and this we took as our line of defence. One cut through branches which extended across the path; another tore up the roots; while another turned up the soil with a shovel. By these means and by throwing water, of which we had only a small

supply, upon the places to which the fire had advanced, we arrested for this time its progress.

"I had an evening service at the camp, and was obliged to go, leaving my hut, my goods, and chattels to the care of a Yankee, a regular 'down-Easter,' late a grog-shop keeper, a quondam soldier under 'General Scott' in Mexico, a somewhat rough diamond, but a kind-hearted and generous man. On my return at night I found that the fire had extended greatly, and was burning quietly past my hut up into the woods.

"Being tired with my day's work, and not wishing to be disturbed by the crackling and the smoke and the consciousness of risk, I engaged a bed in the 'town,' but was awakened in the morning by the announcement that the fire was extending round my cabin. Hastily dressing and hurrying off with a friend, an assistant in one of the stores, I found that the flames, having made a *détour*, were besieging my citadel, which was being gallantly defended, for good fellowship's sake, by three Canadians. They had cleared away the brush immediately round the house, and my friend and I now took up the defence, and continued it for some hours. He threw buckets of water upon the blazing ground, while I fetched mud from a piece of marshy ground near at hand, and with it made a pathway round the house. There was a decayed upright tree blazing away about twelve yards off, from which the breeze blew sparks towards us. The walls of a log hut are made of the trunks of trees placed horizontally one upon another, with moss stuffed between the interstices. This moss was quite dry and likely to catch fire, so we threw buckets of water over the walls and the shingle roof every few minutes. In short, we did everything possible, and succeeded.

"At first it appeared as if nothing could arrest a fire. The bright line comes creeping along the ground, blazing up and rejoicing over every little heap of dry wood. It comes on like a rapid flood tide, gaining yard after yard, and leaving all behind it smouldering and blazing, bright with flames and white with ashes. It reached within two yards of the hut, but got no further. Its attacks became feebler and feebler, and at about 2 p.m. the enemy retired baffled and discomfited. The large logs and trunks are still blazing around. I see them now while I am writing, through my little window, and they will probably continue burning for a week."

From time to time he was reminded that he was on the hereditary continent of the red man. An Indian, suspected of the murder of an old Irishman, escaped from his sapper guard to flee for his life, his pursuers firing upon him with their revolvers as he ran.

"One man, an Indian, named Tsilpeyman, known to be a bad character, hated and feared by his tribe, and suspected by them of having been implicated in the murder, was given up by a party of the Musquioms across the river into our hands. He was kept somewhat loosely guarded at the camp, a young sapper named Meade being specially told off to watch him. During the afternoon he managed to divest himself of his clothing, and sat with only a blanket wrapped round him.

"In the evening he watched his opportunity and darted away from his guard. They were armed with revolvers, and rushed after him firing. But the revolvers had been loaded for some time, and hung fire. Young Meade had sprung towards him as he started off; but the Indian cleverly threw his blanket over him, and sped away down the bank

towards the river. It was then quite dark, and for some time eager search was made with lanterns in the water, and out of the water among the stores and sheds.

"I was going my rounds at the time, visiting the families of the sappers, and wondered what the shouting and firing could mean. The poor fellow had indeed leapt into the river, which was rushing along filled with floes of ice at about freezing temperature, to swim for his life. A sergeant, Jock M'Clure, a knowing, cool-headed Scotchman, guessing what had happened, and knowing that there was a spit of sand some few hundreds of yards lower down the river round which the tide would be sweeping—for he was one of those men who notice everything—quietly ran down to the spit and waited for what he believed would come to pass. It was pitch dark, and he could see nothing except the waters rushing swiftly by. Listening, however, intently, he heard a sound which he knew, a choking sound and a faint cry, and then all was still. The Indian was heard of no more, and after a little while his tribe recognized the fact that he was dead. His kloochman (wife) wept for him, and his blankets were given away.

"The Musquioms were divided about this matter. It was old Tsimlanogh, the chief, a man who was always very friendly with the whites, who had given up the Indian to our people. Another party of the same tribe was much angered at this, and determined to have their revenge. Accordingly, they crept through the forest and began firing through the bush upon Tsimlanogh's ranch. He and his sons returned the fire, and it seemed as if there would be loss of life. The Engineers, hearing the firing, sent an armed party across the river to protect an American family that was residing there.

"But the fighting was stopped by a very happy circumstance. The colonel had purchased a large steamboat bell to serve as a church bell and summon the soldiers and their families to Divine worship. Fortunately, this day happened to be a Sunday, and in the height of the firing the church bell was heard sounding across the river. The Indians were startled at the unwonted sound proceeding from the camp, not knowing what was going to happen, and stopped their fighting. Peace was soon afterwards, I believe, patched up between the two factions."

When Mr. Sheepshanks could not exercise the great human gift of talk amongst his neighbours, he burned, literally, the midnight oil in his studies. Thus the hours of evening, when he was once more "curtained with the friendly dark," sped lightly.

So many have suffered when the means of all intellectual life has been lacking: without libraries or stimulating converse, the mind has become like a garden long uncultivated. Not so with this disciple of the great teacher in Leeds who thought his morning wasted that did not begin at five and witness some striving of the brain.

If it be true that "books should be read amongst the cooling influences of external nature," he was able, with a brain at rest and in a plain, unfevered temper of mind, to address himself to the great thinkers whose words were to serve him so well in after-years.

That the great majority of the settlers had expunged Sunday from their calendar; that Americans and native-born Colonials were ready to give generously to Church work, and even levy a friendly tax on their neighbours for the benefit of the new Gospel ship; that his own countrymen were laggards both in their gifts and in encouragement, were

facts that he came to recognize quickly. To him, the endowments of the Church in the old country, and the scanty demand made upon the liberality of her children, were responsible for this astonishing lukewarmness and niggardliness. The truth of the matter was that many of them were poor specimens of the religion they were supposed to cherish.

"Jack Sprague was a notorious criminal who came under my charge in the gaol, a typical American desperado. He himself told me that he believed he had committed every possible offence against the laws except one. He made a resolution when he began his career that he would not shed blood; and though he might by shedding blood have escaped arrest more than once, he had never done so. He knew several modern languages, and learned German while he was in prison, chiefly by talking to his neighbour through the wooden wall which separated them.

"He had never read a page of the Bible, and did not know a prayer. I lent him a Bible; and when he returned it to me after some weeks, his comment was this: 'Well, sir, that book shows me that crowds of men who pretend to believe that book really do not. For if they really believed it, they could not possibly live as they do.' If Jack had met me in the highway and thought I was a rich man, no doubt he would have robbed me if he could. But if he thought I was poor or suffering, I do not doubt that he would have relieved me liberally.

"Jack was a striking instance of what the 'common school' system in the States sometimes leads to. I asked Jack, when his term of imprisonment was over, what he should do. His immediate reply was this: 'Why, sir, I shall clear out of British territory without delay,' which was rather a compliment to our Government."

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, NEW WESTMINSTER.

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH AND RECTORY.
(The log hut is the Rectory.)

But, alas! Jack Sprague was destined to be "cleared out" altogether—and by way of the gallows.

During the day Mr. Sheepshanks' time was well occupied. No man can be described as idle who visits, collects subscriptions and gifts, supervises a work of building, teaches a Sunday school, preaches four sermons on the seventh day with the usual offices of the Church, and walks five or six miles in the performance of that duty.

The church building progressed. There was a "bee" for the clearing of the ground. A considerable number of people put in a day's work, brought shovels and pickaxes, cleared the ground of stumps, rolled away logs, and made a pathway from the road up to the church lot.

But the labours in the settlement were intermitted by an order from the Bishop to go up country and visit the miners and the Indians.

CHAPTER IV

THE NORTH-AMERICAN INDIAN

His treatment by the white races—His impending fate—The ravages of the bottle—His personal appearance—Mr. Sheepshanks as a "Resurrectionist."

THE miner was a picturesque and interesting figure, but the personality which arrested and fascinated the young missionary was that of the aboriginal dweller in the land. A lover of the Indian, his character and claims, he resented as if it had been a personal grievance of his own the injuries which indifference under one flag, and positive wrong-doing under another, had inflicted on the native.

To an Englishman it was a matter of gratulation that the chapter of the Indian was not written in red blood as in the neighbouring territory of the United States, where the moral feeling proper to a Christian people was in the early days wanting. Assumption and incivility had passed into hostility and outrage; natives were harassed and shot down by a people who did not understand their speech or their passions.

The early chronicles of gold-mining in California are full of the reckless and indiscriminate slaughter of these helpless people. To shoot a buck Indian was no more a crime than to shoot a buck. Evicted from the best parts

of their own hereditary continent, subject to the extortion of unworthy whites, denied the reservations which were theirs by the Government's own provisions, and driven out into the more inhospitable parts of the country, their wrongs made up a sorrowful chapter of injustice and indignity.

In British Columbia, where they had been treated with tolerance and guarded by merciful laws, their lot had been less hopeless. Yet even there their record was dismal and evil enough. Attended with whatever of amelioration and compassion, the civilization of the white man means the disappearance of the aboriginal. Well may his countenance wear a sadness prophetic of his fate, for drink and the diseases of an alien race will destroy him. Many things he may survive—his own barbarous rites, the tribal and desultory fights pursued almost without intermission, the growing domination of the white man—but he cannot survive the civilization of the bottle.

The most malignant figure which rises up from the shore of every sea is that of the pioneer trader with his stores and cheap maddening liquor, bringing ruin and extermination to the unhappy, ignorant folk who buy a short cut to a wild kind of happiness.

Mr. Sheepshanks has recorded in his diary his earliest impressions of this doomed race.

"I was at first deeply disappointed with the appearance and manner of living of the native tribes, commonly called the American Indians. They are as unlike as can well be imagined to the idealized Indians of Fenimore Cooper's novels. In appearance they are evidently of the Mongolian type, being probably the descendants of some of the last waves of immigration which long ago crossed over from Northern Asia, either by Behring's Straits, or, as is perhaps

more likely, by the Aleutian Islands. Their faces are large and flat, with short broad noses, large mouths, and slightly Mongolian eyes. They have masses of black hair, parted in the middle—the parting being sometimes painted vermilion—plastered with fish oil, falling down in a straight mass nearly to the shoulders, where it is cut short. At first they used a good deal of paint, chiefly vermilion, and sometimes black. But we laughed them out of this to a great extent, for there is nothing that the Indian dreads and shrinks from so much as ridicule.

"In person they are rather short, but often strongly made. The coast Indians live chiefly on fish, and pass a good deal of their time in their canoes. They will paddle for hours and hours, sometimes for a day with little intermission, and their legs being curled under them while they paddle, are commonly not properly developed. So that you may observe an Indian who appears a fine, muscular, well-developed man while he is sitting down; but when he rises and stands upright his legs, being somewhat attenuated, do not appear to correspond to his fine chest and shoulders. The expression upon their countenances is grave, soft, and undoubtedly melancholy, though when pleased or amused they have a pleasant smile.

"Several of the different septs of the Cowichan nation which inhabit the Lower Frazer are 'Flatheads,' so called from their curious custom of flattening the head. The process is of this nature. The little baby is carried about in a wicker basket, shaped like an open coffin, and slung on the mother's back. As the child lies in this basket a pad, perhaps of bark, is placed upon his forehead, and strong sinews are so placed and fastened with screws into each side of the basket that they press upon the pad, and by

turning the screws every now and then additional pressure is put upon the infant's forehead before his skull has grown quite hard. Thus the fore part of the skull is pressed down, and as a consequence the top and back part is bulged out. Thus the normal shape of the skull is changed, and it takes a comparatively oval form. It might be thought that the power of the brain would be injuriously affected by this strange custom. But I am not aware that it is so. I think the 'Flatheads' are to the full as intelligent as any other of these tribes.

"Canon Greenwell of Durham, a well-known craniologist, begged me to get him, if possible, one of these skulls. It was rather a delicate job to undertake, as the Indians are mostly careful about sepulture. However, I set off on my quest, and knowing of an old burying place of the Musquiom Indians, I paddled across the Frazer with two Indian boys to seek out the spot. The lads were very inquisitive as to what I wanted, and why I had taken an empty sack with me. But I would not satisfy their curiosity. They put me ashore, and I made my way through the forest to the place where the burying ground had been. I should mention that the Indians do not put their dead into the ground, but usually fasten them up in trees. If the dead man be a chief or brave warrior, they put his arms and accoutrements around him, and thus leave the body to decay.

"It was a long time before I found the object of my search, but at length I came across a small skull, apparently that of a female, obviously a flathead, yet not so excessively flattened as some that I have seen. My lads eyed me and my burden very curiously as I returned with my sack. I would give them no information as to what I had brought

away. One of the sharp young rogues guessed it, however, for after making several guesses, he turned round upon me in mid-stream and said, 'It is a Siwash letete'—Siwash, corrupted from 'sauvage,' being the word by which they designate themselves. It is not unlikely that the lads, when my back was turned, had, after the Indian fashion, stolen after me through the bush, watched my proceedings, and then crept back to the canoe."

CHAPTER V

UP COUNTRY

The unspeakable mosquito—Dinner under difficulties—Indian encampment—Method of teaching—Return home—Visit to settlers—Beavers and their work.

On this journey he was to make the acquaintance of the mosquito at close quarters. Macdonald's account of the Columbian variety reads like a traveller's tale, for he asserts that mosquitos have actually brought horses and cattle to a painful and lingering death, have forced whole families, by the discomfort they inflict, to leave their homes for months together. Mr. Sheepshanks bears witness to the severity of their attacks.

"In England—favoured land!—we are practically unable to realize the full meaning of the 'plague of flies.' But it is very different in lands of forest and jungle and undrained marshes. A few mosquitos had already made their appearance at New Westminster, and I had been interested in taking note of the operations of the little creature. I watched him as he would settle upon the back of one's hand, and then dig his little proboscis, or trunk, into the flesh and pump and pump away in so greedy and engrossed a way that he was commonly lifted off his hind feet as his proboscis dug itself deeper and deeper into the flesh. But a minute

or two ago when he settled, he appeared as shrunk and bodiless as poor insect could be; but soon he begins to take the hue of pink, and ere long he is like a little pink bladder supported on his legs. Then comes the Nemesis, and he is crushed.

"But what mosquitos could be I had no notion until this journey. I have since heard, with some amusement, travellers speaking of the intolerable nuisance of mosquitos on the Continent, at Venice, or Verona. What would they think if the numbers there were multiplied by thousands! On the Douglas trail I met with the Indians covered with paint, carrying branches of trees in their hand, which they were sweeping round them as they walked. They were evacuating their country, being temporarily driven out by these pests. Life was simply not livable. If by chance you arrived at a clearing or an open space where there appeared to be immunity from them, ere long they would appear, for I suppose they scent the human body afar off.

"Quite early in the morning after meeting those Indians I issued from my tent and found an open space on the river's bank where I could get my bath. But no sooner had I emerged from the water than I found swarms of them assailing me, and do what I would, slaughter them by dozens, I suffered severely.

"It was on that same day, dining at a wayside house, that I took part in a scene which I never can forget. What was there to be seen? Some twenty or twenty-five men, nearly all miners going up to the mines. Food was on the table. There was a ceaseless hum in the apartment; for it was literally brown with hundreds, I do not doubt thousands, of mosquitos. There was a small hive of them buzzing in the air, trying to find an ingress at any part of every man's person.

"It was swelteringly hot, yet every man had made himself as impervious as he could. Each man wore his coat buttoned up, strings were fastened round his cuffs, and trousers also, if he had not top-boots. He had gauntlets on his hands, his hat on his head, and a veil hanging down covering his face and neck. He would stick his fork into a piece of meat and pop in under the veil as quickly as possible. When drinking their coffee the men would hold the cup underneath the veil, first clearing out the bodies of the mosquitos which possibly had been feeding upon the hairy miner close at hand.

"Not a word, I believe, was uttered during that brief meal, for we were beaten down and cowed by the insects. The first words spoken were by a miner in pushing away his chair from the table, 'Oh, this God-forsaken country!'"

In passing from this point to Lillooet, he was fortunate enough—for the lake must be crossed—to find an empty boat. In this, rowing hard with his Indian, he made the spit of land where he found his Diocesan already encamped.

His task of instructing the aboriginal began at once. There were many Indians in this encampment under the chief Chil-hoo-seltz—a man with all the fine self-sufficiency and grave politeness of the hunter and the savage.

"Chil-hoo-seltz, the chief of the Lillooet Indians, an excellent and most attractive man, was a fine figure. Short in stature, but strongly made, with his fine features, intelligent and amiable expression, clad in a hunter's coat of deer-skin, ornamented with strips of the same, black cloth trousers, scarlet leggings from the knee downwards, embroidered moccassins, cloth cap ornamented with the tail of a silver fox, he was indeed a picturesque object."

The young missionary had made himself familiar with

the jargon called Chinook. Poor enough as a medium, he had found that with a few earnest words in it he could kindle the faces of his savage listeners, whilst it also enabled him to interpret for others.

"That evening away galloped Indians to inform different parties of their tribe, some of whom were engaged in salmon-fishing; and next morning quite early, before I left my tent for the matutinal plunge into the Frazer, I heard parties of Indians arriving. We had a large gathering, and the Bishop addressed them, I acting as interpreter. They all sat in two semicircles on the sand, and were, as usual, fixed in their attention. As hundreds of miners were passing up through their country, and grog-shops were being set up in all their villages, we made a point of warning them strongly concerning the evils of the drink. Good Chil-hoo-seltz supported us in all that we said.

"Usually in these meetings we would teach the Indians a prayer; and did it in this fashion. I would write out a prayer in Chinook, and taking one or two of the most intelligent boys, who knew the Chinook best, would tell them to translate this, sentence by sentence, into the local dialect. This I wrote down phonetically from their lips. Then calling other boys to me, I would read over this prayer as I had written it down, and make them translate it for me into Chinook. Thus I became sure that I had made no mistake, and that the Indians would understand what I taught them. Then we all knelt down, and I would recite the prayer sentence by sentence. And the Indians, shutting their eyes, would repeat the sentence all together in a loud monotone. Thus, going over it again and again, they before long knew it by heart.

"Then we would appoint some one whom the chief

approved, perhaps the chief himself, to be their leader, and tell them to meet every day and repeat the prayer. This, I believe, they invariably did. It was very cheering on one or two occasions, visiting the same tribe again after the lapse of a year, to find that they had carefully and gladly kept to their prayer-meeting."

With the Bishop he visited mining bars, an unpromising sphere for a clergyman's ministrations, yet one singularly free from incivility or ridicule. After a few months' stay the little company retraced their steps.

"We returned homeward by the river route to Fort Hope. There was no road in those days. We therefore followed the rough trail which went partly through open country, and then over 'Jackass Mountain' and across the river 'slides' and so to the 'Cascade' range of mountains. When we were going along the forest trails our progress was rather slow.

"First came the tall, grave, dignified Bishop. So tall was he, and so long of limb, that riding on a big horse, if he dropped his whip on the ground, he could pick it up while still in the saddle.

"Next came the young presbyter, his chaplain, by no means so correct in his appearance, in wide-awake, serge coat, clerical tie—which he never abandoned—corduroy trousers, and hob-nailed boots.

"Next came 'the faithful William,' the Bishop's servant, not much relishing the rough work of missionary travel, and the calvacade wound up with two packed horses and the packer.

"The Bishop was always kindly and considerate; but sometimes his English clerical ideas of propriety were a little disturbed. The young chaplain had a 'way,' the same

'way' which in Mr. Sam Weller so disturbed the equanimity of Mr. John Smauker, of putting his hands in his pockets and whistling as he went. It appears that this fidgeted the stately Bishop and shocked his sense of the proprieties. So one day the reproof fell: 'I cannot think how you can indulge in that habit of whistling. It is so undignified. I might say so unclerical.' There was a twinkle in the chaplain's eye, and a smile flickered round his mouth. But he had too genuine a respect for his superior to make any reply, and a pleasant conversation ensued. But a while afterwards, perhaps after the midday meal, the chaplain would strangely enough find himself half a mile behind the others, and lo! again the sombre forest would re-echo with the popular airs of the period."

At home again Mr. Sheepshanks found his church, a wooden structure, and the first to be built in the colony of Church people, nearly finished.

By December it was consecrated. It would seat about three hundred people, and its erection completed the happiness of its first incumbent, who was able, henceforth, to exist on the free-will offerings of his people. The temper of the future and democratic Bishop of Norwich was to be seen in the share of Church government committed to the laity of his first parish.

With him, as with so many of the clergy in the colonies, there were many and pathetic inquiries for relatives. His search for the missing son was usually unavailing or of pitiful result, and many a letter remained unanswered not through neglect but from compassion. Released from the restraint of home and English life, the wanderer, in too many instances, had yielded to immorality, or a passion for drink.

The experience of Mr. Sheepshanks abroad early convinced him of the folly of sending "remittance men" and ne'er-do-wells into the remote corners of the earth in hope of amendment. He is of the same mind as R. L. Stevenson.

"For the weakness of drink and incompetency, this trick of consigning men overseas appears to be the most foolish means of cure," since there is nothing in a sea voyage or a new country to give any one a stronger mental or moral fibre. His battle must be fought to some extent before he quits the shores of England. He must change his character, or, let him go where he will, he will be a failure until he die.

"It is the height of folly to pack off young men who are inclined to be 'fast' to some colony, where there are stronger temptations and fewer restraints and safeguards. This is sometimes done, I fear, selfishly, that the evil doings may not be seen, nor bring disgrace. But it is likely to end in deeper ruin. Nothing can strengthen a young man against the temptations of such a colony as ours except religion."

The routine work of the town was varied by occasional expeditions into neighbouring settlements. One of these, undertaken with a clerical colleague, is thus described. (It is interesting because of the domestic details given of a settler's home and life.)

"A settler's life in a wilderness such as this is certainly interesting, and, I think, instructive to one brought up in a highly civilized country. Picture to yourself a small room, about one-third of the size of the dining-room at home, with a low roof slanting down till on one side it is only just above your head. A pretty girl is boiling coffee and potatoes and salt salmon for the meal at the stove up in the corner. There is a good pile of firewood with which she keeps the pot boiling. The old man, of good Irish family, with weather-

beaten countenance and fine grey beard, is talking to the two parsons, one of whom, the Rector, has the one chair, the seat of honour.

"The old man is sitting on his bed, covered with an opossum skin brought from Australia, in the corner opposite to the stove. The two young men, tired with their day's work, are lounging about listening to the conversation and teasing their sister. Two fine strapping fellows they are, manly, modest, hard-working, courageous, fearing God, and Him only. I hope to present both of them before long for Confirmation. They know more of their Bible than eighty per cent. of the men that go to the University.

"The room itself looks like a magazine. On shelves fastened to the wall, or hanging from nails, are the articles which a settler must always have ready to his hand—a gun, powder and shot flask, axe, hatchet, saw, pots and pans, clasp-knife, matches, flour, etc.

"And thus we sit and talk by the flaring light of a rush lamp, fed with fish oil, till a fork stuck into the potatoes shows that they are cooked, and supper is announced. Supper ended, more talk, and then prayers and exposition of Scriptures, and then to bed. And in what a queer place! In a large outhouse used as a store. There were deposited all their tools, spades, picks, shovels, a huge pair of bellows for a forge, seeds, a few cabbages, strings of onions, etc., etc. At one end were two large bedsteads, with no bed-clothes or mattress. On one of the two the brothers rolled themselves in their blankets. On the other Knipe and I also rolled ourselves up like two mummies—for we had, of course, brought our blankets with us—and though the place was average cold—by day you can see the light shining through everywhere—were soon fast asleep."

On this visit an opportunity was given to the young clergy of seeing the homes and haunts of the beaver.

"Going any distance by land through these woods, unless there is a trail cut, is, as I have told you before, out of the question. So we had to paddle up-stream in a canoe. A boat in these very swift, and at places very shallow, streams would be of no use.

"And I may observe that paddling a canoe up one of these swift little rivers is uncommonly hard work; how hard you may judge from the fact that we were an hour and three-quarters going up what it only took us six minutes to come down. Generally we paddled as vigorously as we could. Sometimes we poled. Sometimes quite spent with our work, but not daring to desist, as we should immediately be swept down by the stream, we paddled into the bank, and held on by the overhanging bushes. Sometimes to avoid a 'shoot' we got out and lifted our canoe over a sandbank or log. There were three of us, Knipe and I and Ned, the younger of the brothers.

"At length, however, we arrived at the slue, or small branch brook, up which was the beaver dam. We soon discovered signs of these truly marvellous creatures. Whole clumps of young trees lay upon the ground, cut through about two feet from the ground, apparently felled, as the uninitiated would think, by the woodman's axe. These have been gnawed through by the beavers for the sake of the bark upon which they feed. Some of the trees were standing half-gnawed through, the work, as it seemed, of the day before.

"We came upon the first dam a little way up the stream. The ingenuity here displayed by the little creature is wonderful. They know where they want to place the

trees, and they gnaw through them in such a way that they fall them across the stream as cleverly as could be done by the experienced axeman. Then they fasten sticks into the mud to prevent the young trees that they have felled from being carried away. *How* they do this I do not know. Some say that they hammer the sticks down with their tails. They carry small branches and twigs upon the dam thus begun; and earth and sand brought down by the brook consolidate the work. If the stream seems inclined to run round their dam, they continue it a long way. This was the case in the present instance.

"It is curious to observe how they take advantage of every tree and bush that will serve as a pier or buttress to their work. The dam being made, of course quite a pool is formed above it; and thus they are enabled to float down logs to their holes, peel them, and lay up the bark for the bad weather. In this case there were three or four dams, and therefore quite a chain of pools.

"There are those who aver not only that the beavers pat down the earth upon the dam with their tails, but also that, in guiding the logs to their holes, they sit upon them and use their tails as a propeller. It may be that this is going too far. Their ingenuity and sagacity are so extraordinary that it is not surprising if men add further marvels that are not based on fact. The words of Job are apposite: 'Ask now the beasts and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air and they shall tell thee; and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee. Who knoweth not in all these that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this? In whose hand is the soul of every living thing and the breath of all mankind?'

"Having inspected the dam, we turned homewards.

Then came the excitement. Down we glide with the pace of a railway train. We shoot by the bushes. We turn the corners rapidly. We fly by rocks and snags, sometimes scraping the bottom, sometimes gliding down a shoot into a deep boiling pool, paddling lustily all the while in order to be able to steer. We are quite sorry when it is over, and we are once more on shore. Next day we returned to New Westminster."

CHAPTER VI

SPORT, ILLNESS, AND COLD

Chinamen in British Columbia—Their gratitude and generosity—Amongst the big fish of Canada—Rheumatic fever—A hard winter—Stag-hunting extraordinary.

In the autumn, at the Bishop's request, Mr. Sheepshanks went up to Fort Hope. On his way he met with an illustration of the social gratitude of the "heathen Chinee." From what he had already learnt of them, he did not share in the disfavour of the Chinese, so common amongst Americans.

Whilst here and there there was a desperado combining in one person the depravities of two races, in general they were worthy and useful members of the community. Their virtues, their industry, their grateful recognition of a kindness commended them to him.

"On board the river steamboat there was a Chinaman, with whom I conversed, and who was much astonished at my acquaintance with the religions of China, and inquired my name. It appears that he mentioned the circumstance to his fellow-countryman with whom he was to lodge, and it happened that this man had been for a few months at New Westminster, and I had taught him to read. So he set to work to find out where I was staying, and presently brings me an offering of a very handsome purse and a

bracelet of sandalwood. Right glad he was to see me, and we shook hands and nodded and grinned at each other heartily.

"Next day I called upon him at his store, and he served up refreshments for me. The Chinamen are not only personally grateful for benefits or kindness received, but they have a racial gratitude. Because I did my best to teach a few Chinamen at New Westminster, and was of course courteous and kind to them, I was always most kindly and hospitably received by Chinamen throughout the colony. When I visited Victoria I was welcomed by Chinese store-keepers there, and was invited to partake of refreshments—tea and ginger and preserves wherever I called."

His run of robust health was at length to receive a shock in the shape of a fever due to imprudence. Setting out in the morning for a long paddle with Mr. Knipe, he was drenched to the skin by a heavy downpour of rain. Arrived at a friend's cabin, that of Mr. Atkins, he thoughtlessly dried his clothes at the stove amidst clouds of steam. This was the first risk.

The second came with an expedition for salmon-fishing undertaken with Ned Atkins after the midday meal.

It will be known that the Frazer is a famous river for that "royal fish," sturgeon.

"The Indians kill and take them in a curious way. They have a long wooden spear, about the thickness of a hop-pole, but quite straight, about nine feet in length, and sharpened at one end. At the extremity is a wooden haft, about seven inches in length, so notched at one end that it fits upon the sharpened end of the spear, and having at the other end a keen steel blade. One end of a stout

piece of cord is attached to this haft, the other end is held by the fisherman.

"A canoe, manned by two Indians, floats in silence down the centre of the mighty river. One of the two paddles gently; the other holds the spear down into the water. Their skill is so great, their knowledge of the bottom of the river so accurate, their touch so fine, that they feel when the sharp blade is passing over the sturgeon lying on the bottom. When this is felt, the man strikes strongly, the haft comes off the spear, which is lifted and laid in the canoe. The sturgeon is hauled in by the cord. The spectator beholds a mighty splash by the side of the canoe. The great fish is drawn to the side, beaten upon the head with a club, and then lifted into the canoe.

"They vary a good deal in size and weight. Those that I have seen have been usually, I think, from 70 lbs. to about 200 lbs. I must not omit to mention the hooligars, a small, delicious fish, about the size of large sardines. For a short while in the early summer they are caught in great abundance. They are full of oil: so full that it was asserted that when dried they will burn like a candle. But I never saw this tried. I have no doubt that if put up like sardines they would be every whit as good. But I have not heard whether this has yet been done."

But the quest was not for sturgeon, but for salmon.

"The fish that Ned Atkins and I were after was a species of white salmon. After paddling for perhaps half a mile from the shanty we anchored our canoe by a large stone, and jumped into the stream, the water being about halfway up our thighs. The weapon that we used was the sturgeon spear which I have just described.

"We had scarcely taken our station, one a yard or two

above the other, when my companion called out, 'Here they come,' and I saw a shoal of perhaps a dozen large salmon coming rapidly up-stream, and darting past us. I made my lunge, and missed. My companion secured a fine salmon. Presently I again made my stroke, and again missed. My friend threw, with a laugh, another fish into the canoe. However, after some experience, and making allowance for the speed of the salmon and the glittering of the water, I too succeeded very well. So that in an hour and a half we had secured about twenty fish, averaging, I should say, 10 lbs. each. The bottom of the canoe was filled with the great creatures. And then returning to the shanty we found that Mr. Atkins and his other son had been employed in our absence in digging trenches across the garden. Into these the great fish were thrown; for though not very good for food—though the Indians dry them—they make excellent manure."

The drenching of the day before, and the sport, thigh-deep in the river, had a serious result. That night he was tossing in a rheumatic fever. Yet this indisposition, grave enough in itself, had at least one good effect. It led to the provision of a modest rectory house.

"I was getting better, when one day there came a knock at the hut door, and when it opened there was the Governor, Sir James Douglas, in his uniform. I can recall now his look of horrified surprise as he stooped his head to come in, and then stood upright. 'This must not be,' he said; 'this wretched place is no place for a clergyman, a gentleman, and a scholar.'

"I had become so habituated to my surroundings that I was rather surprised at this depreciatory view of my household. But, however, he went away and stirred up

various people, and set on foot a movement for the erection of a house, heading the list of subscribers himself, so that in a few months' time a lot was cleared and a beginning made with a modest wooden rectory house."

In January, 1862, winter set in with a severity unusual even in British Columbia. As the parsonage was not yet ready for occupation, the two young clergymen lived together in a small house, with an Indian lad as house-boy. The Frazer below them became gradually filled with large floes of ice: these, carried up and down by the ebb and flood of the tide, floated backwards and forwards many days.

"A wonderful sight it is to see the huge fields of ice being hurried along by the rapid current, grating against the fringe of strong ice which clings to the shore until they have cut it, and it has cut them as straight and as evenly as a glazier cuts an irregular piece of glass with his diamond—and to see them when brought to a jam crunched against a projecting piece of land, and smashing up and still borne on by the current, forming quite a mound of ice fragments—and to see them overlapping each other, and forced on to each other's backs, and slipping about until broken, or welded together by the frost. All this is striking, and the sound perhaps still more so. It is grand and solemn to hear morning, noon, and night that continual crashing going on."

The frost brought with it opportunities which no Englishman can resist. For the first time since the Creation skating began on the hardened surface of the river. Early one morning the young Siwash rushed into Mr. Sheepshanks' room to tell him, in much excitement, that a Boston man (that is, American) was moving about in a very quick and surprising way upon the ice.

"It being then apparent that we were in for a spell of

wintry weather, various preparations were made, notably by the Canadian portion of the population for winter amusements. Sleighs were rapidly made, and presently the ladies were being driven about in the rough equipages, made smart with skins, and jingling with bells. Hockey sticks were cut from the forest, and the male portion of the population, officials, parsons, storekeepers, woodmen, and Indians, were engaged in this exciting game upon the broad river. This has continued now for some weeks. Occasionally carts come down the river upon the ice, and cattle are driven across to the other side. Business is at a standstill, and sleigh-driving and hockey have been the order of the day."

Communication with the outer world ceased. This sent up the price of provisions, but had an effect even harder to bear, since it stopped all news from England at the time when the Northern and Southern States of America were at death grips, and the Mason and Slidell incident made the peace of Great Britain itself tremble in the balance.

Accustomed though they were to rough it, the winter of 1862 brought with it more demands upon the patience and endurance of the settlers of New Westminster.

"When I awake in the morning the bucket of water for my bath is frozen solid. The first thing to be done is to light a fire—taking care not to touch a piece of iron or steel—put a lump of ice into a saucepan, and so get some water, then pour that, when hot, upon the bucket of ice, and so we can wash.

"My blind fell down the other morning, and I fastened it up again by driving a nail in with my sponge. I cannot easily comb my hair, for it is frozen together. My uppermost blanket is hoary with my frozen breath: I make a snowball of the hoar-frost and throw it at Knipe.

"All the bed-clothes near my mouth are stiff with ice. When one proceeds to breakfast, the cups and saucers are stuck hard to the cupboard. The bread is frozen, and must be put in the oven before it can be eaten. The ink is solid, and in the evening the camphine will not burn. But, notwithstanding, I like the weather. The cold affects one more in England because of the damp and wind. Here, in the heavy frost, there is no wind. Indeed, if there were, we could not live."

For no less than four months the great river remained fast bound in ice. Milder weather brought with it water and slush on the surface, but the ice still remained, showing how deeply the frost must have penetrated. No steamer was able to come up from Burrard's Inlet: life with the outer world still languished. A sporting incident came to break the monotony of their daily life.

"One morning, I think it was in the first week of March, we were having breakfast when our young Siwash, who went to look out at the window, uttered a cry of surprise. Looking up the river we saw a noble stag coming slowly down the river upon the ice, evidently tired, and apparently unable to get away to the woods. He was soon perceived in the town, and the storekeepers came out with their rifles, and, hurrying along the shore, were taking long shots at the poor animal. They did not hit him, however, and after awhile he stood still.

"Presently one or two white men brought out a canoe, and pushing it before them as a safeguard, stepped out upon the ice and made for the stag. At the same time it was seen that two Indians on snow-shoes had set out from the other side. It was a race between the two parties, and for some little time the issue appeared doubtful. The Indians,

however, had rather less distance to travel, though it must have been toilsome walking in snow-shoes on the rotten, melting ice, and the foremost Indian, coming up to the stag, which did not move, while the other party was yet some thirty yards off, brought the noble creature to his knees with one blow of his club, and then despatched him.

"The jubilation of our boy over the success of his countrymen was comical to witness. He scoffed at the 'Boston men.' He mimicked their shooting, and went through the whole scene. He gloried in the superior skill of the 'Siwashes.' He laughed and danced about the room. He was a merry fellow, and we were much amused."

Meanwhile the clergy found full scope for their energies. They visited the people and ministered to the sick, and taught in the day-school at the camp: consoled those in the hospital, and talked with the prisoners in the gaol: fulfilled their ministrations in the church on Sundays and Saints days, varying their labours in the town by occasional visits to the settlers in the woods.

By this time the services in church were well attended: the singing was good—for not only did the Royal Engineers, who came down from camp, provide an excellent choir, but on festivals swelled the music with their admirable band.

CHAPTER VII

NORTHWARDS—TO THE GOLD-MINES

The men of the pick and cradle—A fellow-worker—Crazy craft on the Frazer—On horseback and foot—Experiences by the way—A judgment of Solomon—Double or quits—La Fontaine Indians—Care for body and soul—Effects of the lancet.

Mr. Sheepshanks was now to address himself more immediately to the miners—to the men who, penetrating into the interior of the country, had made its empty spaces swarm with industrious hands.

They were mostly young men, scorning restraint, who had crossed the Atlantic, or climbed the Rocky Mountains, to fight for their own hand in the great battle for gold. For in those strenuous days there was not so much need of the thinker or inventor or skilled tradesman, but of muscle and thew, human flesh and blood that could work hard and work untiringly.

At their coming the face of the country had changed—camps had grown up as by enchantment; tracts of land had been cleared and settled, while the bear and the Indian had been scarce aware of their approach; the treasure for which they sought had been drawn from its secret resting-place.

That the life they lived was a rough and godless one may not be denied—but it was given to the large-hearted

parson to see the wind of hope and humanity which was blowing through this lust for gold, and to rejoice in it.

He was now instructed to travel north, up to the rich gold-fields of Cariboo, with Mr. Dundas as a companion. Fortunate in so good a comrade, and one with so keen a relish for what he saw, he took his passage on a steamboat plying on the Frazer to Fort Yale. A current fed by freshets from the melting snow made it difficult to proceed.

Readers of the "Mississippi Pilot" will remember the catastrophes which ensued through the racing of the rival steamboats on the great American river. No such sporting element entered into the navigation of the Frazer, but the boats labouring against the rapid tide sometimes came to a like end. Two steamers blew up whilst Mr. Sheepshanks was in the colony. As he watched the fragile vessel quivering under the strokes of the stern wheel, the steam bursting from her side to waft away in jets as from a huge kettle, the purser advised him to sit as far away from the wheel as possible, lest the worst should happen.

Safely arrived at Yale, the long journey into the interior on foot or horseback commenced.

"Travelling in those early days through the interior was primitive, but in fine weather, though laborious, yet very healthful and very agreeable. It was before the days of roads and conveyances. It was the time of rough trails and long tramps.

"We purchased a horse which carried all our goods and chattels. On the horse's back there was placed a Mexican pack-saddle, shaped somewhat like a St. Andrew's cross, the horse's back being between two of the limbs. Our goods were put up in three packages—one containing our tent (weighing 7 lbs.) and blankets; another our food, and pots

and pans; the third our personal belongings, clothes, books, etc. One bundle was placed on one side, between two of the limbs of the cross, another on the opposite side balancing it, and the third on the top, then the whole three were bound together with a rope in the intricate way known as the Mexican knot, and an indispensable axe was thrust in between the packages.

"The food that we took was a bag of flour, with a tin of yeast powder; a piece of bacon and a bag of American beans; a packet of preserved apples or peaches, which go in a small compass and swell out in the cooking; some tea and sugar. We required a frying-pan for the bacon, the slap-jacks (Australian 'dampers') or pancakes, and cakes of bread, a saucepan for the tea, and a larger one for the beans, metal plates and tea-cups. With knife and fork, and matches added, one could go anywhere.

"Our little tent was an oblong. We took no framework with us, but took care to pitch it in the neighbourhood of trees and not far from a stream. First of all three quite young trees were cut down—or branches were cut off larger trees. Two of these, forked at the top by the cutting of a branch, were forced into the ground about seven feet apart; upon the third, carefully stripped of all branches, the tent was strung, an incision being made for this purpose at each end of the ridge of the tent. This pole was then lifted up and placed upon the other two as a ridge pole. The cords were stretched out and fastened into the ground with pegs, the curtain hung down to the ground and the tent was ready. When the poles and pegs were cut, two of us, after a little experience, could pitch the tent in seven minutes. Inside, two men could just sleep. We each of us had a waterproof sheet or blanket, and two very large warm blankets.

"Sometimes the forest was very wet. I have occasionally pitched my tent and slept on ground so wet that my feet sank an inch or two into the soft mud. Then one would strew pine leaves on the ground to a depth of several inches, and spread the waterproof blanket upon them. I did this also on other occasions if there were time to spare. So an excellent bed was made, and the scent of the pine leaves was delicious. We never caught cold from the wet surroundings. Indeed, for a healthy man, living in a tent is a preventive of cold. A cold bath in the morning is also hardening and invigorating. I have crunched the ice beneath my feet, as I have run in the morning to plunge into the ice-cold river, and in the mountains have rubbed myself with newly fallen snow by way of a tub, and this, as I think, formed a preservative against colds and chills.

"When pitching the tent in the wet forest, the ground covered with moss, and grey beards of lichen hanging down from the trees, the mist and drizzle coming steadily down, it was sometimes very hard work requiring patience and skill to light a fire. When once lighted it seemed to change the melancholy scene as by magic. No wonder the ancients fabled that fire was stolen from heaven.

"But a difficulty even greater and more distressing was that of finding fodder for the horse. I was often greatly distressed by the half-starved condition of our poor animal. Multitudes of horses perished on the way to the mines."

At Ashcroft they were entertained by a very delightful Irishman, with all the *bonhomie* and resource of his race. As a magistrate, he had knotty cases to decide, and showed the wisdom of Solomon in dealing with them.

"On one occasion two Chinamen, who were working at a bar close by, appeared before him, each claiming to be the

lawful owner of a nugget of gold, which was produced. Chinaman number one told his tale, which proved conclusively that of right it belonged to him. Then John Chinaman number two told his story, which proved beyond doubt that he was the fortunate owner. One was lying, of course. But which of the two it was not possible to say.

"My friend, the magistrate, thought for a moment, and then stepping to the corner of the room and fetching thence his shillelagh, with a look of infinite wisdom on his face, delivered his decision. 'I do not know now to which of you two the nugget belongs. But I shall know to-morrow. Let the true owner come here for it. But if the one to whom it does not belong, the liar, come here, I shall smash his head as I smash this saucer.' And down came the shillelagh with tremendous force upon a saucer lying on his table and smashed it into fragments.

"The magistrate had been told that in some of their transactions the Chinamen ratify the matter by solemnly breaking a piece of china. No doubt the two men went away duly impressed.

"Next morning, sitting at his desk and looking down the slope which led up to the Court-house from the village, the magistrate saw one of the Chinamen coming slowly up. The shrewd Irishman noted his slow and hesitating manner. The knock came at the door. 'Come in,' shouted the magistrate. John slowly opened the door and poked in his shaven, pig-tailed, oblique-eyed face. The magistrate, bouncing up, rushed to the corner for his shillelagh. Slam went the door, and John was seen from the window fleeing for his life down the road. The magistrate resumed his seat with a smile.

"Presently the other Chinaman was seen steadily

plodding up the road duly watched by the Irishman. The knock comes at the door. 'Come in,' roars the magistrate. John opens the door. The magistrate bounds up, and, rushing to the corner, clutches his shillelagh. Turning round he sees that John is standing there, having shut the door behind him. 'There is the nugget,' he says; 'you may take it.'

"Before coming to Lytton my friend was placed at the frontier in the valley of the Columbia, when one of his duties was to collect toll on the cattle imported into the colony from the States.

"On one occasion, when his constable happened to be away or ill, an American drover brought in a herd of cattle, for which he stoutly refused to pay the toll. The magistrate would not let him pass, and he, seeing that there was no force at hand, resolutely maintained his refusal to pay. So there was a deadlock, from which there appeared to be no way of escape. Was the man to pay the toll or not? At last the American offered to the magistrate to fight him for it. 'Well, you know,' said he to me with an inimitable smile, 'that was playing into my hands! So we had it out, and,' added he, with a droll look, 'he paid the toll.' As I looked at him I admired his magnificent proportions more than I did the wit of the Yankee who challenged him to the combat."

At Lytton the travellers left the Frazer and descended the valley of the Thompson River, walking about twenty miles a day to camp at eventide when opportunity served in the neighbourhood of an Indian settlement. A visit paid to the La Fontaine Indians was memorable first of all because Mr. Sheepshanks drank of the alkaline waters of Lake Vert with disastrous results. He was very sick, ulcers

broke out on his gums, loosening his teeth, whilst for many days he could eat no solid food. The other event is worthy of a detailed account.

"As my dear friend Mr. Dundas and I were tramping along the trail, and towards evening were drawing near to Lake Vert, a couple of Indians in their picturesque costume, with hunter's coat and scarlet leggings, galloped past us, taking off their caps as they speeded by, hurrying on to tell the Indians of the La Fontaine tribe that two 'King George Leplate,' *i.e.* English priests, were on the trail.

"Accordingly shortly afterwards, about five p.m., we found at the foot of a low mountain, at the base of which we were passing, a small group of Indians, consisting of the head chief, his wife and daughter (a sweet-looking girl), and two others, by whom we were affectionately greeted, and invited to visit their camp. Having assented, we were conveyed up the slope to the encampment situated on a small plateau on the hill side.

"It was a singularly picturesque spot, looking out on a semicircular group of hills, or low mountains, and upon the lovely emerald green lake just below. Following my inveterate habit of bathing, I was rash enough to take a bath very early next morning in the lake. Immediately I sank nearly up to my knees in the whitish slime, which, as I have said, usually extends for some yards from the margin in these lakes, and, as the water bubbled around me, a sickening fetid smell arose as of decayed vegetable matter. As quickly as I could I extracted myself with some discomfort.

"But to resume. Being arrived at the plateau the Indians at once took us under their wing. One having unpacked our horse, led him away to the pasture. Some

pitched the tent, others made a fire, fetched water, and, under Dundas' superintendence, began to prepare our supper.

"I took advantage of this time to vaccinate the tribe. Just then the small-pox, for the first time introduced, was making terrible ravages among the native tribes, and before starting on our mission I thought it well to get some instruction in the art of vaccinating from Doctor Seddall, the good doctor of the Royal Engineers, who gave me a quantity of dry vaccine matter, and also a lancet, which, by the way, I discovered nearly thirty years afterwards in an old pocket-book which had contained the vaccine, with the point broken off against the tough skin of an old Indian chief, and gave to one of my young daughters.

"Accordingly, sitting down upon a fallen tree and taking out my lancet, I told the chiefs that I wished to cut them all slightly in the arm and put in a little good medicine, which I hoped—I tried to express myself carefully—would preserve them from the bad disease. It was a matter of simple faith for the Indians, who, of course, had never heard of vaccination, but were quite prepared to take my word. So they formed themselves into a line—there were about eighty of them—in order of dignity.

"First came the head chief; then his wife, then his daughter, then the chief second in rank, and so forth. One after another, turning up the sleeve of the left arm, they presented themselves to me, as I sat upon the log, lancet in hand, to undergo the mysterious operation. They came up with the intense gravity peculiar to the Indians, as though they were going to the stake, but soon perceived the simplicity of the process.

"It was pretty to see the mothers as they brought up the fat, copper-coloured babies, placing their hands across

the little one's eyes, and drawing his head a little on one side, as I believe English mothers do, to prevent his being frightened and seeing the tiny speck of blood. So true it is that 'one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.'

"When the operation was gone through and we had partaken of our supper, we summoned the Indians, as they expected and desired, to preach to them. They formed themselves in two semicircles and squatted upon the ground in front of our tent, while I spoke to them. Mr. Dundas said but little, as living in the town of Victoria, and seeing very little of the Indians, he did not know the Chinook so well as I. Some of the old people here, as elsewhere, did not know the Chinook jargon. So we placed boys, who all knew it well, at intervals; and while I was speaking in the Chinook, the boys kneeling on the ground were translating each sentence into the La Fontaine tongue. And the old people pressed near to the boys that they might hear and understand.

"It was difficult, and not what one would wish, to speak to these dear people through such a poor medium whereby one could do little more than state facts, such as those of the Apostles' Creed, set before them a few simple truths, and enforce a few plain moral lessons. Yet, though the preaching was so imperfect, it was delightful and very touching to see with what gladness these wild, untaught people received the Word. How great a contrast to multitudes of our people at home, who in the preaching of the Gospel are indifferent, wearied, bored, thus refusing to respond to the message that comes from their Father!

"But to these poor dear people of the prairie or the forest, the message brought is indeed the 'Gospel,' the 'good-spell,' the glad tidings of great joy. And at the announce-

ment of the simple revealed truths of Christianity, when we told them of the one God, the Father, and that He is a Being of love, and that He loves all His children, the red-skins as much as the white-skins; that we are all His, and that He has sent His Son Jesus to live and die for us; and that there is a happy world beyond the grave for all those who love Him and His Son, and who resist sin and try in life to please Him—at these truths, trite and inoperative as they are to many nominal Christians in our own land, the heart of the wild, untaught savage is moved within him.

"They are not news to the multitudes of indifferent hearers in our own land, who think they know all about them; but to those who have been 'sitting in darkness' they come like a stream of light from heaven to cheer and console them, to fill them with a blessed hope. The painted faces that a while ago looked stern, almost threatening, are now changed, and soft expressions play now upon their features. The eyes that were so wild now look calm and gentle; and the old people nod their heads, and with shut eyes exclaim, 'Klosh klosh, klosh' ('It is good; it is good').

"If there be a pause, they will ask, 'Did you say, chief, that the great Chief up on high loves us all as His children? Did you say there is life after death? It is good. Tell us that again.' And they repeat the saying over again to themselves.

"At length the sermon ended; they are dissatisfied, not that it has been so long, but that it has been so short. 'Tell it us again, chief,' they cry, as the light of the fire, which is between us and them, falls upon their painted faces with their eager but kindly expressions. We spoke for a long time, until we were tired; and after we were in our tent, wrapped in our blankets, we still heard them talking round

the fire of what they had heard, and muttering the prayer that we had taught them.

"One wished we could have given them more thorough instruction, yet it seemed to be a gracious privilege to be able to speak to them at all, and to instil into their hitherto dark minds some idea of the love of God, and to brighten their lives with a ray of hope.

"During the night a storm of wind arose, which in that exposed situation came upon us very heavily, and our tent was blown down upon us. Whether the Indians, being unused to the work, had put it up insecurely, I do not know. It was cold work, being dressed only for the night, putting it up again. However, we managed somehow, and in the morning wished the dear people good-bye. I was never there again."

But though Mr. Sheepshanks was never to look upon that encampment again, he was to be kept in grateful remembrance by the people he had literally "saved alive." The kindly hand of a white man was to bring to the little community the antidote to that deadly disease white men had imported. There are still in England those who look upon vaccination as a loathsome and pernicious thing. Though the prejudice—once carried to the verge of martyrdom—has somewhat abated, it is still sufficiently alive to bring into strong relief the sequel to this visit.

"It was about a year and a quarter after this event that I was coming down country from Cariboo alone, driving my little horse bearing my baggage before me. It was the same day, I remember, that a prairie wolf frightened my horse by galloping across the prairie just in front of us. I was drawing near to the Thompson River, and was doubtful whether I should find means for getting across.

"Coming in sight of the sparkling, rushing river, I perceived the figure of a man, evidently, like myself, wishing to cross. Approaching, I saw that he was an Indian; and he, recognizing me, ran up and embraced me in an affectionate and touching manner, stroking down my arms as I stood before him, looking up in my face with a soft expression, and saying in gentle tones, 'Ah tyee, ah tyee, ah, chief, my heart is with your heart.' 'You know me?' said I. 'Ah yes, chief; I remember you when you came to us of the La Fontaine tribe, and cut us in the arm for the bad disease.' Well, and what was the result?' 'We are all well, chief; we none of us got the bad disease. But a few of our tribe' (I am not sure whether he said three or five) 'were away when you came, having gone up the river to pick berries, and they took the disease and died.'"

CHAPTER VIII

ON THE CARIBOO

Incidents of travel—"Green timber"—Disappointment and retreat—Loss of money—Loss of life—Antlers Creek—An unconventional service—Methods of mining.

THE journey was now daily bringing them, not merely in its scenery but in its experiences, into the wilder, rougher life associated with the name of goldfields. The desperado of the Californian mines was notably absent, but revolvers were a part of every man's equipment, robbery was not infrequent, murders not unknown.

"After leaving the silent, sombre forests of the lower country and passing through the cañons of the cascade range, the tramp over the intervening country, mainly prairie, to the commencement of the Cariboo range, some two hundred miles, though laborious and trying both from the fatigue and the heat, was on the whole pleasant enough and healthful.

"We sometimes slept in one of the wayside houses, often mere log hovels, that were beginning to spring up here and there along the trail. Then, wrapped in our blankets, we lay down on the dirty floor of the cabin along with miners or storekeepers going up to or returning from the mines. If the latter, they were sometimes carrying their gold-dust with them in belts round their person, and the revolver was

placed, perhaps somewhat ostentatiously, conveniently at hand. A friend of mine, an inoffensive, peaceable man, was put into a nervous flutter by the frank declaration of a miner close by. 'Wal, mates, I give notice, that if I hear any one moving hereabouts, I shall shoot.'

"It was much pleasure camping out. But inasmuch as there was no pitching of a tent, and no fire-lighting nor cooking—for the master of the house would serve up beans and bacon—it was a considerable saving of time to put up at a wayside house, especially if we wanted to make an early start in the morning.

"We got along very fairly well with our cooking. Occasionally we had a little variety in the shape of fresh vegetables, such as radishes and lettuces, but this was very seldom. Once a good Scotchwoman, delighted to find a compatriot in Dundas, gave him a tin of fresh butter. This was the first I had tasted for many months, for the bad salt butter I could not manage.

"At the first, fresh butter was not procurable, and afterwards it was not less than a dollar (4*s.*) per pound. All dairy produce was equally dear, eggs being a dollar a dozen. The acquisition of this butter caused us some amusement, for that afternoon we fell in with some wild gooseberries, and I succeeded in making two cocked-hat gooseberry pasties, which I think were the greatest triumph in cuisine that I achieved. To make good bread and bake it I found not easy, especially if, just when the dough was being kneaded and was hanging in flakes from one's hands, swarms of mosquitos would find us out and attack my bare arms and face when it was not possible to defend them."

Nearing the Cariboo country, they were now, in the midst of incessant rains, to understand the difference between

"burnt timber" and "green timber." The one was land smoothed out, not by the axe, but by the forest fires which from time to time sprang up and galloped through these hills and ravines, threatening to leave the plains of Cariboo as bald as the Norfolk broads. Desolation reigned, yet the trail which ran through the land so robbed of its timber was comparatively dry and firm.

"But, oh, the green timber! The rays of the sun could not get down to the narrow trail, which was in some degree walled in on either side by the felled trees and the logs that had been rolled out of the way. Thus the hundreds of pack animals, mules and horses, all the time going up to or returning from the mines, had trampled the trail into a long continuous line of quagmire. The tramp of the animals had worn the trail into 'ridge-and-furrow' steps.

"And there was no way of escape. One must stick to the trail; it was not feasible to go through the forest. Nor was it practicable to step upon the ridges, which were often more than a foot high and very slippery. The only thing to do was to lift one's foot over the ridges as the mules did, and step into the little pools of mud, some inches deep in the 'furrows.'

"This was fatiguing; and the mud being continually churned by the feet of the animals and brought into a paste-like consistency, gave forth a sickening stench. At the 'bottoms,' or sometimes where the trail was crossed by a rivulet, the mud was very deep, and perhaps afforded no firm footing for the animal, which here, therefore, ran a risk of being bogged. It was a piteous sight to see a poor overloaded-mule lose its foothold, and, frightened, struggle frantically and fall over and lie on its side exhausted. Unless quickly rescued, it must soon be

smothered. The packers rush to its help, cut the rope, and carry the packs into the wood if they can. Then they throw a rope round the poor beast, and try to haul him out upon the dry ground. We took a hint from Dandie Dinmont and his horse Dumple, and usually allowed our horse to choose his own way, which answered very well.

"Day after day we met groups of men, chiefly young men and Englishmen, turning back, never having reached the mines, disappointed, broken down, haggard, furious with those whose lying representations (as they said) had brought them to this accursed country. 'Back, back,' they cried; 'to go on is madness. You will never get to the mines. Very few who start will ever get there alive. Provisions are at famine prices. The men are starving. All have gone back except the thieves and gamblers. Oh, that *Times* correspondent, if I catch him! Oh, this God-forsaken country!'"

In the English newspapers, notably in the *Times*, descriptions of the most extravagant nature had been given of the wealth and prospects of the mines; page after page of the Press was but a story of sudden enrichment, of nuggets, and shovels and equipment. Reading them now, one sees in these articles a vast virgin ignorance of the life and conditions of British Columbia.

But the young English parsons were not wanting in pluck; they set their faces like a flint towards the spot described as the "abomination of desolation," and they lived to hear the miners say, "Wal, whether those chaps do much good I don't know. But anyhow they've got grit."

So far they had been journeying as those who are, if not affluent, able to pay their way. By an unlucky accident they were to become a pair of tramps, depending, like the

mendicant friars of another age and country, upon the good-will and charities of the settled inhabitants.

"One afternoon, when we were drawing near to the 'Forks of Quesnel River,' we arrived very hot at a delicious-looking stream at the edge of the 'green timber.' Dundas had a small leather bag strung round him, in which he was good enough to carry both his and my money for our expenses at the mines—some £70. I lay down upon the ground by the edge of the brook, and plunged my face into the water and drank. Refreshed, we proceeded on our way.

"Just as we were entering the 'green timber' three men emerged. I only saw the face of one: a villainous face, of deathly pallor. On we went into the wood, and when we had proceeded some two or three miles, Dundas exclaimed, 'I have left the purse behind. It must have been at that brook.' So he returned to seek for the money, while I went on with the horse to wait for him at the nearest wayside house."

After a few hours Dundas arrived, but with no tidings of the money. It was gone.

Next day murder rose up and confronted them.

Making their way to the coast, with a good deal of gold-dust in their possession, three Jews had been waylaid and done to death, their bodies being found by a search party in the forest. Viewed in the outhouse where they were lying, they showed no more sign of their taking off than the small blue mark in the temple through which their life had passed out. In spite of hue and cry, their assailants effected their escape.

Beneath inclement skies, with mire unspeakable around them, with feet that sunk and slid in the laborious business of walking, the two companions, leading their starving

horses, came at last to Antlers Creek. Desolate enough, with the grip of frost upon it, and wearing the wintry aspect of a village four thousand feet above the level of the sea, they were glad to reach it.

"That night," says Mr. Sheepshanks, "I spread my blankets on the floor of a store, and next day looked out for a domicile. Walking up the 'creek'—for the word in American parlance means simply a brook or stream—I was fortunate enough to find an empty, well-built log hut, about a mile from the clump of stores. This hut, imitating the hermit crab, I incontinently took possession of, and at once removed my traps thither, and setting to work with my axe, soon succeeded in lighting in the fireplace, rudely made of rough stones, a blazing fire which showed to any one who cared to know that some one was in possession.

"Nor had I any fear of being disturbed, for whether the miners paid any heed to our ministrations or not—and the latter, with some few exceptions, was the case—they were quite willing that we should be there, and would, I believe, have resented any personal incivility or rudeness done to us. When my dear friend Mr. Knipe was on this same creek the year before, the miners, respecting him and wishing to make him comfortable, actually lifted a small wooden house from a lot where it could not be allowed to remain, on to another lot, in order that he might live in it. For myself, I never received anything but kindly and respectful treatment from the miners while I was in the Colony.

"My hut suited me very well. It was weather-tight, and had a nice look-out across the creek which, after rain, was rushing along below. It was quiet and secluded, and a little brook which fell into the creek supplied me with water, and, when dammed, with my bath.

"The only slight drawback was its distance from the village, and the difficulty of finding my way home after late visiting or an evening service. But I soon learned to know the various pitfalls, and have always been able to see fairly well in the dark. I had a few books with me, and trimmed the midnight lamp. Between midnight and dawn some good-sized animal used to come into the hut, no doubt down the short, broad chimney. It was, I believe, of the stoat or weasel kind; but it did not trouble me, and I never saw it."

On the first Sunday evening the largest drinking saloon in Antlers Creek presented a scene not unworthy of the pen of Bret Harte.

It must have been strange to see the services of the Anglican Church held, as they were, in a saloon, with the raw young Englishman reading at a table, and to hear the singing of the hymns and the reading of the eloquent prayers of the Liturgy mingling without with the strange, humorous vein of talk that marked a miners' camp.

"The monte tables were swept away at the further end of the saloon, and benches and chairs put out for the congregation and a small table for me. I rang the dinner bell up and down the street and at the door of the saloon, and soon had a gathering of about thirty men. There was not a woman on the creek.

"We took three packets of good-sized cards with us in bags. On one there was printed an abbreviated form of matins and evensong, on another a select number of psalms, and on the third some selected hymns. These cards I handed round.

"The men sang fairly well, and listened attentively and gravely. Levity or obvious inattention would be thought bad form. If a man did not care for what was going on he

would rise quietly and go away. But this was of very rare occurrence.

"At the other end of the saloon 'bar-keeper' was handing out occasional cocktails. Men would come in, cigar in mouth, but they were perfectly silent, and would listen for a little while and then go away, or occasionally throw away the cigar and join us.

"When 'the preaching' was over, as I was thanking 'bar-keep' for his courtesy, he politely offered me a drink. 'Thank you, I don't use it; but I will take a cigar.' This answered the purpose just as well of allowing him to show one a kindness. 'Wal, sir, I guess you had the whole crowd here this evening.' 'Whom do you mean?' 'Why, sir, all the gamblers. Did you observe that handsome Jew right opposite you? That was Lichenstein, who keeps the bank. Wal, doc', good night.'"

Gambling, it may be noticed, had been elevated at the mines to the dignity of an honourable profession. Lichenstein the "handsome Jew" invited Mr. Sheepshanks to visit him in his own home in Victoria, which the diary describes as "an orderly, well-conducted house and a united family."

Mining on the Cariboo differed from the primitive work with rockers and cradles upon the bars of the Frazer River.

"The system pursued upon the creeks of Cariboo was necessarily somewhat different, for while fine gold-dust was found upon the banks of the Frazer, being brought down from above, the coarser gold must be sought deeper down, either upon the 'bed rock,' or in some stratum, often called pay-dirt, immediately above it. The process, then, is this:

"Wooden troughs or 'sluices,' as they are called, are constructed and supported upon tressels, along which the

water of the stream is conveyed. Frames of wooden lattice-work are placed in these to retard the flow of the water and dirt. Quicksilver, which has the quality of retaining and amalgamating with the gold, is plentifully poured into the sluice boxes. The miners then dig down into the bed of the stream, and the pay-dirt is thrown up by spades, or, where it is considerably below the surface, a shaft being sunk, it is hauled up in buckets, and cast into the sluices. The rush of water carries away the soil and many of the stones, and the gold-dust is caught by the quicksilver and retained in the boxes.

"From time to time, more or less frequently according to the circumstances, the water is turned off and the sluice boxes 'cleaned up.' All the stones are thrown out, and the gold amalgamated with the quicksilver is carried away in pans and placed in the miners' cabin. The process of cleaning up, especially in the more flourishing claims, is always regarded with much interest by a number of lookers-on. It sometimes transpires that, good pay-dirt having been struck, a man from utter poverty has suddenly become rich.

"One evening, not long after my arrival upon the creek, I was present at a cleaning up, and the sluices were glittering with gold to the amount of several hundreds of pounds. The principal proprietor was hailed by a man at my side, 'Say, mate, do you remember when you and I came over the bald mountain t'other day what money we had between us?' 'Why, we had a dollar.' 'And what did we do with it?' 'Why, we went and had a drink.'

"In a letter home, dated September 22 (1862), I find that I wrote as follows: 'You see that I am still at the diggings. This creek has turned out rather a failure. There

are but few really rich claims; and owing to the very dry weather there has not been sufficient water in the creek for the mining machinery, so that a good many men have left the place. William's creek, however, has turned out astonishingly rich, and miners from other creeks have rushed thither.

"'Dundas, who was stationed there, having gone down country with the Bishop, and Richfield, the village, being only twelve miles from this place, I walked over and took duty there for two Sundays.

"'The mode of mining there is somewhat different from ours here. For the gold is found at from forty to sixty feet below the surface in the narrow valley through which the creek runs. A shaft is sunk at no great distance from the stream until the bed rock, which is there a blue slate, is struck; and if no gold be found, they then "drift," *i.e.* excavate in a straight line until they strike the pay-dirt, which is then hauled up with rope and bucket and thrown into the sluices. I saw there pay-dirt so rich that a wash-hand basinful would yield from two to three pounds sterling in gold-dust.

"'Each miner is allowed to take up 100 feet square of ground; but usually four or five men combine and take up a "claim" of 400 or 500 feet together. Perhaps in this claim there may be no gold at all. Perhaps the "lead" may run right through it, and it may take them two or three seasons to get out all the gold, in which case they may be said to be rich men. Gold-mining in this country is therefore a very risky calling. A man may come up here, and not be able for a long time to get a claim.

"'The creeks already discovered may be all taken up, and he may be obliged to go and "prospect," *i.e.* search round about for new diggings. Or he may buy into a claim, and

it may turn out a failure. Or he may go to work upon an unoccupied piece of ground, and spend some hundreds of dollars and find nothing. Or, on the other hand, he may, and possibly one in every twelve does, light upon a rich claim, and in a few months with hard work, much excitement, and anxiety, realize a small fortune. But it is clear to me that a return for honest labour is less certain in gold-mining than in any other lawful occupation that I know of. It is this element of gambling, together with the wild life, that constitutes the great charm of gold-mining to men of adventurous minds.' "

CHAPTER IX

THE TALE OF THE YOUNG ENGLISHMAN

Autumn in North America—Forest and lake—Treachery and attempted murder—A faithful dog—The long watch—Relief party.

AUTUMN still held the land under its mellowing touch when Mr. Sheepshanks went back to his own fold in New Westminster.

"The autumn was, as usual, very beautiful. I have seen and admired the lovely autumn tints in many countries, but nowhere so lovely as in North America. For the forest is still; wind cannot penetrate to its recesses, and the trees silently change into their varied brilliancy.

"Search out an open glade where deciduous trees are round you, and the tall, sombre pines in the background. The trees are full of leaf, and exhibit almost every shade of yellow, red, and russet. But step a little further. There is a sight for a painter's eye. See that maple. Not a dozen leaves have fallen. Every leaf is on its stem, and every leaf is a brilliant gold. You look with delight upon the glory. It is a sight to be remembered.

"You stand still and note how the radiant colours are set off against the pines and yews of the wood you are approaching. You listen, but there is not a sound. And the scene

for a moment appears like one of the imagination only. But you pass on.

"And if you come again in a few days' time and wish to see again that tree of glory, lo! it now stands bare, with not a leaf, and beneath it the ground is carpeted with gold.

"Such scenes as these naturally gave birth to some reflections. Being out in the forest, I have at times pushed my way slowly and with difficulty through the tangled bush, climbing over the great fallen trees and forcing a passage through the intricate masses of boughs, and have stepped out upon a savannah by the side of a little lake, and there have seen with delight the strange beauty of the spot—the lake smooth as a mirror fringed with sedges; the water clear as crystal; the great pine trees fallen into the lake, lying and decaying upon the bottom; the trunks clearly seen many feet below; the branches stretching up towards the surface.

"Not a sign of life is there except now and then a string of wild ducks speeding in rapid flight above the surface of the water. The ground is carpeted with flowers, mostly of brilliant colours. Delicate lichens of varied shades of grey droop in light, feathery masses from the trees. Underfoot are rich glossy mosses. Kneeling down one admires their exquisite structure.

"It is a fair spot. But who has ever seen it? No canoe has ever been steered upon that lake. What is the use of beauty but to be seen? These fair flowers and mosses have shown their beauty here, for aught I know, for thousands of years. It may be that no human being has ever before beheld them. There is nothing to bring the savage here, and if by some strange chance one had wandered thither, he would see no more beauty here than the bear whose tracks

I noticed. And beauty is useless until it meets the eye of one who appreciates and is delighted by it."

About this time, whilst on a visit to Victoria, he saw limping through the streets of the town a tall young Englishman, the hero, or the victim, of a very remarkable adventure.

"He had gone up North on a prospecting expedition, and paddled up the Stikine River for many days, having with him an Indian, of whom he knew but little, and also, providentially, a favourite little dog. It was the winter-time or early spring, and the weather was very cold. They would paddle during the greater part of the day, and land towards evening and camp on a suitable piece of ground on the river's bank.

"One evening, when they had ascended the river a good many miles, they went ashore and cooked their meal, and made preparations for the night. The tent that they pitched was of a rude but not unusual description. Two stout poles, cut from the neighbouring wood, were driven into the ground about six feet apart, and a cross-piece fastened on the top from one to the other. Two quite short stakes with a cross-piece were fixed on one side, and a sheet of light canvas spread from the higher cross-piece over the lower one and fastened to the ground with heavy stones. Thus there was protection from the rain or snow, and it was so put up as to afford shelter from the wind; but the other side was, it will be observed, quite open and looked towards the forest.

"Mr. W., of course, slept rolled in his blankets, with his feet towards the open part, and his belongings around him. He was awakened very early in the morning by the report of a gun close by his head, and he felt himself frightfully wounded in the thigh. Instinctively it flashed across him

that the Indian had taken his gun and was attempting to murder him. There was yet another loaded barrel, so, lest he should give some guidance to his assassin, he lay perfectly still. The other barrel was fired, but mercifully missed him. The murderer had not dared to look him in the face, but was shooting from behind through the canvas.

"Now, however, thinking his murderous work was done, he came round with the axe in his hand to despatch his victim. But to snatch up his revolver which lay by his side, cock it, and present it to the Indian was for Mr. W. but the work of an instant. The Indian at once fled into the bush.

"Mr. W., agonized with pain, soon fell into a state of semi-stupor, from which he was aroused by the vehement barking of his little dog. Rousing himself, he saw his would-be murderer again approaching, axe in hand. But again the revolver was presented at him which he dared not face, and again he retired.

"The same thing recurred at intervals during the day. The poor Englishman was lying, hour after hour, faint from pain and loss of blood, his head swimming, half unconscious. Again and again he would be aroused from his stupor by the barking and yelping of the little dog, and again the murderer would shrink from the pointed weapon.

"Then nightfall came, and with it snow, which floated in at the open side and covered his blankets, and, I suppose, mitigated the fever of his wounds. He could not move his lower limbs, but providentially there was a bag of sugar within the reach of his arm; and I suppose there could be no better sustenance for him than that.

"The same incidents recurred during the next day. Mr. W. could occasionally see the Indian skulking or moving in the bush, and every now and then creeping towards him.

But the little dog did not sleep, and the right arm and the revolver were always ready.

"The Englishman could more than once have shot his enemy. But he felt that that would mean his own sure death by starvation; for no one knew that he was there. No Indians would be coming up the river at such a time as that. His only chance of communicating with the outer world must be through the murderer. So he held his hand.

"Thus the day passed and the night. The morning after the Indian could bear it no longer. He was being starved; for there were no berries, and he had nothing to eat. So it was with intense relief that Mr. W. saw him get into the canoe and paddle down stream.

"That day passed and the night. And in the morning the sound of paddles was heard, and a canoe came up to the bank full of Indians, who stepped ashore and came towards him. The intrepid Englishman pointed his revolver towards them, and bade them take him up and put him in the canoe, or he would shoot them every one.

"It is probable that, anyway, they had kindly intentions towards him, for the evil-disposed among them are few. The miscreant had told them that there was a 'King George man' up the river dead or dying. They might go and take possession of his belongings.

"So they went. They lifted him up carefully and placed him in the canoe, took him down to the ranch, where their squaws nursed him until he was better. Then, hearing that there was a party of white men at the mouth of the river some two days' journey off, he sent them down a message, and in due time a boat arrived which took him down the river, and thence he made his way to Victoria. Whether anything was done to his would-be murderer I never heard."

CHAPTER X

ORDERED NORTH AGAIN

The "varsities" in the wilds—A landlord Senior Optime—Men in place of mules—A bear in the way—Work in Richfield—A lending library—Bruin once more—Intelligent native.

Mr. Sheepshanks and his fellow-clergyman, Mr. Knipe, were again ordered North by their Bishop to resume their mission amidst the army of bearded, reckless men in the mines of Cariboo.

Even in the wilds of British Columbia, Mr. Sheepshanks was to make and renew the acquaintance of men, like himself, of University training. Meeting in the far country, whether they hailed from Oxford or Cambridge, some ready-made affection joined them on the instant.

"One meets here with every conceivable variety of character—men who have filled almost every position in life, and men who are experiencing precisely the reverse of their former circumstances; rich men now who hitherto have always been poor; poor men now who in time past have been usually rich; employed who were once employers; employers who up to the present have been employed.

"You will be interested in hearing how singularly one sometimes runs up against University men. Last year, when going down country, Knipe and I stopped at a wayside house, a wretched hovel, where the only food that we

could get was American beans and bread. A young man with a wild head of hair, who as we entered was employed in baking a loaf of bread on the hearth, welcomed us courteously. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and was clad in a flannel shirt—of course not over-clean—pants, and moccassins. There was no woman in the house, as usual. He was the landlord, and did, I fancy, all the work, and was a Cambridge Senior Optime.

"We rolled ourselves in our blankets, and lay down on the not over-clean floor of the one room. I conversed a little while about Cambridge with mine host, who threw himself down upon a bunk above me; and then he took down a book from a shelf above his head, and I fell asleep.

"Having the curiosity to see in the morning what book it was with which he had beguiled the time, I found that it was 'Goodwin's Course of Mathematics.'

"As Knipe and I were coming up this time we passed a gang of men (labourers you would call them in England) who were making the road. As we passed, one of them, leaning on his shovel, cried out with a cheery voice, 'How d'ye do? Have you got any tobacco? because we're out.' 'No,' said we, 'we haven't.' Then added Knipe, 'Haven't I seen you before up the country?' 'No,' was the answer; 'but I have seen you at Oxford.'

"The other day, just before getting into William's Creek, I fortunately for me, lit upon a tent of Captain Grant's with two sappers. Captain Grant was away. The sappers were very good and kind to me, as usual, and gave me some welcome supper—good bacon and beans, and bread and coffee —and then I sat by the fire warming myself with that sense of satisfaction which one has when a day's arduous work has been done.

"It was a fine starlit, frosty night, for we were at a considerable altitude. These were hard times on the Creek, for there was a great rush then, and the weather had been bad, and hundreds of mules had died. Food was scarce, and at a fearfully high price, and men had been engaged at five dollars a day to carry on their backs two sacks of flour over the mountain range into the Creek.

"There came a man out of the wood in the obscurity, broad-shouldered, muscular, haggard, obviously dead-beat, and flung himself down on the ground by our fire, and called out, 'For God's sake, Digby, give me something to eat!' He was roughly clad, and begrimed with dirt.

"Yet his intonation showed to what grade of society he belonged. He had been earning money by carrying flour over the mountains; but now, as mules were again able to get into the Creek, that employment had come to an end, and he was obliged to go below. I thought at first sight that I knew my man, and so I asked him, 'Have I not met you before at Cambridge?' 'Very likely,' he said; 'I was there a few years ago.' The last time we had met was on the 5th of November, when we had let off fireworks and pelted each other with squibs and crackers in his rooms in the new Court of St. John's."

An encounter of more singularity than this took place on the waggon road coming up.

Mr. Sheepshanks had tarried at a wayside house to buy fresh meat, of which his party were in need; hurrying on to overtake the others, he was aware from a rise in the road of a huge black bear pushing its way in his direction. His first and natural inclination was to bid this hairy, dangerous brute a respectful and rapid adieu. But he held his ground.

"With strong but supple motion, he stepped on to the

road between fifteen and twenty yards ahead of me. Having reached the middle of the road, he stood still and looked up it wistfully. 'Now,' I thought, 'he will next look *down* the road.' So, while he was thus looking, I confess to having taken two steps backward, so as to get a little bit more of a start for a run, still, however, keeping my face towards him.

"'Now we are coming to it,' thought I. He looked, and I looked. I thought he was an ugly-looking customer. What he thought of me I don't know. But apparently he thought me beneath his notice, for he continued his quiet, springy walk, and stepped up from the road on to the opposite bank, and disappeared in the bushes.

"I waited a little while, and then walked on, looking curiously at the brake where he had entered. It is singular enough that, though I have seen so much of the country, and have travelled some hundreds of miles along lonely trails, and without a trail, yet though I have no doubt I was once very near a bear before, I have never seen a wild beast till then, and that then it should be in broad daylight and on 'the Queen's highway.'"

Settled down at Richfield, the young missioner determined to leave permanent traces of his ministry in a substantial log church. A site having been obtained from Government at a cost of five hundred dollars for pre-emption grading and improvements, the building was begun. It remained for its founder to collect the money necessary for its erection. He gives us a good idea of the unconventional nature of the task, and of the generosity of the miners.

"In going round the claims I usually found out beforehand the name of the chief man. In the open claims the men would be working from ten to fifteen feet below the surface. I would ask by name for the chief proprietor, or, if

I did not know his name, would inquire for 'the boss.' A man would pause from his work, roll his quid in his mouth, expectorate, and look up. In a few, very few, words I would tell him of my scheme for a church and library, and add that I had brought up the books.

"He would listen, but not many words would pass. 'Wal, doc', have you got a piece of paper about you?' You may be sure that I always had pieces of paper, and one would go floating down into the claim. The boss would take out his leathern bag or purse from his pocket, jerk some grains of gold-dust into the paper, as one might jerk peppercorns out of a packet, screw up the paper, and then, 'Here, doc', catch!' The paper was caught, thanks were given, and 'doc' departed. Sometimes two or three men in a claim would give, the rest being hired workmen. The amount was usually about £2. After a few weeks of this I got nearly all the money."

The church completed, a lean-to was provided for its minister, which had little pretension to comfort, none to respectability. Sufficiently airy and cool in the warm weather, with a gaping chimney of rough stones, it leaked unconscionably in the days and nights of rain. Yet it provided him with a healthy dwelling-place, always well ventilated, never deserted by the outdoor freshness of the woods and open spaces.

Mr. Sheepshanks wisely provided himself with a library, and the books procured him a welcome where the sight of a clergyman's face was otherwise regarded with disfavour. Every one of his publications claimed a reader. Not only "Dickens in Camp," but hard theological works that had to be brazed in the mortar of the mind.

"The books were undoubtedly useful. Many of the

miners, indeed, would read nothing; but not a few were very glad of a book to read in the evening when the work was done. We had a few novels of the standard kind, but there was more demand, I think, for books of science. Travels were popular. A few hard-headed fellows would like a good strong intellectual nut to crack, such as 'Butler's Analogy.' Most people would be astonished to hear that a book which was highly appreciated by one or two was 'Pusey's Sermons.' One man especially, so Mr. Knipe told me, was much taken with its condensed thoughts and severe simplicity of style, with no rhetoric or flowers of speech."

In those early days morality was not of a high order. The missioner found himself in Richfield before the railway and statutory laws and honest women and the Ten Commandments were there.

"On one occasion, when I was walking down the Creek to see a sick miner, I met a man and woman coming up. 'Wal, doc', me and this young woman were coming up to look for you. We want to know if you can marry us?' 'Oh yes, certainly, if all is right, and after proper notice.' 'Wal, y' understand, it is only to be for the season.'

"With some indignant remarks I walked on, rather suspecting that the parties had been having drink. A week or two afterwards that same woman started off alone on horseback to go down the country. I am afraid she was far gone in drink. She did not put in an appearance at the wayside houses lower down the trail, and it was evident that she had strayed from the trail and was lost.

"This was enough to rouse the Creek. No matter under such circumstances about her character, she was a woman; that was enough. Parties were organized, and the woods were scoured. For several days no traces of her could be

found, and it was feared that she had perished. But after some time—I believe it was four days after her disappearance—she was discovered many miles from the spot where she had wandered from the trail. Her life had been sustained by the few berries that were yet to be found upon the bushes; but she was in a fearful state, and at the time was quite out of her mind. Whether she ever regained fully the use of her faculties I never heard."

Mr. Sheepshanks' love of pedestrianism led him again to the edge of an adventure.

"One afternoon about this time I took a good long walk up the hillside, through the forest, and then up a bald mountain, some 6000 feet high, to see the sun set. It was a fine evening, and the scene was singularly beautiful. I sat down on the summit and watched the glory moving down the western sky, the last gleam, and then the lovely, somewhat melancholy afterglow, with the brilliant yet soft colours changing and gradually fading.

"I then awoke to the fact that I had lingered too long, and ran down the upper slopes; but it was getting quite dusk when I entered the forest, and, to my chagrin, I perceived what I had forgotten, that the denseness of the forest and the narrowness of the opening, the trees almost meeting overhead, shrouded the trail in semi-darkness, so that, but for its lighter colour through the churning of the mud, I should have found it very difficult to keep the track.

"However, I made my way slowly and with some difficulty, stumbling over the stones in the trail, and the obscurity steadily increasing; but had not gone very far, perhaps three-quarters of a mile, when my steps were arrested by a noise immediately in front of me. It was a crashing sound of the brushing aside and snapping of

branches, as some great body, evidently of a wild animal, was forcing its way through the bushwood from the slope of the hill down towards the track.

"I stood still, not knowing what might happen, and I could tell that the beast came down to the trail and was standing upon it not more than five or six yards from where I was; but there being a sharp turn in the trail, I could see nothing. The animal then gave forth a series of pants, which in the dead silence of the forest sounded astonishingly loud, and such as I had never heard before. I felt that it was conscious of my proximity, and seemed to be waiting for me. If I did not go onwards, it might turn the corner and come to me.

"At this thought I bounded over the logs and branches that formed the fringe of the trail, and, despite the semi-darkness, ran as fast as I could down the mountain-side. At that spot the underwood was by no means thick, but I soon caught my foot in a root and fell, rolling over. However, I was soon up again, and hurried on down through the forest. My bump of locality made me pretty confident that at the bottom of the mountain I should find a stream that would lead me down to Richfield.

"And so it was. After about an hour's walking, splashing through the water, and scrambling over the *débris* of deserted claims, I saw the lights of Richfield, and was soon in my little hut. On speaking of this incident to a group of miners who knew the woods well, one of them remarked, 'That, sir, was a b'ar. And if it was a grizzly—and there are not a few of them hereabouts—p'raps it's just as well, sir, that you made tracks.'"

The straying of his horse served to bring into relief a characteristic Indian and savage trait.

"On arriving at Richfield I had tethered him while I looked out for some place where to spread my blankets, and some passer-by had cut the cord and let him go, possibly out of mercy, for I grant the animal had been badly fed and was very tired. Several days passed, and I heard nothing of the animal; but some one told me that he had been seen standing by the trail about half a mile from the town.

"Captain Grant happening to mention that he had a fine, intelligent Indian with him, I got hold of him, and asked him if he would try to find my horse for me. This he readily undertook to do; so I walked with him to the spot where, as far as I could tell, the horse was last seen, and simply telling him that the animal was a large, oldish, chestnut with a white nose, left him to do what he could. It was rather interesting to watch the Indian setting about his work, and I sat on a fallen tree and looked on.

"He walked very slowly and carefully about in the bushwood above the trail, for below the mountain sloped down to the creek, peering into the scrub before him to see if there were any sign of twigs being broken, and carefully parting the berry bushes and undergrowth to scrutinize closely the ground for any marks. For, I suppose, a quarter of an hour he went backwards and forwards above the trail, yet never going again precisely over the same spot. I began to doubt whether he would find any clue, but gradually he moved up the hill, and though I could see him no more, he appeared now to be going in a straight line.

"Knowing their extraordinary sagacity, I thought I would leave him, and so continued my walk; for it was my regular practice to take a constitutional, both for the sake of exercise and also to gather berries as an antidote

to scurvy. And on my return, some two hours afterwards, I found the old chestnut tied up to my hut. The Indian was gone.

"He did not want any reward, and I never saw him again. But I heard afterwards from Captain Grant that he had tracked the horse all through the dense jungle right up to the top of the mountain. There, on the summit, stretched an open, grassy space, on which several escaped horses were grazing. The Indian, however, spotted the animal that he was in search of, caught him, and brought him down."

CHAPTER XI

A LONG TRAMP HOME

Frozen out—The despatch rider's last journey—A hanging jury—The work of an evangelist—A gift of bells—Trade depression—Leave of absence.

With the commencement of the cold weather large numbers of the miners began to leave Richfield, and made for the coast. Warm enough in summer, with the thermometer climbing amongst the nineties, later in the year Fahrenheit registered thirty to forty degrees below zero, the mercury occasionally freezing. A clergyman who had dared these rigours to continue his ministrations all through the year had been severely frost-bitten.

But a thousand of the men resolved to winter in the creek. Usually if they remained in camp during the winter they must needs consort in the most unbroken idleness. It happened, however, their claims were so situated below the surface, and worked with a shaft, that with some intermission they could be exploited through the cold weather.

Mr. Sheepshanks would willingly have remained to minister to them, but the demand for his presence at New Westminster was urgent.

With an animal entrusted to his care by a Jew, who wished to send it down to the Lower Frazer, he set out on a lonely tramp of 320 miles to return home. After a few

days' march he found himself on the track of a great crime. Arriving at a wayside house where he was to sleep, he heard the particulars of a murder which had occurred about forty-eight hours before.

The despatch riders of America were a well-known and picturesque feature of the early days. Mostly youths, mounted upon wiry and active nags, they would carry their despatches for a hundred miles at a time, at the rate of about eight miles an hour. With four changes of horses, they would accomplish their mission, returning to their stations next day.

"At that time a very extensive and important company (Wells, Fargo, and Co.) was engaged in conveying letters, parcels, and gold all over North-West America. Their express-man had set off from Richfield with a considerable consignment of gold-dust, in company with a friend, on a big black horse. The two men had slept at the wayside inn, and had set out together early in the morning on the down-country trail. But the house was full of other men, two of whom had started on foot yet earlier.

"As soon as the two horsemen emerged from the wood upon a bit of prairie they overtook two pedestrians, who as they approached drew up across the trail, and whipping out their revolvers began firing. The horsemen drew out their revolvers, and several shots were exchanged, but without effect, for the horses were excited by the firing and began capering about. The express-man, who was a brave, resolute little man, jumped from his horse and grappled with the foremost of the murderers. He succeeded in throwing him upon the ground, and was so far master of the situation that he called out to his companion, asking him how he was 'making out.'

"But at this moment the big man's horse turned round, and, his rider being unable to control him, bolted from the scene and galloped back to the wayside house. So at least the big man averred.

"But of course there were those who impugned his courage. An armed party at once set out, and hurried to the scene. There lay the little express-man on his face, quite dead. The second miscreant, freed by the flight of the big man, had come up and shot him in the back of the head. His death must have been instantaneous. The party galloped down the trail, but no one was to be seen.

"The murder was followed by a long chase—a chase of days and nights. The country was in a state of excitement, for the little express-man was very popular. Ropes were stretched across the road, and parties of men were on the watch. But no arrest was made—the murderers had evidently taken to the bush.

"There was no reason, however, for me to feel any misapprehension. As the old adage says, 'Cantabit vacuus,' etc. And, moreover, I felt sure that the two villains would hasten to make their escape from the country; and they had two full days' start of me.

"A group of Indians reported that two 'Boston men' had burst upon them, and with presented revolvers had demanded and taken their food from them. And for full ten days there was no further news. Then, however, we heard that Captain M'Lean, an old settler residing in the Buonaparte Valley, hearing of a man in a miserable plight, and not able to give a satisfactory account of himself, had ridden out and brought him, with a rope round his neck, to his house and shut him up there.

"In due time the man was tried. In truth, there was

but slight legal evidence against him; for the survivor, the big man, when confronted with him, could not swear to him. The man had no gold-dust upon him; for it had so happened that at the time of the murder the big man was carrying the gold-dust for his friend. All that the prosecution could prove was that the man arrested had slept in the way-side house the night before the murder, that he had set out on the fatal morning before the express-man, and, I think, that he and his companion were the only men that had done so.

"There was also the negative evidence that he had not called at any of the wayside houses down the trail and had not been seen upon the road, and therefore that, as it appeared, he had left the road and gone down through the forest. That was all.

"But the jury went in for hanging—and the judge, I think, was not unwilling—and so the man was convicted and hanged. No one, I think, had any moral doubt that he was guilty. And about the time of his arrest the dead body of another man was found in the Thompson, who had apparently been trying to cross the river, avoiding the ferry. And this was supposed to be the corpse of the other murderer. Thus ended one of the tragedies of the gold mines.

"My journey down the country was healthy and, on the whole, pleasant. The average altitude of the road was, I suppose, about 2000 feet, so the air was cold and bracing. A fair amount of the country was now being cultivated, and it was agreeable once again to partake of milk and butter and vegetables.

"There were still some autumnal flowers, though not the same as in the summer, when not a few of our English garden flowers may be seen growing wild by the side of the

trail. I have noticed the larkspur, Michaelmas daisy, lupin, and groves of syringa.

"I walked from twenty-two to twenty-four miles per day, and put up at the wayside houses. This was less comfortable than sleeping in the tent; but it saved the time of pitching and striking tent and cooking meals. As a rule, the keepers of these rough houses, unless they were Englishmen, would charge the clergy nothing.

"It was interesting work tramping all day through the keen autumnal air, instructing and preaching to groups of Indians, and administering to them pledges of abstinence whenever possible, resting on the Lord's day, and holding Divine Service for whatever white people could be got together. One got into fine training, and I arrived at New Westminster, as one of my friends told me, looking 'as hard as nails.'"

The fortunes of New Westminster were not improving; the vision of men, women, and children pouring out of Europe, crowding into the ships and spreading over the country, had not been fulfilled. It was only as the nineteenth century closed that the tide began to set in fairly for British Columbia.

The helpful, friendly Engineers were ordered home, and embarked for England to the tune so hard for exiles to bear, "Home, sweet Home." The monotony of Church life was broken by what may be called the Battle of the Bells.

"About this time we heard in the Victoria, V. I., newspaper of a beautiful peal of bells for the Bishop's church at Victoria, given by Miss (afterwards Lady) Burdett-Coutts. And in due time the arrival of the ship with the bells was chronicled. I happened to be in Victoria at the time, and meeting my good friend Mr. Holbrook, who also chanced to

be down there, we agreed to go on board the vessel and have a look at them.

"Accordingly we went on board, and, the hatches being open, we looked down and saw one or two of the bells being uncovered. I climbed down into the hold and read the inscription on the tenor bell, and I remember well the shout of delight with which I called up to Mr. Holbrook, who was looking down from the deck above, to tell him that the inscription was 'for the Church of St. Stephen, New Westminster.'

"There was always a good deal of rivalry and jealousy between Victoria and New Westminster, and we knew that every effort would be made by the people of Victoria to retain the bells there. With regard to this fine peal of bells, it was true that our church was not dedicated in the name of St. Stephen, yet the crucial point, we thought, was the place, and as they were inscribed 'New Westminster,' we believed and maintained that of right they were ours.

"We took measures accordingly, and got up a public meeting and began a movement for the erection of a bell-tower, and memorialized the Bishop. And, in short, we showed ourselves so unanimous and insistent that we gained our point, and in a few weeks' time the bells were deposited on the bank of Frazer River."

Winter gave place to spring, and spring to summer; still there was depression in the town and straitened commerce, whilst the trans-continental railway, which was to transform the face and fortunes of the place, seemed as though it would never come.

Further to the north, despite the glowing paragraphs in the *Times*, luck had failed, but little metal rewarded the

pick and shovel, and many of the miners departing left their quarter of the world to deer and grizzlies.

At such a time, and with the work so well advanced that it might safely be left to the care of a substitute, Mr. Sheepshanks determined to visit his native land to beg for his church.

CHAPTER XII

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Yosemite Valley—Virginia City—Night and day travel—Mormonism—Salt Lake City—Brigham Young—The Danites—The President's womenkind.

In the early summer of 1864 Mr. Sheepshanks sailed for San Francisco. Here he saw the famous Yosemite Valley, with its English-like garniture of black oaks wreathed in mistletoe.

A ride into Mariposa country brought him in view of the famous trees, some of them more than 300 feet high, with a diameter (by his own measurement) of 25 feet, exclusive of the bark, and ringed with no less than 1490 circles. Ever a lover of Nature, and a true Briton, it seemed to him that a tree with its head in the skies was a finer sight than a New York block assaulting the heavens with its thirteen stories. Upon the stump of one of the trees, seven feet from the ground, a summer-house had been built which afforded space for the dancing of two sets of lancers. Yet another ancient of the woods was so voluminous that a horseman could ride for seventy feet within it.

Making his way to Sacramento, he began, in one of Wells, Fargo, and Co.'s express waggons, a journey which was to take him right across the continent of America by way of Nevada and Utah. Crossing the range of the Sierra Nevada,

he stopped at Virginia City to see the silver-mines. Here he was welcomed by Mr. Whittaker, the resident clergyman. As they slept upon the floor in the wild mining district beyond the Rocky Mountains, they would have regarded a vision of lawn sleeves as the emptiest of dreams.

Yet thirty-three years later they were to find themselves in the same great procession of prelates at Ebbs Fleet—the one, Bishop of Norwich; the other, head of the diocese of Pennsylvania.

"Those who have seen 'Buffalo Bill's' Exhibition will remember the 'Deadwood Coach.' It was in a rough coach of this kind that I was to cross the continent of North America, until I reached the civilized countries of the East. The vehicle was rough and strong, with no springs worth speaking of; but the cattle were excellent. The journey would, I knew, make considerable demands upon one's physical powers; for the coach would go rattling and jolting along night and day, with but brief stoppages for the purpose of changing horses. Only snatches of sleep, 'tired nature's sweet restorer,' could be obtained, so that the strain upon the brain would be great. Not a few would break down under it.

"For some time after leaving Virginia City we were passing through an absolute desert. There was nothing but sand of the finest kind beneath the horses' feet, and no road, but a mere track across the plain. Not a vestige of verdure, not a green blade, was in sight—nothing but burning brown sand all round, the air filled with sand fine as powder, spiral whirlwinds of sand twirled round here and there with the occasional flaws of wind. It was baking hot, dry, and dusty. In these absolutely desolate tracks there were no signs of life."

At last, emerging from desolation, they came upon human habitations, occasionally on men and women from Utah. The city of the Latter Day Saints was before them. Begun in the burlesque discoveries of Joseph Smith (Diana of Ephesus fell from the skies; the book of Mormon was dug from the earth), continued under conditions unfavourable to its growth, its distinctive tenet, the plurality of wives—a belief repugnant to all Christian communities—rising superior to all persecution even to the claims of the civil power, growing in numbers and prosperity with the growing years, Mormonism is to-day a marvel of human credulity. It is the faith of one God and many wives.

The early history of the community is that of a people harried and scattered. Wherever they went, something in their pretensions and manner of living quickened the antipathies of their neighbours, whose liveliest concern was to be rid of them. Stoned out of Jackson County, treated as public enemies, shot, assaulted, and killed, they were finally expelled from Missouri at the point of the bayonet.

Crossing the river into Illinois, to settle at Nauvoo after open warfare, pitched battles, and the death of their prophet, they were compelled in despair to trek again into the desert. Their wretchedness as they fled from their city of refuge may be known from the report of a witness unfavourable to their claims.

"In every part of the city scenes of destitution, misery, and woe met the eye. Families were hurrying away from their homes without a shelter, without means of conveyance, without tents, money, or a day's provision. Sick men and women were carried on their beds, weary mothers with helpless babes dying in the arms, hurried away—all fleeing they scarcely knew or cared whither, so it was from their

enemies whom they feared more than the waves of the Mississippi, or the heat or hunger and lingering life or dreaded death of the prairies on which they were about to be cast."

Arrived in their promised land, no stream of milk and honey awaited them. It was their lot at first to wring a scanty subsistence from an unwilling soil, until by industry and a belief in their own destiny the wilderness, hitherto given up to the wolf and the bear and half-naked Digger Indians, blossomed like the rose. With the settlement in Utah and Salt Lake City prosperity began; in that prosperity Mr. Sheepshanks found them.

From the beginning of his stay in Utah, he was confronted with the all-pervading personality of Brigham Young.

His lodging, the only hotel in the city, belonged to that autocrat. Put up for the night, and the President is your host and pockets your money; visit the theatre, and the contents of the pay office dribble into the same ample pocket. Send your corn to be ground or your logs to be sawn, you find yourself paying toll to the same ownership. Make your long journey of sixty to eighty days across the plains, and your emigrant waggon carries not only Cæsar and his fortunes, but the goods freight free (800 lbs. per waggon) of the Dictator. By contracts, by the stewardship of tithing, by playing the part of the honest broker in almost all the work done in the settlement, by concessions, and by exclusive rights, this man, who began life in poverty and had the maintenance of twenty wives and their establishments, left at his death from four to six hundred thousand pounds.

The existence of the Danites, or Destroying Angels, has been often asserted, as often denied.

Remembering that the Mormons looked upon themselves

much in the light of the Israelites conquering their Canaan, it is easy to imagine the more intemperate spirits were ready for any act of violence which might be deemed politic or necessary. That Young, Kembal, and others proposed to take the lives of those whom they considered offenders seems undoubted.

In a denunciation of Brigham Young, Smith, the brother of the Prophet, declared that he "had around him men, bound by acts and covenants, who are reckless enough to commit any crime, or fulfil any command that their self-crowned hero might give them."

In the experience of Mr. Sheepshanks, the readiness to be the avenger was still the mark of an enthusiastic Mormon.

"Being anxious to get all the information that I could with regard to the extraordinary community of the Mormons, I asked questions, perhaps somewhat incautiously, of any one whom I met.

"On one occasion I asked a man whom I encountered at one of the houses whether the stories about the 'destroying angels' were true. The man looked at me with a glare, and replied, 'I don't know, sir, what you mean by the destroying angels. But I can tell you this, that if you and I were in the presence of President Brigham, and when you left the room he were to say, "Gentlemen, I have no further use upon earth for that person who has just left the room," I should shoot you down, sir.'

"Nearing the city I observed a peculiarity in the construction of the houses. They were low, neat houses, with well-kept gardens round them, and several external doors. Passing a nice looking, newly painted house with four front doors on the side facing the road, I commented upon this curious plan to the driver, beside whom I was then sitting.

'Well, sir, you see that is caused by the "institution."' As I looked puzzled, he went on, 'By the "institution," I mean the plurality of wives. You see, sir, if a gentleman is blessed with several wives, it would hardly do for the ladies to come in and out by the same door. That might give rise to ructions. So each lady has an entrance to herself. If you wish, therefore, to find out how many blessings a gentleman possesses, I guess you should walk round his house and count the number of doors.'"

BRIGHAM YOUNG, MORMON PRESIDENT.

HOUSE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG'S WIVES, SALT LAKE CITY.

CHAPTER XIII

SALT LAKE CITY

A green oasis—Climate and people—A superstitious religion—Sunday at the Bowery—Wild predictions—Brigham Young as a theologian.

Of Salt Lake itself, Mr. Sheepshanks gives the following description:—

"It is an oasis in the midst of the desert, a green, cultivated, civilized spot surrounded by hundreds of miles of arid, sandy, desert plains streaked with ranges of barren mountains. For miles and hundreds of miles one sees scarce any sign of life, no quadruped, scarce an insect, not a bird, not a tree, only vegetation here and there.

"And then suddenly one comes upon a city bright and green, with smart, comfortable-looking houses surrounded with gardens planted with fruit trees laden with fruit, and streets and shops and public buildings. The outward scene is striking, for the town is situated in a broad and, at this time, green valley, between two fine ranges of mountains, about fifteen miles south of the Great Salt Lake.

"The city is laid out on the parallel-line system, with clear streams of running water and rows of fine young acacias and other trees beside the footpaths. The streets are very broad and well kept, though rather dusty just now, and all the houses except the stores have their gardens.

The climate at this time of the year (July) is glorious, very dry, for rain is unknown during spring, summer, and autumn—there is some snow during the winter—and vegetation is produced by irrigating the land with streams of water brought for many miles from the neighbouring mountains.

"Each day is like the preceding one, bright and dry and hot, with blue unclouded sky, but not sultry; the altitude—4000 feet—prevents that. The nights are cool, and there is almost always a pleasant breeze blowing either up or down the valley. The people are clean, tidy, sunburnt, and rustic in appearance, with an unmistakable old-country look about them; for, alas! a very large proportion—four-fifths, I should suppose, of the population—is from Great Britain.

"Their order, apparent morality—setting aside for the moment the question of polygamy—and sobriety are certainly remarkable. Never have I seen a community outwardly so peaceable, orderly, and well conducted. There are no saloons, no grog-shops, no billiard-tables, and only one hotel in a population of some 16,000 people. The streets are always quiet. The men move about on their business; the women do their shopping and marketing. In the evening all return to their homes, and by soon after ten o'clock, theatre and ball nights excepted, the town is wrapped in slumber.

"And all this while the religion is the most superstitious, fanatical, and blasphemous, I should suppose, on the whole earth. The more one sees and hears of their belief, the more one is amazed at its abominations and absurdities. It combines the errors of Christians and heretics, of Mohammedans, and of ancient and modern schismatics. And in this the majority remains satisfied, though there are not a few

who renounce their belief in Mormonism and leave the place, or remain tied by their social relations and fill their lives with regrets that they ever came thither."

The first Sunday in Salt Lake City found the new arrival at the Bowery, the summer sanctuary of the Mormon population.

"This was a huge booth simply constructed of uprights fixed in the ground, with cross-pieces, and roofed over thickly with boughs. Thus the sides being open, the congregation was sheltered from the hot sun and cooled by the fresh, soft breeze.

"When I arrived in good time before the service, I found already assembled a congregation of several hundreds of respectably draped, farmer-like, 'dour-looking' men. At one end of the Bowery there was a platform for the speakers and a choir of both sexes. After a hymn and an extemporary prayer of an unconventional and secular kind, a sermon was preached by Mr. Wallace."

The sermon showed how prominently prophecy—that most admirable gift, enabling the prophet to impress his own will on his hearers—was interwoven with the new faith. Smith himself claimed to be a seer able to discern the things of the future. Singularly unfortunate in this *rôle*, he contrived that one revelation should supplement and sustain the failure of its predecessor.

Brigham Young succeeded to the office of the forthteller: in this capacity he too came heavily to the ground. Nothing but an extreme credulity amongst their followers could have sustained these men amidst such mendacity and ignorance.

The elders of the community also exercised this gift. In the sermon to which Mr. Sheepshanks listened, Isaiah, Micah, and other of the Hebrew seers were pressed into the

service of a prediction—destined to share the fate of many another forecast—for it declared of the American War, then in the fiercest of its fury—

"Mormons knew what would be the end of it. Joseph (Smith) had foretold it years before. They will go on fighting until they will be in such a hurry to kill each other that they will not stop to drag their cannon along, but will take their swords and spears only. They will fight until they get thoroughly broken up, so that there will not remain two states together. Then those who had persecuted the Saints and driven them out of Missouri, will come and say, 'Let me be a Mormon.' Children in the West will then say, 'I have an uncle Joe, who is a Mormon, of whom we were all ashamed. Shall we write to him? Perhaps he will be willing to help us,' etc., etc. The great mass of men—there were no women present—listened to this stuff seriously, and appeared to take it all in."

Within a few months of this utterance, peace was declared and the United States consolidated.

But it is the mark of a prophet not to be discouraged, and most of the speeches and addresses to which the newcomer listened—whether from the President himself or his supporters—were prophecies of Mormon superiority, Gentile ruin combined with "ignorant, pseudo-philosophical themes, and occasionally rhapsodies of frantic, blasphemous nonsense." Brigham Young committed himself to the following statements in a sermon preached in the Tabernacle.

"Our God and Father in heaven is a being of tabernacle, or in other words, He has a body with parts the same as you and I have. . . . His Son Jesus Christ has become a personage of tabernacle, and has a body like His Father. . . . Now hear it, O inhabitants of the earth, Jew and Gentile,

saint and sinner. When our father Adam came into the garden of Eden, he came into it with a *celestial body*, and brought Eve, *one of his wives*, with him. He helped to make and organize this world. He is Michael, *the Archangel, the Ancient of Days!* about whom holy men have written and spoken. *He is our father and our god, and the only god with whom we have to do.* Every man upon the earth, professing Christians or non-professing, must hear it, *and will know it sooner or later.* . . . And who is the father? He is the first of the human family; and when he took a tabernacle, it was begotten by *his Father* in heaven, after the same manner as the tabernacles of Cain, Abel, etc. From the fruits of the earth the first earthly tabernacles were originated by the father, and so on in succession. . . . It is true that the earth was organized by three distinct characters, viz. Eloheim, Yahovah, and Michael, these three forming a quorum, as in all heavenly bodies, and an organizing element, perfectly represented in the Deity, as Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. . . . Let all who may hear these doctrines pause before they make light of them, or treat them with indifference, for they will prove their salvation or damnation."

CHAPTER XIV

THE RULE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG

A notable man—The President at home—Education and amusements in Utah—A singular experience—Bishop Woolly—Undercurrents of feeling—Polygamy—Night at the theatre.

It was now the young parson's good fortune to look upon the man who had wrapped the mantle of the prophet Joseph Smith about his own shoulders, who had led the first settlers, with their women and children, through manifold dangers and much endurance into safety and wealth.

Brooking no rival, he was an absolute dictator; none might cross his path and survive. Death itself was supposed to attend upon his sign. The head of a mob of outcasts who boasted "that he would ask no odds of Uncle Sam or the devil," was well worth seeing. So large were his ambitions, he predicted in twelve years' time he would be President of the United States, or dictate the successful candidate. He aimed at nothing less than political and national independence.

Furnished with a letter of introduction to a prominent citizen of Salt Lake, an unbeliever in Mormonism, Mr. Sheepshanks was brought by him into direct touch with the magnates of this strange community.

"My friend asked me if I would go and call upon

President Brigham. I assented, and he made an appointment at ten o'clock one morning. On our arrival, we found his carriage with two good grey horses waiting to take him to his cotton station. Entering, I was introduced to Messrs. Carrington, Stonhouse, King, and others, and passed through one office into another, where two chairs were placed in the middle of the room opposite to an easy rocking-chair.

"After a few minutes in came the President, not at all a bad-looking man, of fair height, stout, and broad shouldered. His face was rather fleshy, with clear complexion, not pale, but with no colour, square, rather narrow forehead, small, clearly cut chin, and cold blue eyes. He did not appear to be much more than fifty years of age; but in conversation he spoke of remembering events that occurred sixty years previously. He was clad in black, but with a white calico overcoat. His manner was agreeable, but that of a man of powerful will accustomed to have his own way absolutely. Over the thousands of his people he wielded despotic power He was their Sultan, High Priest, Prophet, and Revelator.

"He shook hands, sat down in the rocking-chair opposite to us, and entered into conversation. He said people came to see him out of curiosity, but were quite welcome. The Mormons were much maligned, but those who came to Salt Lake generally altered their opinions. Instanced Horace Greely and Captain Burton. Had been in England twenty-four years before. England a rich and hospitable country, with good people. But the Government does not do its duty. It ought to send tens of thousands of the poor out into the Colonies. Spoke about education. Every district in the city has a day and Sunday school. All the children go to school. Approved of recreation for the people. We

must give them recreation; for if we do not give them recreation which is innocent they will indulge in that which is injurious. Recommended me to go to their theatre.

"Upon my replying that it was not my habit to attend the theatre, he replied, 'No, sir; I dare say not, and with good reason. But if you come to our theatre you need not leave your religion at the door. The plays are moral. I supervise them myself. There is no drink allowed within the walls. The actors are not paid. They are our own citizens, who act only to give their fellow-citizens pleasure. There is no bad language permitted. They behave as irreproachably as they do at meetin'.' On the same terms he approved of dancing."

Here it may be said that the Saints, though grave and unjovial, were social in their habits. The dancing, to which their President referred, must not be considered, however, as the light-hearted and frivolous pastime of other countries. It was regarded as a distinctly edifying exercise. Brigham Young danced, the Apostles danced, the Bishops danced; and the solemn gyrations of these dignitaries must have made an irresistible appeal to the Gentile spectators.

One thinks of Alvanley's *bon mot* on Lord Aberdeen, that he danced as if he were paid to do it, and were afraid of not getting his money.

Young's manner was that of a man unaccustomed to be contradicted. He took all the conversation to himself; when any one else was speaking his attention seemed to fade away. But he was not uncourteous.

Suddenly, to the surprise of his visitor, he demanded, "Will you preach for us on Sabbath?" An objection to be one of several speakers was at once removed when he put his hand on the clergyman's shoulder, saying, "You can

have the morning service all to yourself. You can have my chair, and choose your own hymns. You may say what you like, and do what you please."

Next Sunday the Tabernacle was the scene of a singular spectacle. Never before or since has an Anglican priest preached to the Assembly of Mormons; never, perhaps, in the history of the Church has one of her ministers testified before a community of heretics. Before him were 3000 people, all men, heads of families, mainly from his own country, "mostly earnest and fanatical, swallowing eagerly the wildest stories and most extravagant doctrines, whatever is put before them by the Prophet and his crew." Behind him on the platform sat the apostles and elders. The President's chair was empty, but as the preacher began to speak he was aware of some one moving near him, and saw Brigham Young himself on his knees, pushing a cushion towards his feet, having remembered the custom to use one for kneeling.

From this scene of fanaticism and misbelief even heathendom was not wanting, "for happening to turn round to the left, my eye fell upon two noble Sioux Indians who had just come in. They stood there in full dress and paint, with their keenly cut, handsome faces like bronze statues, impassively surveying the gathering."

The Rector of New Westminster had preached to strange congregations in his time, never to one like this. Greatly moved by such an audience and such an opportunity, he proclaimed the simple saving truths of the Gospel with all his might. Nor in vain. It is true that those who followed endeavoured to provide an antidote to the poison of his teaching, but subsequent events showed the value of his witness borne to truth and Catholic doctrine. His visit to

Utah undoubtedly paved the way for the sending of a Bishop and clergy from the Episcopal Church of America.

The same evening the preacher became a hearer in turn, and sat at the feet of Bishop Woolly. This gentleman had distinguished himself by marrying a daughter and her mother at the same time, not because he wished such a dual act of matrimony, but because the younger woman declined to be "sealed" without the elder.

At the close of the meeting the Bishop proceeded to bless the oil to be used in the healing of the sick, a curious travesty of the consecration of the oil for unction by a prelate of the Church.

In his walks through the city the keen inquirer was able to fathom some of the deeps of this strange society, discovering amongst much outward contentment and satisfaction how strong an undercurrent of unhappiness and unrest was running. One woman explained that for years she had been wishing to leave the place, but had been unable to do so. Her children, so far unbaptized into Mormon beliefs, were growing up around her; her husband, too, encumbered with another wife, declined to move. This mother and wife declared that she did not know one really happy family or believe in its existence.

A man from Lancashire, who described himself as "a physiological tonsor," had been cut off from communion with the Saints for what in most communities would have been a deed of merit—the discovery of a silver-mine. Like Kruger, Brigham Young saw the dangers of these treasures, and dissuade his people from the pursuit of them.

In an interview with one of the more intelligent of the Mormons, a man he had met at the President's, Mr. Sheepshanks learnt something of distinctive Mormon beliefs.

"Theologically, he said the chief point in which they differ from the Christian world is with regard to the materiality of God. They believe that He existed as a man in some previous world, and that He, like the Son, is material. We spoke of polygamy; and I said that, as I thought, they would have to give that up. 'No,' he replied, 'not in this awfully immoral part of the world. Polygamy preserves their morality, for it enables them to punish adultery with death.' On my inquiry if there were a law to that effect, he replied, 'Yes, there was a law which exculpated the injured husband who killed the adulterer,' and mentioned an instance.

"I asked him if the Mormon Church claimed the power of working miracles. He said they anointed with oil for the recovery of the sick, and prayed; and believed, as he supposed the Church of England did, that the prayer of faith does often 'save the sick.' They believed no more than that. I told him that I had met with Mormon teachers who claimed the power of working miracles, even such as the raising of the dead. He said, 'Oh, that was all false, all stuff.'

"One night I went to the theatre. The building was spacious and handsome. On either side of the stage there was a box, one for President Brigham, and the other for Heber Kimball. By the time the curtain rose the house was well filled. There was a considerable preponderance of females, and an overwhelming number of children.

"The play was *Damon and Pythias*, and it set forth the nobility of disinterested friendship. The two principal parts (of the two friends) were well sustained; the others were not much. The general appearance of the people was that of well-to-do farmers. They applauded the noble and

democratic sentiments in a boyish way with clapping of hands and hurraing, greatly preferable to the shrill whistling and vile noises of country theatres in England. The President, it was well known, did not like much noise, and if the applause became vociferous, his well-known face would be seen protruding from the curtain of his box and looking round, and lo! at once all was hushed. The pit was filled entirely with his wives and children. I was told, but do not vouch for the numbers, that there would be twenty-five wives and some sixty of his children present.

"There was perfect decorum of behaviour throughout. The young women, of whom there were many in the house, behaved with exemplary propriety and modesty, and conversed during the intervals of the play chiefly among themselves. The noble friendship of the two heroes seemed to excite their warm sympathy, and at the most pathetic passages many bright eyes around me were filled with tears.

"At the conclusion of the entertainment there was no loitering about, no congregating at the entrance, but on emerging from the doors all walked quickly away as if the next thing to be done now was to go quietly to bed. The parents went off with their children, and young girls, who had perhaps come alone, walked away separately and quietly as if not in the least fearing rudeness or molestation. Altogether I came away pleased with what I saw, glad that I had taken advantage of the President's suggestion, and mentally wishing that we could have recreation of the same sort in England."

CHAPTER XV

THE FOUNDER OF THE LATTER DAY SAINTS

Josephite Brethren—Apostle John Taylor—An unhappy wife—Story of conversion—History of Joe Smith—His assassination.

On another Sunday evening Mr. Sheepshanks came to know those severer disciples and Joseph Smith, who had renounced Brigham Young and all his works, held polygamy as an abominable thing, and held themselves aloof from all the religious and social life of Salt Lake. It was their mission to proclaim the true doctrines of the revelation given to their founder, from whom they were called Josephites.

The measure of their zeal may be known from the fact that though this one man found himself the only member of the congregation in a large marquee where services were held, the speakers on the platform addressed themselves to his conversion with as much determination as though he were but one of a thousand. Their countenances fell when they found they had been endeavouring to win an English clergyman from the errors of polygamy.

These Josephites were comparatively few in number, not more than forty of them in Salt Lake City or two hundred in Utah, though the body of adherents was swollen to ten thousand in Missouri and Illinois.

Robert Louis Stevenson found them in remote islands of

the South Sea, these followers of Joseph Smith, with an undying belief in their Prophet, and an undying hatred of his successor.

Speaking first to one of them and then to another, the investigator heard the same story of licentiousness, hesitating at no decency or degree of consanguinity.

Before his visit terminated he made the acquaintance of the Apostle John Taylor, one of the first Mormon converts and President of the Mormon Communion at Brigham Young's death.

"I went to his compound, and was introduced to his first wife, a nice, kindly, simple old lady, who was very pleasant. After dinner I took advantage of the temporary absence of Mr. Taylor from the room to ask Mrs. Taylor her views of polygamy. She answered me very seriously and frankly that it was a state of unhappiness. 'It is a cross laid upon us. It is the will of the Lord, and we must bear it.'

"I met with not a few women during my stay, apparently gentle, quiet, and uncomplaining, though sad, who expressed themselves in a similar way. There seems to be something congenial to the gentle, self-sacrificing nature of women in the bearing of a cross in what they believe to be the cause of right.

"And this leads me to remark what I have noticed in many lands among various nationalities and creeds, that if people have a good sound conscience, and try genuinely and heartily to act up to what they believe, they become nice and good people, exhibiting virtues and attractive qualities, even though their code of belief be deficient, and even in some respects quite erroneous. People of a defective and even partially erroneous creed often put to shame those

whose creed is richer and fuller, and even truer, because they are endeavouring more earnestly and conscientiously to shape their lives by what they believe or profess to believe. The good seed may be scattered abundantly upon their soil, but there are no fruits worth speaking of, because there is no depth of earth. But where there is the proper soil, the 'honest and good heart,' only a few seeds, and those not of the best quality, will bring forth undoubted fruit.

"After dinner Mr. Taylor and I had a long conversation, partly in his house and partly when walking about in his grounds. He told me the story of his 'conversion.' He was a Methodist local preacher at Toronto between the years 1835 and 1840, and with others formed a club to study the Bible without prejudice. And they came, as was not surprising, to some curious conclusions—that there would be a millennium, that there was no true uncorrupt Church upon the earth, that miracles ought not to cease. And they prayed God that if there were a true Church upon the earth, He would send them a messenger.

"Shortly after this, Mr. Parly P. Pratt called upon him with a letter of introduction, the explanation of which was this. Heber Kimball came down to Mr. Pratt's house in Missouri one night and awakened him, saying that he had a message to deliver. Pratt came down, and Kimball, placing his hands upon his head, told him that the Lord willed him to go to Toronto; that he should convert many, and that a door should be opened for the preaching of the Gospel in England. He also told him that his wife, who was barren, should have a son.

"All this duly came to pass. The child was born, Pratt was the means of Taylor's conversion, and Taylor wrote the first letter to England on the subject of Mormonism.

"His belief in Mormonism was rendered certainty by the signs which he saw, and by the gift of tongues. He was distressed and ashamed when he first heard of polygamy, and would have given all that he possessed for it not to be true; but when he searched the Scriptures he found out his error.

"Their missionaries go forth without purse or scrip. He himself had travelled over a great part of the world without money, and related various wonderful stories of his being strangely supplied with money when left penniless. He had himself received revelations, and knew twenty-five years before that the Union of the States would be broken up, etc. The Mormons were a more moral and well-behaved community than any other in the world; and so they ought to be. They professed more. In other societies there are some professors of religion, and many that are not. Here they are all professors. He knew that Joe Smith had more than one wife, but did not tell."

With Smith, Taylor had been associated from the early days, and to him the founder of the Latter Day Saints was always "the man I loved." Lowly born, half educated, of morals more than doubtful, preposterous in his claims, this leader yet contrived to call out the ardent attachment of those who believed in him. The man who was "Joe Smith" to every one, the butt of rough jokes, of whom one has written, "I can see him now in my mind's eye, with his torn and patched trousers held to his form by a pair of suspenders made out of sheeting, with his calico shirt as black as the earth, and his uncombed hair sticking out through the holes in his old battered hat"—yet this man, known to his companions as "a romancer of the first water," was to be the Moses of a new pilgrimage into a Land of Promise.

He claimed to work miracles; hearing was denied to his deaf, and sight to his blind; his sick men almost invariably died. He asserted that he was in the true following of the Hebrew seers, and, as we have seen, one revelation had to supplement and sustain the failure of its predecessor. Yet nothing, save in a few isolated instances, could shake the credulity of his followers.

The growth of his cult was witnessed with such disfavour that early in his career, on Lady Day, 1832, a mob forced him from the arms of his wife and the shelter of his lodging, and tarred and feathered him under circumstances of great brutality.

In 1844 the doctrine of plural marriages brought to a head the hatred his pretensions had inspired. With his brother Hyrum and his faithful adherents, Richards and Taylor, he was arrested and cast into gaol. Sitting in an upper room in the place of their detention, the prisoners were aware of a number of men with blackened faces approaching. With the yell of forty the house was carried. Shots were fired through the closed door, killing Hyrum. Sped by these dire sounds, Joseph Smith ran to the open window. But even as he climbed, the smoking muzzles of rifles were thrust through the door now ajar, and with a cry, "O Lord —my God," he fell outward, pierced with balls.

Joe Smith was dead—and his adversaries had done the worst day's work of their lives.

They had given to Mormonism its Apostle and Saint: henceforward his followers marched beneath the banner of a Prophet who had been slain with the word of the Lord hot in his mouth.

It was the opinion of many that with his death Mormonism would decay. Had he lived, the movement might

have failed, for he was capable of any folly. But Martyrdom beckoned him on, and the community he had founded gained new vitality from the dark deed intended to destroy it. That, at least, was the belief of Taylor.

At the census of 1890, of a total church membership in Utah of 128,000 people, no less than 118,000 of them were Latter Day Saints. In Idaho and other States and communities near Utah, they are to be found thirty thousand strong. They exist all over the world, their men amongst the most zealous and enterprising of missionaries, their women the most convinced advocates of polygamy.

CHAPTER XVI

DESERT AND PRAIRIE

Hasty meals—Fatigues of travel—Rough companions—The friendly Alsatian—Accident to coach—Sioux brave—Buffalo hunt—A lament.

Mr. Sheepshanks now bade farewell to Mormon territory, and continued his memorable journey.

"For the next three weeks my life was physically a trying one, though full of interest. For the greater part of the time I was bowling along in the stage-waggon, first over desolate, desert country, though not such a terrible sandy waste as the desert to the west of the valley of the Salt Lake, and subsequently over flat, grassy prairies.

"We stopped periodically to change horses at wayside houses, often called 'forts,' frequently strongly built of stones, capable of being defended against the attacks of the Indians; and we took advantage of these stoppages to swallow hastily a little food, usually consisting of bacon and American beans, perhaps 'pie' in the middle of the day, washed down with villainous coffee, and supplemented at times with figs and biscuits which I had brought with me.

"The weather on the whole was gloriously fine, too hot in the middle of the day; and the time of darkness was very brief. In the clear, dry atmosphere the starlit nights were

beautiful; but yet more strikingly beautiful was the coming on of the dawn from the first faint streaks of grey until the sky was all aglow.

> "'Right against the Eastern gate
> Where the great sun begins his state,
> Robed in flames and amber light
> The clouds in thousand liveries dight.'

Though, in point of fact, not infrequently there were no clouds at all, but in the very eye of the increasing glory the golden orb shot up and sent his rays across the sea of sand.

"The physical trial was the difficulty of getting sleep. We bowled along night and day without stopping, save to change horses. And the coaches had frequently no springs to speak of, so that the jolting was very severe. For there was no road at all, only a track, which at times was very stony, especially when passing through the low ranges of mountains, or rather rocky hills, which from time to time we crossed at right angles to our course. We went at a good speed, a fast trot, frequently a canter or a gallop, for the cattle were very good. And we carried no lights, for the Indians were always supposed to be on the war-path; and it was alleged that if we carried lights, the driver would assuredly be picked off.

"The question, therefore, really was, how to get sleep; and the question was usually solved by nature herself, who insisted upon getting some sleep somehow.

"In the interior of the waggon there were usually, I think, two benches on which the travellers could sit, with leather belts for the back to lean against. But the seats were not arranged in the same way in all the coaches. It was most comfortable, or rather least uncomfortable, when

either the coach was very full, or when there were only two or three passengers. In the former case one was wedged in tightly and could get snatches of sleep, perhaps awaking with a start and finding one's head reposing lovingly on the breast and long beard of the hairy and not over-clean miner alongside.

"When there were only two or three passengers, we managed once or twice to tear up the benches and lie on the dirty floor of the vehicle, wedging ourselves together as tightly as we could, like sardines in their box, so that no jolt would disturb us. If one had a seat or a bench from which, as was sometimes the case, the leathern belt had been cut away, how to get a doze was a hard problem. The only resource which I found in this case was to prowl about at the stopping-places, and if there was a spare coach in the yard, to abstract the belt and fasten it to our own vehicle, with the gleeful congratulations of the other passengers.

"Occasionally, through a longing for sleep, I had resource to other expedients. Once I lay on the flat top of the coach on my back with arms extended, and straps fastened across my body by a friendly driver to prevent my falling off. Once or twice I curled my body up in 'the boot,' with my head on the splash-board between the muddy feet of the driver. But on the whole, owing to the sweet, healthful, fresh air day and night, I did very fairly well.

"The company on the way was varied, and would be stigmatized by sober old-country people as 'rough.' There were settlers moving from one place to another along the route. There would be rough, wild men going to Pike's Peak, a locality that was attracting an influx of settlers."

In this company the traveller was made vividly aware of the feeling he so much reprobated towards the Indians.

Instead of regarding with compassion and restraint these broken remnants of the nations that once kept the white man at bay over an entire continent, some of these settlers held them as subjects only for bitter contempt or spoliation. With them and many another, assumption and incivility passed into hostility and outrage.

"They appeared to entertain a hatred for the Indian tribes, whom apparently they did not regard at all as fellow-creatures. One fellow spoke carelessly of 'buck-shooting,' by which he meant shooting Indians; and on his observing the look of horror which no doubt was expressed upon my countenance, his remark was, 'Yes, sir, I would as soon shoot a buck Indian as I would shoot a deer.'"

Travellers are apt to be baited with impertinent curiosity. With that canon of experience Mr. Sheepshanks was already familiar. But he was not prepared for the religious bully—the man who curses roundly one moment, the next breaks out into spiritual aspirations with an unction bewildering for one to whom this inconsistency was new.

"There was a 'preacher' of one of the Methodist sects, a man with seedy clothes, florid countenance, and moist eyes, apparently fond of drink. He would look out upon a quiet grassy spot and exclaim, 'Oh my! what a lovely place for a camp-meeting!' and break out into snatches of worldly and silly songs sung to old Methodist hymn tunes. On his inviting me to join in with the chorus, I replied that I did not sing profane songs. Whereupon he got into a furious passion, and threatened to knock my head off. As I looked at him I had my thoughts, but kept them to myself and said nothing.

"On one occasion, rather to our chagrin, two soldiers with their muskets and bayonets were thrust in upon us on

the plea that the Indians were on the war-path, and it was very likely that we should be attacked. One of these proved to be a German, an honest fellow from Alsace, who could not speak very much English. I made myself agreeable to him, and we talked about Alsace and the dear old town Strasburg; so we became very friendly.

"Towards evening a sudden lurch of the coach showed that something had gone wrong. One of the wheels had come off; for the 'button,' having become unscrewed, had fallen off and was lost. Americans, however, are not often at a loss, and as the button was not to be found, the driver promptly cut off a part of the heel of his boot with his bowie-knife, and making a square hole, and replacing the wheel, screwed it on as an extemporized button. And so we went on safely for some miles.

"But a little before midnight another sudden lurch nearly threw some of us out of the open side of the stage, and scrambling out we found that again the wheel had come off. The only thing to be done was by our united strength to hoist up the coach, that the wheel might be put on again. But while we were all engaged in heaving it up, at a sudden and loud cry of ''ware!' we all dropped our work and stood aside, and the four fine horses, who had been startled, dashed off with the coach on three wheels into the semi-darkness, the coach raising a cloud of fine dust as it went. We all set off running in its wake, but a loud crash soon warned us what had been its fate. It had been dashed against a telegraph post and then apparently against a boulder, and was pretty well smashed up. We had been at the time passing through a rocky defile, precisely the spot where the Indians, had there been any about, would have been likely to pot us.

"There was nothing for it but to trudge on to the next station, which was fortunately not above three or four miles off. I had but two bags with me. One of the two I shouldered, and the other my German friend from Alsace volunteered to carry. Accordingly he marched away sturdily with my bag strung upon his musket (moral: always show politeness towards fellow-passengers; possibly one of them may be moved to carry your carpet bag for you); and in due time we arrived at the station, a small house, strongly built, with walls and roof of stones, capable of resisting an Indian attack. And here we waited patiently until another stage-waggon, which had been sent for, arrived to take us on."

After a few more days and nights of constant travelling he arrived at the Platte River, entering upon a prairie land well covered with grass, and containing not only birds of prey and wild beasts, but deadly enemies of the human kind. It was the country of the Sioux and the Pawnees, those untiring foes.

And with the time and place came a sight to inspire repugnance, almost alarm.

"One day, having snatched a hasty meal of bacon and beans and bad coffee, I was holding, with some amusement, a conversation with a lanky, weedy, sallow, overgrown youth of about sixteen years, who chewed his tobacco, and, as is not uncommon with the American youth, gave himself all the airs of manhood, when there came up to us a fine-looking Sioux Indian in his picturesque costume—leather coat with hanging strips of hide, cloth leggings with moccassins, cloth cap with feathers. He was evidently exultant over a feat of his the day before, which he proceeded to narrate to us.

"He knew, as far as appeared, but one English word,

viz. the numeral two. However, he contrived to tell his tale with perfect clearness. 'Two Sioux,' said he, holding up two fingers, and pointing to himself and then to a person supposed to be beside him, viz. his companion. 'Two Sioux.' Then he imitated their action in riding over the prairie, jig, jig, jig, jig. 'Two Pawnee,' said he, quickly laying his head upon his hand, shutting his eyes, and imitating the breathing of men asleep.

"Then he imitated the action of the two Sioux creeping stealthily over the prairie and springing upon their sleeping foes. Rapidly he drew his knife across his throat with a gurgling sound, and then a low laugh. Seizing his scalping tuft he drew his knife quickly round it, and seemed to tear it off. Then he and his comrade mount their horses again, and ride across the prairie, jig, jig, jig, jig, to their own tents. With a last gesture he pointed to his girdle, and again laughed a low laugh. Looking down, I saw two or three dried scalps at his girdle, and among them one on which the blood was only freshly dried."

But it was not to be forgotten that deeds that seemed, in the light of civilization, to reek of murder were to the young Indian and his fellows but the semblance of justice.

The prairie suggested idea of sport, in which Mr. Sheepshanks participated as a spectator.

To the man-hunting of the Red Indian succeeded the more civilized quest for big game on the plains near Blue River.

"Soon after breakfast a buffalo-hunting party, consisting of two men on horseback, and two men in a four-horse covered waggon, came up; and I asked and obtained their ready permission to go with them. We left the track, and travelled all day over the prairie in a south and south-westerly direction. But we saw nothing, neither buffalo nor

Indians. My companions were armed to the teeth with rifles and revolvers, and all the rest of it. I walked by the side of the horses, and sometimes climbed into the waggon for a drive.

"As the daylight failed we halted and cooked our supper, and then prepared for rest. My companions slept in the waggon, and wanted me to do the same. But I preferred the fresher air, and made up my mind to sleep on the ground underneath the waggon. As night fell the prairie wolves yelped all round us, but at a respectful distance. I built up a good fire and lay down close by one of the horses, which were tethered to the wheels, consoling myself with the reflection that if any of the prairie wolves should come stealing up in the night, which was not at all likely, they would attack the horses before they thought of meddling with me. I slept well, and did not wake up until the sun, not long risen, was pouring his beams over the prairie.

"All that day we journeyed on, making a circuit, but saw no sign of buffalo. It was surmised that the Indians had driven them off; but in fact the noble beasts were getting scarce. We saw herds of deer and antelopes—beautiful creatures—peering at us from some distance through the quivering air; and our two mounted friends tried once or twice to run them down, or get near enough to have a shot at them. But though their horses were fast and strong, they had no chance of getting near these graceful, agile animals. In the afternoon our two horsemen left us to search the country further south for buffalo. And at night we camped out on the prairie as before.

"Next day we shaped our way back to 'Blue River,' and our two friends rejoined us *en route*. They averred that they had found an old bull buffalo near a stream

wounded and lame. But they brought back no meat nor trophies; so probably they were only 'gassing.' The three days on the prairie, though unsuccessful, were healthful and enjoyable.

"The days of buffalo-hunting are gone for ever. I believe that there are now no buffalo extant, except a few wretched tame creatures carried about in shows. This is the sad way things are going all over the world. The 'big game' is being killed off in every quarter of the globe. The splendid wild beasts are diminishing, and before long will be extinct. Rare birds are mercilessly shot. If a scarce animal or bird is seen in our own country, it may be spared by one exceptionally merciful; but it cannot run the gauntlet of all the sportsmen (!) and gamekeepers, and we soon hear of it as having fallen a prey to that insensate, selfish love of killing which is one of the characteristics of our race and age."

CHAPTER XVII

MAMMOTH CAVES OF KENTUCKY

Rail and steamboat once more—Niagara—Disappointment in Washington —Three days' exploration of caves—The magic of song.

THE long journey was almost over—the meals in wayside houses; the mottled tablecloth, the plague of flies; the coarseness of the food vilely cooked, and the rough men devouring it in silence; the exciting rumours of lurking Indians; the driver armed to the teeth; the abominable roads along which the plunging team was launched with such reckless disregard of accident or life; the nights of splendour around and above the coach, and the unquiet slumbers within;—all these were now but things for the memory.

With his arrival at St. Joseph he found himself once again in the land of railways and steamboats. Passing through St. Louis, blackening the heavens with its chimneys, he went down the Mississippi to Cairo, a place that reminded him of "Eden" in "Martin Chuzzlewit." There he made his way up the Ohio to Cincinnati, and on to Detroit and Lake Erie, where the roughness of the sea and the size of its waves excited his wonder.

With the Falls of Niagara Mr. Sheepshanks experienced a feeling of disappointment—a state of mind by no

means unusual in those who look upon them for the first time.

From Niagara he went down the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec, where he renewed his acquaintance with the romantic memories of Montcalm and General Wolfe.

With Quebec behind him, he sailed along the Hudson to New York; thence on to Philadelphia and Washington.

In the American capital he had an interview with Secretary Sumner, in the hope of obtaining a pass into the more immediate zone of warfare. He was keen to see the chivalry of the South under its great leader, General Lee, in its hopeless combat with the friends of national unity and of the slave. But his ardour was quenched by an uncompromising refusal from the Minister of War.

Nor did he see the statesman patriot who in those days of stress and discord seemed like some heroic figure strayed out of antiquity into an age of little men. At the time Mr. Sheepshanks was passing through the States, Lincoln was the subject of unfavourable criticism in England, where the cut of his clothes, the straggliness of his beard, the familiar nature of his discourse, were permitted to prejudice the fine qualities of his heart and mind.

But another desire, with him from his youth—to behold with his own eyes the mammoth caves of Kentucky—the traveller was able to realize.

"I was, however, enabled to carry out another wish of my youth and visit the mammoth caves of Kentucky. I stayed at the hotel close at hand and passed the greater part of three days in the cave, during which I walked about fifty miles in exploring its various parts.

"There is a cold breeze always blowing out of the cavern

at its mouth, so that, as the weather was very hot, one could stand with one arm in a temperature of 59 degrees, and the other in a temperature of about 80 degrees. The caves, which are of vast extent, have been worn out of the limestone rock in the process of ages by the action of water, the river, now called the 'Green River,' forcing its way through the rock and from time to time, in the lapse of centuries, sinking to lower and lower levels. The only living creatures, except in the river, of which more anon, are bats, crickets, and grey rats.

"The cave as a rule is quite dry, and the air is sufficiently fresh and pleasant. The furthest point that I walked to was about seven miles from the entrance. Hour after hour my guide and I, with lighted candles in our hands, walked through the caverns and galleries, sometimes branching off to the right hand or to the left, at times passing through lofty halls—the Mammoth Dome is said to be 200 feet high—at times through corridors and long, low galleries. There was 'Fat Man's Misery,' a trench, formed by the action of water, through which we squeezed ourselves sideways; and 'Tall Man's Agony,' a corridor about three feet high, through which we crawled stooping for some two hundred yards, our backs scraping along the rock above. We went through halls where massive columns seemed to support the roof and stalactites stretched down from above, and stalagmites went up to meet them from below. Little bits of gypsum had in some places fallen from the roof, and, looking upwards, these spots appeared through the darkness somewhat like stars. There were pitfalls—one ugly-looking place called the 'bottomless pit,' in reality, I was told, about 120 feet deep.

"At one time we walked for some three miles along what was manifestly the ancient bed of a river long dried up.

Imagine a stream some twenty feet deep and twenty feet wide; imagine the water to be diverted, so that its bed is dry; imagine the sides to be converted from mud into rock, and yourself walking on to the dry bottom, and you will then have a tolerably accurate idea of this part of the cave. The track, being palpably along the ancient course of the river, is of course tortuous, but in height and width is pretty uniform.

"In ages gone by the stream must have approximated rather closely to the roof of the cave. Then it must have sunk at intervals, for different water-lines are clearly discernible on the face of the rock. At the last it would seem to have been very shallow, and then, having probably formed some fresh cavity below, to have sunk altogether out of sight. Along the whole of these three miles there are no stalactites nor gypsum formations of any kind, but the general effect, though very dreary, is fine.

"At one spot, where we rested to take some food in one of the lofty halls, I directed my guide to take away the lamps for a little while and leave me alone in the darkness. The darkness was absolute and appalling. The silence also was absolute. Brief as the time was, the darkness and silence soon became oppressive. It helped one to realize what total blindness must be, and to appreciate the eager cry, 'Lord, that I may receive my sight.' It made one realize the awful cruelty inflicted upon poor prisoners immured for years in pitch-dark dungeons. No wonder if they became demented; a few weeks, methought, of such awful isolation would take away one's reason.

"On the second day of my visit I entered the cave with a small party of Americans, very pleasant and accomplished people who were staying at the hotel. Proceeding along

the main gallery, and turning to the right at about three miles from the mouth, we came to the river Styx, which we crossed in a flat-bottomed boat.

"The descent to the water was dark and slippery, and two of the party behind slipped into the water up to their waists. A little further along we came to another bend of the same stream which is called Lethe, and then to another called Echo River. This is navigable in a flat-bottomed boat for nearly half a mile. Stepping into the rickety old boat, we were paddled gently along by the guide sitting in the stern.

"Turning away from the gallery, the water here glides underneath the solid rock, which, though the stream was very low at the time, was very little above the gunwale of the boat. It may be imagined how very novel and striking was the scene. Walking through the dim and lofty galleries was impressive, but this sail down the dark river, how much more so! Close above our heads—in fact, so close that for a considerable distance we were obliged to stoop to avoid contact with it—was the arch of solid rock. Beneath us was the clear river, here about twenty feet deep, containing those strange, eyeless fish that we could, by the light of our lamps, see here and there darting through the water.

"I brought away with me one of these eyeless fish, preserved in spirits of wine. It had a slight mark like a healed scar where the eyes ought to have been. It was a type, I thought, of many a man who once saw, but, having lost his spiritual sight through non-use of it, still bears the scar of what he might have had, and ought to have had, but now, alas! has lost.

"Around us there was Cimmerian darkness, lighted up for a few yards only by the feeble lamps that we had

brought with us. On we sailed through the gloom, feeling that we were in the bowels of the earth, and that hundreds of feet above us, separated by vast belts of rock and sand, were the open air and the trees and the flowers and the glorious light of heaven. As we moved on silently—for our guide took care to make no noise with his paddle, and there was nothing else to break the stillness—one could fancy that we were souls gliding on to the font of Arethusa, and that we should go on and on under the arched rock and through lakes and subterranean fires until we reached the very core of our planet, and there might hold converse with the ghosts of departed heroes, philosophers, and saints. It were a fit place in which to meditate the value of earthly things, and see and mourn for the follies and vanities of the past.

"Gloomy thoughts, however, did not dwell long in our minds. Fortunately for us one of our company, a young American girl, was a sweet singer, with a voice of unusual compass, flexibility, and purity of tone. Oh, how she sang! As it seemed, under the influence of the hour, like an angel that had lost her way, or out of compassion was accompanying poor human souls down to their subterranean resting-place. The sweet, pure, young voice rose and fell and floated along the dark river and under the solid arches and away into the black distance, and seemed there to die away, and then came echoing back again and rang round and round us, until the rocks resounded and the water seemed to vibrate with the thrilling harmony. That voyage of ours on the dark river will, by one at least, be not readily forgotten."

CHAPTER XVIII

ENGLAND AND BACK

American hospitality—The old country—A successful beggar—Afloat again—Cornish miners—Jamaica—Negro Insurrection—Governor Eyre—San Francisco—Imperturbable Chinaman.

WHEREVER he went through the Eastern towns, Mr. Sheepshanks was met with an unbounded kindness, which left a lasting impression on his mind.

"I had brought a few letters of introduction from my friends in California, which, indeed, they pressed upon me. These letters were to some of the best people, and everywhere I was welcomed with cordiality and true hospitality. For the members of the Episcopal Church it seemed to be enough that I was an Englishman and a clergyman; for though in a national and patriotic point of view they are Americans to the backbone, they have yet a love for the 'old country' and an enthusiastic love for the Church. I left the States with a great admiration for the grand country and a warm feeling of regard for my kind friends."

Arrived in England, he was impressed, as all wanderers are, with the exceeding greenness and beauty of his native land. He commenced at once his ungrateful task of begging for the endowment of the parish of New Westminster, a task interrupted by grievous news from the Bishop that

Holy Trinity, the church itself, had been burnt to the ground.

This was additional incentive to his quest. With such energy did he set about to compass his design of raising money that within fifteen months he was ready to return to the place of his work with twelve hundred hard-earned sovereigns in the bank.

February, 1866, found him again on the high seas, and again with his face set in the direction of the West Indies. He left England behind him, thrilling with the loss of the s.s. *London*, whose lamentable story had just been made known.

Amidst the Babel of bewildered men, women, and children who had joined the emigrant ship at Southampton were a body of Cornish miners. To make their closer acquaintance, as well as for economy's sake, Mr. Sheepshanks took his berth in the steerage. In this class, indeed, the food was execrable, and in full keeping with the rigours of Lent, but the company he found delightful.

Here were no men smitten with gold fever, their mouths full of brimstone, but a knot of miners who read their Bibles and sang their Methodist hymns with the long-drawn repetitions. A famous Scotchman travelling with these Cornish folk a dozen years later could make nothing of them at all. They were more foreign to him than a Red Indian, though they were his neighbours at home. But for the genial, earnest-hearted young clergyman ready to preach to them, ready to pray and sing with them, they broke through their tendency to keep grimly to themselves, and opened their hearts.

The Atlantic crossed, they entered the home of summer and the sun, and cast anchor in Port Royal, the port of Jamaica.

"The sail from Port Royal up the long harbour to Kingston was very enjoyable. On our right was the low sandy spit which shelters the harbour from the south, dotted with cocoa-nut trees that were waving and flapping wildly their huge leaves in the fresh morning breeze. At the extremity of this spit stands Port Royal.

"Before us and stretching away to the left were the beautiful Blue Mountains, deeply serrated by numberless ravines, covered thickly with the tropical vegetation, slopes trending down towards the south, and glittering in the early morning sun. Right in front, on the shore, was the many-coloured town of Kingston, red with tiles and green with jalousies, alive with the waving of the cocoa-nut and other fruit trees in the fresh breeze which ruffled the waters of the harbour.

"Kingston is not much of a place. The houses are principally of wood, the streets ill-paved and ill-lighted. There was a good market stocked with many products: large, misshapen, many-coloured fish, fresh lean meat and bundles of vegetables, heaps of tempting, luscious-looking fruit, huge yellowish-green shaddocks, cocoa-nuts dry and green, fresh oranges, baskets of limes, clusters of bananas, sugar apples, sour sop, stir apples, sugar-cane, pine-apples, plantains, cocoa, pepper, etc.

"It all looked very fresh and very tempting. The negresses stand and loll and sit about, clad as usual in their bright cotton gowns with gay shawls, and gaudy turbans and kerchiefs round their heads. They grin and chatter, and make one eat all sorts of things to please them.

"I stand and partake sumptuously of cocoa-nuts, pierce a hole in one and drink half the milk, and throw away the rest; break another in search for the cream—too green;

break another—all right, and scrape off the cream with a spoon. Negroes and negresses crowd round with interest and chatter. 'What boat come in, massa?' 'You bring news, massa?' 'You take me wid you to England, sare,' says a portly negress; 'I berry good cook. Only one darter.' 'Massa, gib me a cigar,' and so forth. I pay threepence for the cocoa-nuts (everything seemed to be threepence in Kingston), and move on. I made a very pleasant excursion through hedges of prickly pear and cactus to the foot of the Blue Mountains. The fertility of the soil was apparent, and the air delicious. But as it was winter—the thermometer at 85 degrees—there was not much fruit on the trees. It hung, indeed, in clusters from the mangoes; but instead of being red and yellow, luscious and tempting, it was unripe and green."

Mr. Sheepshanks found this island of Jamaica still in the undercurrent of the feelings stirred by its Negro Insurrection of 1865.

In England the floggings of men and women by Governor Eyre, his hangings and hut burnings; the unfavourable report of the Commission appointed by the Government; perhaps more than all, his summary execution of Gordon, the coloured member of the House of Assembly, who died with dignity protesting his innocence;—all these had raised opinions of violent opposition. He was on one side the saviour of his country, who had protected its white population from the horrors and lust of a triumphant negro rebellion; he was a monster to many others. Spencer, Huxley, Mill, Goldwin Smith, were of those who denounced him; of the great company of his apologists were Tennyson, Dickens, Carlyle, Kingsley, Ruskin, Disraeli. Amongst these latter Mr. Sheepshanks was constrained to rank himself, regarding

Eyre, in spite of some errors, as an official who had behaved nobly at a supreme crisis.

Once more he arrived at Aspinwall, and once more crossed the wonderful railway through the luxuriant vegetation of the isthmus. On the other side he received—not for the first time in his experience—an illustration of the American consideration towards ministers of religion. He was presented with a first-class ticket, though entitled by his fare to a berth in the steerage only.

After touching at one or two ports in Mexico, he arrived in San Francisco, to be received with "the cordiality and hospitality usual among the best class of Americans." His stay had been much longer had he responded to the earnest invitation of a number of Churchmen to become their rector with a stipend of £720 a year. But his work on that side of the world lay in New Westminster, and he pressed on to finish it. The last part of his journey was the least pleasant —a time of storms, with a small screw steamer kicking its way boisterously through the heavy seas, and rolling at an alarming angle.

He landed to find that rumour had been hard at work with his private affairs. It insisted that he was bringing back a wife with him. Journalism—the journalism which asserts in one issue the thing which it denies in the next—entered into the conspiracy, assuring his parishioners that "the lady of his choice was in every way worthy of the reverend gentleman." With this particularity it was not easy to disabuse, not only the minds of the colonists, but of the Indians, who were agog to see their missionary accompanied by his "squaw."

Of the church he had left behind him, Mr. Sheepshanks found only a few charred fragments and a blackened site.

Until another and permanent building could be provided, Divine Service was held in the large upper room of a brick store. Trade was in such a stage of decay that the room was not needed by the owner, who willingly transferred it from the service of commerce to that of religion. And to this apartment came the unconscious humour of the Oriental.

"The other Sunday morning, while I was preaching, the door opened gently and very slowly, and presently a Chinaman's face was seen inside the partly opened door, peering cautiously around. Evidently he saw at last what he was seeking, for his body appeared, and John walked steadily up the room.

"A Chinaman always is to English eyes a quaint object to look at, with his loose blue suit, baggy blue trousers, quaint shoes, shaven head, pig-tail, flat expressionless face, and small Oriental eyes. Every eye was upon him as he waddled up the room. John had spotted his young master sitting with his eyes shut in the seat immediately below the pulpit, 'lulled to light slumbers,' as the next issue of the local newspaper asserted, 'by the soothing eloquence of the reverend preacher.' Coming up to his master, the heathen Chinee, quite unconscious of what was going on, poked him in the ribs, saying, in a distinct voice, heard by every one in the store, 'You gib me key; me want make bed.'"

CHAPTER XIX

FAREWELL TO BRITISH COLUMBIA

Bad news from home—Resignation—Farewell visit to Victoria—Paul Legaick—His murderous career—Indian forebodings—A good investment—Positions reversed.

SPRING and summer passed away in routine work; with the autumn came bad news from home. The father of Mr. Sheepshanks had been stricken with paralysis; his mother was infirm: there was a need of the eldest son by their side. As for the work in New Westminster, it seemed for the time being to have come to a standstill.

Trade still languished; mines were not prospering, or had petered out altogether; there was no growth in population nor any signs of the great iron railroad that was to connect the resources of the colony with the wealth of the Mother Country.

The Rector of New Westminster determined to resign his charge and return to England. He had been offered the Archdeaconry recently formed, but he had never contemplated a lasting residence in British Columbia.

During a farewell visit to his Bishop at Victoria, he preached in the cathedral. There, amongst those who listened, he saw a man whose history had written itself deeply in his mind—one who had played his part in the past, sanguinary,

relentless, now clothed and in his right mind, a reader of the Bible, a hearer of sermons. Strange as it was to see this man so much altered, strange to think of him with a memory charged with "images of violence and blood," it was strangest of all, perhaps, to find him a willing hearer in a house of prayer where no ancestor of his had ever come.

"While I was preaching I observed the brown face, black hair, and impassive countenance of an Indian in the congregation, listening with stolid attention. When the service was over I lingered awhile, saying good-bye to the officials, so that when the Bishop and clergy had departed I was left behind.

"In the porch I found the Indian waiting for me. He stepped up and greeted me after their grave manner, looking with his pensive eyes into my eyes, shaking me by the hand, and saying, 'How are you, chief—how are you? My heart is with your heart.' 'You know me, then, do you?' 'Oh yes, chief; I have been at New Westminster and up Frazer River, and have heard of you.' 'And who are you—what is your name?' 'I am Paul Legaick.' 'You Paul Legaick!' said I, astounded and delighted. 'Yes, I was Legaick, and now am Paul Legaick.'

"This was the ruthless, cruel chief, the great medicine man, the cannibal, the murderer. When Mr. Duncan, the missionary, went to Fort Simpson, this man was known to have committed certainly ten murders. And here he was with the evil spirits cast out of him, 'clothed and in his right mind,' a signal and convincing instance of Divine grace. One could not but recognize the power of the Gospel, and adore the Divine mercy.

"The story of one of his murders is worth telling, to give some indication of what the man had been. There had been

a long-standing feud between Legaick's family and another family of, I think, the same Tsimshean tribe. But peace was apparently made, I believe, at the instance of Legaick, who invited the members of the other family to come to a feast in his ranch in token of amity.

"The doors of the Indian ranches are always very low; but Legaick nailed a piece of timber across the top of his door, so as to make it lower still. Then he made a wooden barrier in front of the door inside, so that one entering could not see into the ranch. On the other side of this barrier he dug a pit. Then he gave instructions to his sons what to do.

"The time of the feast arrived, and the male guests, some six or eight, came in single file to the door. The leader entered stooping, his head very low. One of the young men was ready to pull him suddenly forward. Crash came the mighty club of Legaick on the back of his head, fracturing the skull. At the same instant one of the other young men dragged the poor body forward, and threw it into the pit. The second was murdered in the same way, and the third. All would have been butchered, but one young man, following hard upon his predecessor, was startled at seeing him drop forward with a jerk, drew back, and gave warning to the others, who escaped."

To the more intelligent of the Indians the future of their race was dark and forbidding. They saw a vision of "death coming in like a tide," and its day already numbered when there should be no more of the original dwellers on that soil.

"I well remember towards the close of my stay in the Colony paying a visit to old Tsimlanogh, the chief of a very small sept of Indians, the Musquioms, a sept of the Cowichans,

on the opposite side of the Frazer. It was a year or two since I had been in his ranch. He met me in his usual deferential manner, and shook hands and greeted me with the accustomed gravity of the Indian. Behind him came, in single file as usual, first his own elderly wife, then six or seven fine men in the prime of life, two of them being his own sons, and one woman also in the prime of life. There were three or four little children lying about on the ground. I have no doubt there was a sad look upon my face, for there ought to have been many more women and children. And old Tsimlanogh, who was a very shrewd fellow, reading from my countenance what was in my mind, a diagnosis in which the Indians are particularly clever, nodded his head, and said in a melancholy way, 'Nawitka, tyee, nawitka, halo klootman, halo papoosh; alke alke halo Siwash,' *i.e.* 'Yes, chief, there are no women, and no little children; by-and-by there will be no Indians.'"

This criticism Mr. Sheepshanks could regard only as too sadly true.

Before his final departure from Canada, Mr. Sheepshanks became a landed proprietor. Had his prescience been supported by the carefulness of others, the Church had been the wealthiest religious community in the Colony to-day. Whether that had been an advantage is matter for serious questioning.

"The question was, where would be the terminus of the railway which was certain to be built before many years were past. It would be either at New Westminster or at Burrard's Inlet, a fine harbour on the north side of the peninsula on which New Westminster is built. I rather leant to Burrard's Inlet, and engaged one of the Royal Engineers to mark out a good large piece of land for me on the inlet.

"This I pre-empted, and made the necessary payments, put up the necessary posts, and paid for slight improvements. When staying with the Bishop I gave him my pre-emption paper, and made over the piece of land to the Church, begging him to go on paying the small sums yearly necessary to maintain the ownership, for assuredly in future years the land would become of great value.

"In due time the railway was made, with Burrard's Inlet as the terminus, and Vancouver, a town of, I suppose, now 50,000 people, sprang up on the very spot.

"When I had been Bishop a few years, I presented my dear old Bishop, now in his old age, desiring a quiet haven where he might end his days, to a benefice in Suffolk. In 1859 he presented and instituted me to a benefice in his diocese, and thirty-five years afterwards I presented and instituted him to a benefice in my diocese. I should doubt whether such a thing has ever happened in the history of the Church. When he arose from kneeling before me at his institution, I said, by way of conversation, 'Well, my dear Bishop, and what became of that piece of land which I gave you for the Church on Burrard's Inlet?' The good old man positively blushed as he said, 'If I had kept that piece of land, it would have sufficed to endow the whole diocese.' It was the very centre of the town of Vancouver."

CHAPTER XX

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS

On board the *Bernice*—Generous to the last—Intemperate officers and an ill-found boat—Wine for water—Hawaii—Criminals bathing—Honolulu.

BEFORE the spring was over there came happier intelligence from the parsonage at Coventry. Mr. Sheepshanks, the elder, was recovering; a younger son was already on his way home. So it was determined that, before setting out for England, an invitation from the Bishop of Honolulu to visit him in the Sandwich Islands should be accepted.

Mr. Sheepshanks took his passage for Honolulu in what was described as "the fine A1 clipper *Bernice*." Standing on its deck, the last act he was to witness on American soil was to be a final testimony to that generosity of the American people so often referred to in his diaries.

"There was a contingent of the Devonport Sisterhood on board, going out to the Sandwich Islands, under the charge of Miss Sellon, to work in the Anglican Mission there. And just when we had left our moorings an American gentleman came running along the quay; and finding that we had moved off, he jumped into a small vessel lying alongside the wharf, ran along her deck, and then along the bowsprit, and threw a heavy purse upon our deck, calling

out, 'For the good sisters.' I was pleased that the last action I was to witness on American soil should be so characteristic of the people."

With the adieu to his kindly friends on shore, his next adventure was to be made under changed conditions. His life on shipboard commenced inauspiciously.

"Both the captain and the mate had been drinking heavily, and it became so apparent, as we were clearing out of the harbour, that the effects of the drink was increasing upon them that one of the passengers, a Yankee whaling-captain from Nantucket, a 'reg'lar down-Easter,' remarked to me, 'Tell yer what it is, doc', if we should have dirty weather, you and I'ull have to take command of this 'ere ship.' Fortunately, however, the weather was quite fine and the sea almost calm, so that next morning the hills of California were still well in sight."

The voyage was worthy of this beginning.

"Our ship had turned out a rather rickety, scarcely sea-worthy old boat. The provisions had been execrable, and the water, which by some stupid blundering, had been put into old molasses casks, had proved to be unfit for drinking, and had a sweet, sickening odour that was most repulsive. For myself, I held my breath, and resolutely abstained from inhalation every morning when I soused my head in the meagre supply that was doled out to us in the cabins. But though the old *Berwick* had rolled as persistently as she could whenever she had the opportunity, we had had no rough seas, and had made very fair progress.

"The deck had been lumbered up with a number of whaling boats, which we were carrying out to the islands, and with rubbish of various kinds, so that we were unable to walk about. But under the boats some of us had been

able to find shelter from the hot noonday sun. The captain, disgusted at the inefficient way in which the ship had been supplied, and distressed at the failing of the water, had made over to the passengers the stock of light Californian wines that was on board. The Yankee skipper, who had spent the last ten years of his life in command of a whaling ship, had enlivened the time with marvellous tales of his 'hairbreadth 'scapes,' and had given us many a hearty laugh by his quaint, New-England phraseology; and the ladies, including not only the sisters, but also two young ladies that were going to the islands to settle, and were in a measure under my charge, had behaved throughout with that exemplary patience and gentleness that characterizes true English gentlewomen. But none the less were we rejoiced at the prospect of the land.

"The islands undoubtedly owe their origin to volcanic action; and very many of the hills possess the unmistakable character of dead craters. That most of them have been extinct for ages, is evident from the fact that their sides towards the north-east quarter, whence the trade winds blow, are to a greater or less extent worn away by the wind, while the opposite side still rears itself up comparatively unharmed. These jagged masses, looking like the fragments of huge decayed teeth, attest the mighty past convulsions of nature, and the distance of time at which they occurred. At the present time there is but one volcano in active operation on the islands, that of Kilauea in Hawaii; of this I shall have more to say presently."

It was from the durance of the *Bernice* that he landed at last, to be welcomed by the Bishop and his clergy. Of the land upon which he had now set foot he has written—

"The rock of which the hills is composed is exclusively volcanic, and indeed is nothing more than lava in its various

stages. Upon the south side of the island, the side that we were approaching, the hills, sloping down towards the sea, terminate in a flat of several square miles in extent; a stream, in summer a mere brook, but in the rainy season an impetuous torrent, rushing down from the heights through the Nuuanu valley bears along with it soil and sand, and pushes out the land into the shallow water, and upon the small plain thus formed, and close upon the water's edge, the town of Honolulu is situated."

Mr. Sheepshanks was comfortably lodged in St. Albans College, an institution formed by the Anglican Mission for the education of foreign and native boys. It was situate in a corner of the town, so near the sea that the air was filled with a continuous sound of distant breakers on the shore.

It was in the sea the people found their principal pastime, swimming unspeakably well, after the fashion of Polynesian islanders.

"On the first day of my arrival, when walking in company with one of the clergy to pay my respects to the Bishop, we came upon a party of Hawaiians disporting themselves in Karpena, as the pool is called; and certainly their skill in performing every kind of trick in the water surprised me greatly. On one side of the pool a perpendicular rock, fully sixty feet high, rises abruptly above the water, and their favourite diversion was to climb to the summit for the pleasure of the leap.

"They did not, however, take a 'header,' as an Englishman would if he ventured to take such a lofty plunge, but, taking a run at the summit of the cliff and leaping over the rocky ledge, they alighted upon the water below in a sitting posture. I had never previously seen a plunge from so great a height, and at first my heart came into my mouth

at what seemed so hazardous, but I was soon reassured by the ease of the men. What surprised me was their coolness in mid-air; they gave a loud 'whoop' of delight as they descended, and their features seemed to be on the laugh even as the water closed over them. The others, who were basking in a state of nudity upon the bank, or paddling about in the water like amphibious creatures, uttered a light-hearted scream each time and grinned and showed their teeth with merriment. They seemed to be enjoying themselves extremely, and I was somewhat surprised at learning that they were a band of criminals from the gaol."

It was no doubt startling to find convicts taking their play like children and toiling cheerfully in the sun. But they are treated with forbearance, if not indulgence, in the Sandwich Islands, where, with a people incorrigibly idle, convict labour is of the greatest value.

The visitor soon became enamoured of these islands and lukewarm seas. A good swimmer, he often yielded himself to the seduction of time and place, finding, in a pool down the valley where pandanus trees garnished the margin of the brook, and prickly pear, together with the blue and white blossoms of the convolvulus, grew in the clefts of the mountain-side or sprang from the summit of the rock, his favourite bathing-place.

"And there was a lovely view of Honolulu, and the blue ocean, and the shipping in the distance. The Nuaanu valley ascends upwards to the watershed at the pass in the hills. Here is the famous pali, or precipice (Pali among the natives is the god of precipices), where Kamehameha I., the Cæsar of the Sandwich Islands, gained his last and crowning victory, in which he drove in wild rout the beaten army of his foes.

"The pass between the mountains is but narrow, and through the gorge at the summit the trade wind rushes, as through a funnel, with excessive violence, and sweeping down abates in strength as the valley widens, and when it reaches the sea it is but a gentle breeze blowing pleasantly through the rigging of the ships that lie at anchor. This wind, in a sanitary point of view, is the salvation of the town. The exhalations from the kalo patches, which are in fact nothing but artificial swamps, would certainly under a tropical sun breed destructive epidemics were it not for this delightful breeze which, blowing away the noxious vapours and mitigating the otherwise intolerable heat, makes the climate of Honolulu salubrious and agreeable."

CHAPTER XXI

MAUI AND HAWAII

Boys at school and play—Staff of life—Kanaka crowd—Poi—Traces of Mormonism—Worship of the shark.

RETURNING to St. Albans, the hum of the lessons came out to meet him. Perhaps no people are so fond of children, or bear with them so patiently, as the fathers and mothers in Honolulu. This need excite little wonder when one reads the description of the boys in this school.

"The boys were of different nationalities. One or two pure whites; one or two pure Chinese; the rest either pure Hawaiians or of mixed parentage. In point of intelligence, intellectual and physical activity, the Hawaiians and Chinese rank high, especially the latter. The half-breeds, according to a common law, are comparatively dull and inert, stupid at their lessons, and wholly wanting in that pluck and self-reliance which characterize English boys. As regards general good behaviour and good humour, the whole school would compare favourably with any boys that I have ever known. I have seldom met with their equals, never with their superiors. During the month and more that I was in the house I never saw or heard of a fight or quarrel, and only one piece of bad temper.

"The little fellows, mahogany-coloured, copper-coloured, brown, olive, or dusky, ran blithely about with their bare feet—for they never put on shoes or socks except when going into the town to church—and jumped over the flower-beds, or practised gymnastics upon a wooden horse set up for the purpose, and all the time laughed and talked with their gentle voices, babble, babble, babble without cessation. Horses being very cheap, many of them possessed one, and this they would always lend, and, if at hand, would saddle and bridle him for a friend with the utmost good nature. They had a couple of goats, which they harnessed to a little carriage and drove frantically over the grass. Sometimes they would ride one astride, and gallop about with great glee—an operation to which the animal generally submitted with great meekness. And all the time one heard the merry laughter of the lads and the soft murmur of their voices ceaselessly."

The College of St. Albans stood in the midst of kalo patches.

"As kalo in its different preparations is the staple food of the islanders, it will be as well to say here a few words as to its culture. First, a rectangular piece of ground, varying in size according to the requirements of the family, is excavated to the depth of two or three feet below the average surface of the ground. The bottom is beaten well with sticks to make it the more capable of holding water. The shoots of the kalo (*Arum esculentum*) are planted, and water is artificially introduced. The kalo patches around St. Albans College are all supplied by ditches from the stream which runs down the Nuaanu valley. The water is kept at a generally uniform depth of about eight inches, and at the end of a year the root is ready for digging.

"Between the various patches there are walls, about three feet in breadth, used as pathways, and upon these paths shrubs and small trees are sometimes planted. So productive is the kalo that a very small fraction of the available land of the islands would suffice to support the present inhabitants. It is commonly said that forty feet square planted with this invaluable root will support one person for a year. Thus, making due allowance for the paths, one mile square would support about 15,000 persons, and probably one twenty-fifth of the number of men could cultivate it.

"The total amount of good soil in the islands is said to be one thousand square miles, though perhaps this is somewhat of an exaggeration. When the root is to be cooked, a hole or oven is made in the ground. In the bottom of this hole there are placed a number of red-hot stones; upon them a layer of leaves; then the roots; upon the roots another layer of leaves; and then the whole is covered with earth. After a certain time, which the natives know how to judge very well, the root is sufficiently cooked, and is then ready for pounding. Of this process we shall have to speak by-and-by. Meat, pork or dog, is cooked in a similar manner. The leaves, which are eaten with the meat, and impart a flavour to it, are called luau. The kalo varies considerably in quality and somewhat in colour, according to the nature of the soil in which it is grown. That which comes from the island of Hawaii is reckoned the best."

The sights of Honolulu were easily seen, so Mr. Sheepshanks determined to extend his travels.

"At the time of my visit a steamer, and a wonderful specimen of a steamer to boot, was plying between Oahu,

Maui, and Hawaii, and I determined to take advantage of this to pay a visit to the two last-named islands.

"Starting from Honolulu on an evening in April, we crossed, during the night, the channel that separates Oahu from Molokai, the trade wind blowing very fresh in one quarter, and making the crazy old boat rock in a way that was very discouraging to the Kanakas who crowded the deck. They are a merry race, and when we started from the wharf at Honolulu, a crowd having come down, after the manner of idle people, to see us off, and one looked upon the graceful, upright forms of the men, and the flowing, many-coloured robes of the women, and saw the laughing brown faces of all, and the sparkling black eyes, and heard the incessant laughter and chatter, I thought that I had never seen a more light-hearted and, apparently, a more contented people. Many of them came with us, going on their own affairs to Maui or Hawaii—and it is a pleasant thing to see, all over the world, how largely, as regards transit from place to place, the aboriginal tribes are benefited by the introductions of civilization. Their luggage consisted of huge calabashes of wood in nets, containing their provisions, fish and pork, wrapped in leaves of the ki, water in large calabashes of gourd, roots of the kalo cooked, and calabashes of poi. These, and especially the poi, are the staple articles of food for the natives.

"Almost as soon as they were on board, some of them began to prepare for supper. The boy of a family, or, as was more usual, the women, would place the poi-board, an inseparable companion, upon the deck, put upon it some of the kalo roots, which had been cooked beforehand in the way that I have already described, and begin to pound them with a stone instrument made for the purpose. By her side

there would be a calabash of water, with which she sprinkled the kalo, and again pounded it. Then she would stir it up with her hands, still sprinkling it, until in process of time it arrived at the consistency and somewhat of the appearance of paste. The colour, however, varies somewhat, being sometimes white, sometimes with a blue, sometimes with a reddish tint, according to the species of the kalo. The paste thus made is put into a calabash of wood, and is ready for eating.

"It is not, however, much esteemed by the natives until it has been kept two or three days, by which time it has become partially sour. It is called poi, and is to the Hawaiians the staff of life. To them poi is everything. It is eaten also by some of the whites as a vegetable with meat. It is thought rather naughty by the old-fashioned people to become fond of it, but notwithstanding, or perhaps for that very reason, many of the rising generation declare that they like nothing half so well. I cannot say—though I tried honestly to like it, as I always do try to like every national dish—that I could relish it. When arrived at the exquisite crisis, after being kept for several days, it seemed to me especially unpalatable. The root cooked and eaten like a potato is by no means disagreeable.

"The eating of the poi is one of the most characteristic sights of the present Hawaiian social life. In the old heathen times men and women might not eat together—it was Kapu (or 'taboo'). The men and the women had each an eating-house for themselves. What an idea does this fact give us of the social tyranny of the strange system of the Kapu! But the restriction has been done away with at the abolition of the Kapu system, and now they feed together. Accordingly the family, and any whom they may invite to join them—men, women, and children—will squat in a circle

upon the ground—upon the deck of the steamer, in the present instance—with a huge calabash containing the poi in the centre. They might, perhaps, have other food also, but the poi was the thing.

"After every mouthful of the fish (which is generally eaten raw) or of the pork, the fingers would be dipped into the starch-like poi, a little twirl was given to the fingers, such as one gives to a spoon when helping one's self to honey to prevent its dropping, and so the dainty morsel was conveyed to the mouth. As the food waxed low there was less chattering, and more and more attention given to the calabash; the brown fingers twinkled in and out pretty rapidly; no one seemed willing to lose his chance of getting all he could, until, the end having practically arrived, the elders withdrew with dignity from the contest, and the calabash was given over to be scraped by the fingers of the juveniles.

"Then they would lie upon their backs and look upward at the sky, and the babble, more subdued, however, would begin again. Some would smoke, and others would drone out their monotonous sing-song chants to Pele. But by this time the vessel was beginning to pitch and roll more heavily, and they became more silent. They would squat upon their hams and look unutterable things. Some would in a lower voice continue their songs to Pele, or songs with no meaning or with a bad meaning; but these, too, ere long ceased, and the deck, as regards human voices, was quiet enough, and the wind moaned and the spray was dashed over the old boat from stem to stern."

In the morning he found himself coasting along the southern side of Molokai. He had left Salt Lake City and the following of Brigham Young some thousands of miles

behind him. But even these remote islands were to bear witness to the journeyings and zeal of the Mormon missionaries.

"This is an island where formerly there were a good many Mormons. When in Utah, I had heard from several of the apostles of the great success which the saints had met with in their proselytizing efforts here, so that I had expected to find them very numerous. Such, however, is not the case. An elder called Hyde, who subsequently apostatized from Mormonism and obtained some notoriety in England by his endeavour to obtain a divorce from his Mormon wife, or one of his wives, in our courts, was sent hither on a mission with some companions by that indefatigable people. They were sent forth, according to their invariable custom, without money or provision for their journey; for the saints claim literally to observe the precept, 'Take neither purse nor scrip,' and at first they obtained a measure of success, and organized a 'church' here.

"But their numbers have latterly greatly diminished. The Kanakas found out that they had only exchanged the priestcraft of their old heathenism for another somewhat different, but at least as oppressive; that the point of most importance in their new faith was the rigorous exaction of the tithes, which, according to the custom of the saints, they must pay to the church; and that their elder was making a decidedly good thing of it. So that, as an American of whom I was inquiring concerning the matter expressed it, 'Mormonism was played out.' There are still, however, a few adherents of the sect left upon Lanai.

"There are a few white settlers upon Molokai, employed principally upon stock-raising. About one-eighth of the land could be cultivated with success. The pasturage is very

good; all the low-lying land that we could see was beautiful green prairie. A great many hides are exported thence to the States, and shark abound at certain places along the coast from the number of carcases that are thrown into the sea.

"The cultus of the shark (moarii) was in former times very prevalent upon Molokai. Upon almost every promontory there was a temple for his worship. First-fruits of the fish were always offered to him, as he was thought by the natives to bring the fish ashore. The priests used to go out upon the coral ledges and feed, or pretend to feed, the disgusting, voracious monsters. There was also a famous idol upon the island, called Karai-pahoa (dagger-cut), made of poisonous wood. It was so called from a legend of its having been hewn out with daggers. It is said to have had very destructive qualities."

CHAPTER XXII

TRIP TO HILO

School of the Devonport Sisters—Kukui tree—A half-breed passenger—Some pattern babes—Hospitality in Hilo—An American host—Sudden festivities.

LATER in the day the vessel dropped anchor in Lahaina, a place Mr. Sheepshanks desired to visit, since it was here the Devonport Sisters had their school for native girls. He was delighted with the work done by these good women, with the children who were taught, and with the picturesque environments of the buildings.

"In the courtyard there was a beautiful kukui. This is one of the handsomest and most useful of the trees of the islands—large and wide-spreading, with smooth leaves, and somewhat like the walnut in appearance. The kukui is used by the natives for various purposes. Of the wood they frequently make their canoes; they also obtain from it a gum, which they use in preparing varnish for the kapa or cloth. The inner bark furnishes a dye of a dark-red colour. From the nuts a useful oil is obtained, of which great quantities have been exported.

"The nuts themselves are also used by the Hawaiians to answer the purpose of candles, in the following manner: First they are baked, and the external shell removed; then

a hole is perforated in the kernel, through which a rush or string is passed, and they are then hung out for use. In their houses they string ten or twelve upon the thin stalk of the cocoa-nut leaf. The top one is lighted, and as it is consumed the flame kindles on the one below it, and this goes on until all are consumed. Each nut will burn two or three minutes. The various uses to which the natives put this tree illustrate their ingenuity in availing themselves of the natural means at their disposal."

A visit to an Anglican mission on the other side of Maui was contemplated, but time pressed. The return to Hawaii was, however, somewhat delayed.

"Having proceeded but about a mile from Lahaina, the wretched old boat broke down in her machinery, and we came to a dead stop. It was wonderful to see the indifference with which this was taken by all of us. The few passengers lolling about the decks—for the greater part of the natives had left us at Lahaina—scarcely exerted themselves to see what was the matter, though, I suppose, if something else had broken, which fortunately did not break, half of us might have been badly scalded.

"But, indeed, it was far too hot to permit of much excitement. For some time we lay perfectly still, for we were under the lee of the land, and the captain seemed to think that there was some risk of our being drawn by the current upon the rocks. This I inwardly thought would perhaps be no such bad job, after all, for we were too near the shore, and the sea was too calm, to admit of any danger to life or limb, and it was quite time that the old tub received her *coup de grâce;* but, however, the boats were got out, and we were towed lazily by the Kanakas out of harm's way. A slight breeze sprang up, and after a few hours, when we got

into the channel, we caught the trade wind blowing strongly and steadily. The sails were set, and when we awoke next morning we found ourselves back in Honolulu. No charge was, of course, made for our abortive attempt to reach Hawaii, so that I made my trip to Lahaina and back at the cost of one dollar expended in boat hire.

"A few days after my return from Lahaina, finding that the steamer was likely to be laid up some little time for repairs, I engaged a passage in a small schooner trading between Honolulu and Hilo, a small town on the east side of Hawaii. The only other passengers, besides a few Kanakas, who encumbered the deck, were a half-bred woman (whose mother was an Hawaiian, and father a Chinaman), the wife of a Chinaman at Hilo, and her two children.

"There are almost innumerable crosses of this kind in the islands, for representatives of very many nationalities are to be found there. The Portuguese married to Hawaiians have the credit of being the lowest and most degraded of all whites, and are despised somewhat like the 'white trash' of the Southern States of America. The Hawaiian women married to Chinamen are said to rejoice almost invariably in large families.

"My fellow-passenger seemed a very quiet, patient, gentle creature, and her two little ones, one quite an infant, were patterns of behaviour. Neither of them cried once during our four days' passage. It is a noteworthy fact that the babies of barbarism are incomparably better behaved than the babies of civilization. I have lived much among the Indians of North America, and it was but seldom that one heard a baby cry. Occasionally, indeed, when one's tent was pitched in the midst of an encampment of many hundred Indians, a little squeal would be heard, and without reference

to the poor little one itself, which was assuredly in pain, it was, being so rare and unobtrusive, rather a pleasant sound than otherwise. It was a sign of our common humanity. That little touch of nature reminded one that the whole world is akin.

"But their general quietude and good behaviour, their unfractiousness—I have grave doubts whether they ever suffer from their teeth—must be the greatest blessing to the poor mothers. If, in addition to their employments of waiting on their lords and masters, cooking, getting firewood and splitting it, paddling canoes, fishing and curing the fish, setting snares and skinning the animals, making mats, blankets, etc., the poor women had to be paying constant attention to their babies, what could they do? Fortunately for them, however, according to one of the manifold compensations of nature, their little ones give them but little trouble. They will put them down upon a mat and go about their work. They lay them in grass-woven baskets like little coffins, and sling them over their backs when they go upon a journey, and as soon as the fat little things can crawl, they may be seen waddling about by themselves on the prairies, or dabbling in the mud by the river-side like little copper cupids.

"Our course lay under Molokai and Maui, and then up the channel between Maui and Hawaii. Crossing the straits between the islands, we had strong trade winds, but often, especially when under the lee of an island, or towards midday, the wind died away, and our little boat was left at the mercy of a lumpy sea without any breeze; so we rolled and tossed about, and the sails flapped as if they would shake the masts out of their sockets, causing, to my mind, one of the most unendurable of all sensations. It was,

moreover, suffocatingly hot, and the boat quite swarmed with cockroaches, that crawled over one in dozens when lying in one's berth, so that we had a miserable time of it.

"It required all my philosophy to hold out against the accumulated disagreeables, but my poor fellow-passenger was gentle and uncomplaining through it all. The steward, who was a Chinaman, was very kind to her—it is one of the most amiable traits in the character of the Chinese, who may teach us Christians many lessons, that they are almost invariably kind and charitable to each other when in a foreign land—and she bore up bravely, ill as she was all the time."

The village of Hilo, to which their course was directed, showed itself at the head of a deep bay. A coral reef formed a natural harbour, and within its shelter lay a small fleet of whalers, taking in stone to ballast them for their summer voyage to the Arctic seas.

The first thing to be done was to find a lodging for a day or two, since there were no clergy to proffer it. Nor was there any hotel in the place, but a wealthy storekeeper, to whom the traveller was introduced immediately, in the true colonial spirit, placed his house at his disposal. Here dwelt together a handful of whites of ranging nationality, a pleasant society, and a hospitable.

"The next thing to be done was to take a bath. At this time it was the rainy season in Hawaii, although at Oahu, further to the north, the dry season had commenced some little time, and the brooks that flow through Hilo were quite full of water. These brooks are used by the inhabitants for washing and bathing purposes in a very simple manner. A shed is erected above one of the numerous streams, and a rude dam let down into the water, which, being thus arrested in its course, forms a little pool, confined by the rubble

foundations of the bath-house, into which one gets a delicious plunge by leaping down through a trap-door in the floor of the bath-room above.

"How inexpressibly grateful is a bath after a sea voyage, however short, especially such a four days as we had on board the *Oddfellow!* For my part I dabbled away quite oblivious of the fact that the pent-up water must find an escape somewhere, until crack went the dam, and away rushed the water, leaving me high, though not quite dry, upon the ground like a stranded fish.

"At supper-time I found a large party assembled at the house of my hospitable entertainer, between twenty and thirty adults, not reckoning children, the greater number of them being the captains of the whalers then in the bay, with their wives. For the accommodation of those whom business or pleasure might bring to Hilo, our host had erected two guest-houses in immediate proximity to his own, and had also added to his house a side wing, containing a large dining-room with a kitchen attached. At this time almost every bedroom in the guest-house was occupied, and all their tenants assembled three times a day after the American fashion for three 'square meals,' breakfast, dinner, and supper, at 8 a.m., 1 p.m., and 7.30 p.m.

"The ordinary rule in American life, at least in the West, is to take three 'square meals' per diem, *i.e.* three meals complete, begun, continued, and finished off, not incomplete meals like an English luncheon or tea. There is but little difference between the meals. At each you get meat, plenty of it and of different kinds. At each also vegetables, though commonly at breakfast only potatoes, at dinner and supper great varieties.

"American travellers in England generally entertain a

great contempt for our vegetables. At breakfast and supper by way of drink there is tea and coffee, at dinner water, or, in the houses of the wealthy, wine. At dinner 'pie' is placed upon the table, a dish which I fancy we should call covered tart, baked in metal plates; at supper some kind of preserve, such as apple-sauce or preserved peaches. Each meal is 'through' in twenty minutes, for the Americans are prodigiously fast eaters, bolting their food, scarcely speaking at their meals, and apparently anxious to hurry through them.

"Our host at Hilo was, after the manner of his countrymen, hospitable and open-handed even to profusion. There being more guests than could be accommodated at once, each meal was twice served; good food was abundant, and a little room was set apart where 'refreshments,' *i.e.* drinks, were ready for any one at any time during the day, or during the night either, I believe, for that matter.

"My host was a typical 'down-Easter-Yankee,' about as cute as cute could be. He had made and lost several fortunes, and was at the time quite rich. Were he to lose his money he would be rich again in a year or two, hungry for money, lavish of it when got, having a respect for religion, deferential and gracious to ministers of religion, yet not having much definite belief of his own—a vigorous thinker, a fluent stump speaker. Finding that I and a young clergyman (a Yorkshireman) whom I chanced to meet at his house, were Englishmen, he rushed from the room, returned with his arms full of champagne-bottles, three or four of which were promptly uncorked and smoking upon the table, and 'giving us a sentiment' after the manner of Mr. Jefferson Brick, spouted away for half an hour upon the virtues of Queen Victoria, and the greatness of the American people."

CHAPTER XXIII

A FAMOUS VOLCANO

Through the forest—Inland vegetation—Diminishing population—Halfway house—Native geography—A precious export—First sight of Kilanea—Primitive hotel.

"NEXT morning early, having obtained a guide and a couple of hired horses, I set out to see the famous volcano Kilanea. Our route for a few miles lay through the level country which stretches to the south-east of Hilo. It is but sparsely timbered, and at this time, owing to the late heavy rains, was somewhat swampy, and frequently intersected with streams.

"Turning thus inland we entered a belt of forest several miles in width, and soon, enveloped in its masses, seemed lost to the world without. There is something peculiarly solemn in the depths of a tropical forest, which fills one, at least I speak for myself, with sensations of wondering delight and awe. Nature here displays herself in her most sombre yet most beautiful forms. There is life, plenty of life, life all around, but still life: scarce any motion, for the wind cannot reach to its recesses, and only faintly move the tree-tops overhead; but little light, for the dense foliage preserves a constant gloom; no sound, save when the heavy rain drops come pattering down upon the leaves. It seems most remote from man; there is no place for him.

"One cannot at all connect such a scene in one's mind with human hopes and anxieties and fears. One starts at the sight of the half-naked savage coming silently along the trail, and passes him in silence. He is appropriate to the scene, and yet it is better when he is out of sight. But though there is no active life; no sign of man but the threadlike trail in which our horses tread; no cry but that of some tropical bird far away in the outskirts of the wood; no sighing but that of an occasional breeze breathing gently far above; no rustling of the leaves; no apparent indication of the animal world, except the spider waiting patiently in the centre of his web, until, the midday heat abated, the insects will again begin to stir, or some heavy painted butterfly zigzagging his course across the path settles wearily upon a fern-leaf;—yet there is creation, and marks of the Creator all around.

"There is growth. The delicate plants shoot out their tendrils across the path. The ferns are weighed down with their heavy fronds. The forest trees are dense with ever-growing foliage. The parasites are weaving boughs together, and hanging in shreds from the rotten limbs that they have killed. The forking branches of living trees catch seeds from others, and vigorous trees of another growth spring from the stems that have fostered them. And even decaying trunks upon the ground are not unfruitful, but from their prone length spring plants and shrubs, and thus in death the germs of life find nutriment and the means of growth.

"The scene is sombre indeed, one might almost say melancholy; one cannot fancy laughter or high spirits in these solitudes; but the awe that creeps over the mind has tranquillity and a certain sweetness. There is nothing gay or bright here but the stray butterfly; every plant, shrub,

and tree is of the same deep dull green; but there is beauty of form if not of colour.

"How beautiful is the tangled mass of vegetation that conceals from us even the slightest peep of the ground, and the innumerable spiculæ glittering with the drops of the last shower! Those ferns of many species, distinct yet all alike, with their fronds curving round in an arc till the point almost touches the ground, they are as sombre as green hearse-plumes, but yet how elegant! The notched aloes, the plantains, the tree ferns, differing somewhat in tint, the aloes being almost blue, but all dark and dull—what can be more graceful? And above them are the stately palms of various kinds, with their long, drooping leaves and clusters of berries that now are green, but by-and-by will enliven the scene with bright patches of various colours. The scene does not indeed seem made for man; but what then? Are all the exuberant glories of the natural world made solely for man's use, or does the Creator delight in the manifold works of His creative Hand?

"I allowed the bridle to fall on my horse's neck, and let him take his own pace through the jungle, for indeed we could not go faster than a walk. The guide rode a few yards in advance. Pelting showers would come down, and make the forest drip with moisture. The sun would come out in fierce strength, and the track into which only his beams could penetrate reeked with the rising steam, until the atmosphere became most oppressive with the moist heat. But for miles we rode on without speaking. What he thought of I know not: for my own part I was awed by the solemn hush of the forest.

"Some of the trees I had not seen except in the islands. There was the silver-topped kukui, which I have already

mentioned. The koa, with leaves shaped like a boomerang, whose wood is of great beauty and value. The pandanus, a singular-looking tree with roots that branch off from the main stem about three feet from the ground, and shoot down straight into the soil like props that one sees supporting an upright pole, or like straight arms of a river at its delta. The branches are quite bare of leaves except just at the extremities, where they burst forth in bunches like long flags. Its fruit is like a green pine-apple without the sprout, and is, I believe, when ripe sometimes eaten by the natives. This is one of the most useful of the Hawaiian trees. There were several other trees and plants whose names I could not learn.

"After riding thus for several miles through the jungle, up and down declivities, and across ravines and gulches, we began to get into a lighter soil and drier land. The kukui trees became more frequent, and the vegetation less rank, and we heard all around us the strange weird note of the Oo, so called from its cry.

"Presently the ground became more open, and we found ourselves under a grove of lofty cocoa-nuts. This was the edge of the forest. Then we entered upon a swamp, covered thickly with the 'ki' plant, a variety of the dracæna, somewhat resembling the maize. The leaves of this plant are used by the natives like paper for the wrapping up fish, meat, vegetables, etc. Here our horses sank deeply into the wet, heavy soil.

"Then we came to long plains of lava which must in comparatively recent times have issued from the gigantic Mauna Loa on our right. For some miles there was no vegetation, save a few stunted shrubs that seemed to find nourishment with difficulty. Here our stout nags, accustomed

to this kind of travelling, broke into the jog-trot which is the favourite pace in these countries for those that have to make long journeys: they got along bravely, and the lava rang with their thin hoofs, as though it had been a metal pavement. Then, again, we came upon a little soil, and the country was better timbered, and patches of grass appeared by the side of the brooks.

"We were now not far from the halfway house, and passed through several collections of Kanaka huts, well built of plaited grass. They were all deserted, however. In old times the country was well sprinkled with inhabitants. A few years ago even natives used to reside here for the purpose of collecting pulu, which is found here in some abundance, and is gathered from a species of the beautiful tree fern that I have just mentioned. But the pulu trade has declined, and the population, alas! has sadly diminished.

"There are but few natives now to be found on this side of the island. We met a few parties on horseback driving cattle: men and their wives, the latter, after the Hawaiian fashion, sitting astride upon their horses with green wreaths round their shoulders, and chaplets of the yellow ohelo berries in their raven hair. But we saw but very few huts that were inhabited; nearly all were empty and decaying. There had never been here

> 'The never-failing mill,
> The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill,'

and the other detailed signs of civilization and Christianity which fill up the sweet picture of Auburn; but these 'deserted villages' presented a sadder sight to the mind than the imaginary description of the poet. These were mournful realities that spoke unmistakably of the perishing

of a people in their ignorance and semi-barbarism: cursed apparently more than blessed by civilization, having but a glimmering of the truth which they never learned to know. It was a sad sight.

"We rested for a while at the halfway house, one of a group of grass huts tenanted by natives. The house contained but one large room, half of which was curtained off. Upon drawing the curtain I saw that this half was a raised divan, covered with mats and kapa, a fabric woven from the bark of several trees, and cushions stuffed with pulu. Here the natives sleep, and any travellers who may wish to stop during the night are accommodated with a shakedown. I rested for a little while, for I was warm and a little tired with the ride.

"Presently a group of natives assembled at the door, crowding to see the 'Bihopa'—for such is the word, of course corrupted from Bishop, by which they designate our English clergymen. 'Aloka' (love), they all muttered. 'Aloka,' answered I. They saw that I was somewhat tired, and some of the old women approached solemnly and pinched my calves, and expressed a wish that I should submit myself to the lummi-lummi.

"This is an operation like that which is, I believe, sometimes practised in the Turkish baths. The operator traces out with the fingers the relaxed muscles of the wearied limbs, and pinches and rubs and thumps them until the stiffness is taken away. The result is said to be highly 'recuperative' and refreshing.

"But I had no mind to submit myself to the manipulations of these old hags, and stoutly refused their importunities, intimating, on the other hand, that I should be glad if they would bring me something to drink. A bowl of

water was soon brought, and a large calabash full of oranges, the produce of trees that were growing close at hand. This was much more in accordance with my views than the lummi-lummi.

"Before starting again I tried to obtain some of the kapa, but the king had lately paid a visit to the island, and had levied a tax which was to be partly paid in kapa and Oo feathers. He retains, as far as he can, the practices of his ancestors; so that I was unable then to obtain what I wanted. We remounted in good spirits, for we ascertained from the natives that there had been but little rain during the two last days, and that if we kept to the usual track, taking care to avoid one particular turn, we should have a good trail all the way

"Previously to being acquainted with any savage nations I have often wondered how they would describe localities and give directions, being unacquainted with the points of the compass. The Hawaiian system appeared to me very ingenious. As regards general situation, they naturally spoke of the rising and setting of the sun. On this point all savage nations that I am acquainted with agree. When giving directions as regards any course to be taken on the islands, they spoke of going inland as going 'uphill,' whereas to go seaward was to go 'downhill.' In regard to any course to be taken upon the margin of, or parallel with, the ocean, the native supposed himself to be looking seawards, and then spoke of going to the right hand or to the left.

"The atmosphere above the earth was divided into belts or zones, the standard being the common height of a man. Whatever was above that was 'a little higher' (oluna ae); above that was 'onward above,' beyond that 'much above,' then 'high up lost,' then 'above the clouds,' then 'sky,'

'blue heaven,' 'fixed heaven.' In the fixed heaven was the path in which the sun travelled until he reached the sea, then he passed under the earth and came up again.

"The North-American Indians have the same idea about the sun journeying in a fixed road, and seem to have a hazy idea that at his setting he goes to bed, for of course he is a sentient being, and are sorely puzzled to know how he can go to rest in the west, and get up again next morning in the east. The Hawaiians had an idea that smoke arises from the earth and becomes clouds, and that they send down the rain.

"The stratum of earth below where men stand is called 'below,' beneath that 'under the dust,' next 'deep down below,' then 'the middle of the world.' They divided their islands into tracts and districts and sections, and had different names for the sea according to its distance from the shore; so that they must have possessed methodical minds, though in many respects, as regards directions for hunting or fishing, accuracy of description must have been almost a necessity for them when in their savage state.

"The remainder of our journey lay mainly over fields of lava, either entirely bare or only thinly covered with soil. The trees were principally ohias, much valued by the natives, with silvery foliage and red blossoms. Of the wood in former times they fabricated their idols: they now employ it for the posts and rafters of their huts. One species, the ohia-ai, bears good apples. There were a few specimens of the fragrant sandal-wood to be seen here and there, but there are not many left now—they have been so extensively cut down for exportation.

"In former times there was so great a demand for it for the Chinese market that, under the command of the king

and chiefs, great numbers of the natives were constantly employed in searching for it on the high lands, and in bringing it down in logs to the coast for shipment. It is said that much disease and many deaths were the consequences of the unwonted laborious employment, and the exposure of the natives to the keen air of the mountains; but all this has now come to an end by the gradual destruction of the trees.

"The heat had by this time begun to abate, and as we passed through one or two strips of forest the insect life began to awake, and we heard the cigalas cheep-cheeping in the ohias; but for a tropical country there are not many insects in the islands. There was no such hum as one hears in the tropical jungles of America. All this time our ascent had been so gradual that it was scarcely perceptible, but towards evening it became noticeable, by the comparative freshness of the air and the nature of the vegetation, that we had attained a considerable altitude. The plants were more stunted and hardy; there was none of the exuberance of vegetation that we had passed in the lower lands, and I recognized several small plants and flowers that I had seen before in high land.

"At length we came to a cross-trail leading down to the coast, and I knew that we must be near our journey's end, but yet there was no sign of any peak or eminence near at hand, nothing that looked like a volcano, except the huge Mauna Loa upon our right, and I began to be very curious as to how we should come upon Kilanea.

"A short time, however, served to answer my self-questionings. Our track here was sand and pretty level, and we put our hardy horses, who seemed to know that they were near their journey's end, to a hand-gallop. About two

miles of this, and then I checked my horse, for upon taking a turn in the trail, and looking down upon slightly lower land, the country before us seemed on fire. For a circuit of some miles puffs of smoke and jets of steam were issuing from the chapparal. Close at hand there were volumes of steam issuing from the midst of thick bushes. Immediately in front, at about the distance of a quarter of a mile there was apparently a break in the ground, and beyond this I could see no landscape, but only a large volume of smoke driving before the wind. I rode wonderingly to the edge, and then—down below me was a huge circular pit, about three miles, as I then judged, in diameter; its sides were abrupt cliffs, from 500 to 1000 feet in height, according to the undulations of the ground. The bottom of the crater—for this I knew it must be—was about 700 feet below where I then was, and appeared to be perfectly flat.

"But—was this a reality or a dream after reading Dante or Milton? There were shining fiery flames. I looked again. Yes, there were lakes or broad rivers of fire, sometimes dull red or tawny, seen through the deepening twilight, sometimes burning up brightly as though invisible beings had cast in a hecatomb of victims. Afar off all around the crater's further edge were glowing lights as of distant furnaces. Here and there, scattered over the bottom of the crater, were small dark cones, from which issued long, tapering lines of smoke, as if from chimneys.

"Right below me were two small burning lakes near to each other; or was it one broad river of molten metal? Sometimes the surface of these lakes would be darkened over, having only a bright glimmer at the edges, and then streamlets of fire would run across them like forked lightning, and masses of the surface would break out into

a burning glow, and lambent tongues of fire would lick the sides and sway to and fro and leap in flickers high into the air. Far above as I was, I could hear the roaring of the flames. A cloud of smoke rose above the crater. The sky overhead shone with a crimson lurid colour. A sulphurous stench filled the air, and the jets of steam issuing from cracks in all the country round flew across the landscape before the evening breeze. Such was my first view of Kilanea.

"The hotel, which had only been opened about ten months, was a large, clean, roomy house built by Kanakas for the proprietor. The posts and rafters were of the wood of the ohia; the walls and high-pitched roof were thatched with a peculiar kind of long and strong grass which is found in the crevices near the volcano. This is twisted together and tied with tendrils to the framework, which is first erected and bound together in the same manner, so that in houses thus constructed not a single nail or piece of iron-work is used.

"Our hotel, though lofty, was of only one story. The various apartments, bedrooms, common sitting-room, etc., were partitioned off upon the ground floor, but open upwards towards the roof. The ventilation was admirable. Abundance of air percolates through the grass of the walls and roof, but in such small streams that there is no draught. In a hot climate nothing can be more comfortable than these grass houses."

CHAPTER XXIV

EXPLORATION OF CRATER

A walk on hardened lava—Possible dangers—Burning lakes—Kilauea—Slowly dying superstitions—Volcanic eruptions—A Christian heroine—Defiance of Pele—A strange bath-house.

"AFTER breakfast on the morning after my arrival, I obtained the services of a Kanaka boy as guide, and descended into the crater. Our descent was made without any difficulty along a winding track, broken only by one steep, almost perpendicular piece of rock, in which steps had been cut for the convenience of travellers, and I soon found myself walking upon the hardened lava, of which the floor of the crater is composed, with much the same sensations as those with which one first steps upon a glacier.

"The idea at first occurred that, however cold it might appear, some of the lava might have only lately been deposited, and might be merely cooling, and that one might inadvertently plunge up to the waist into a mass of semi-molten fluid, or that, possibly, the mass below having been withdrawn, the floor might give way and one might without warning drop down into the seething chauldron below. But experience soon put an end to these cheerful suggestions, and I walked about with confidence,

only now and then testing suspicious portions of the surface with my walking-pole to make quite sure that there was no fear of its 'caving in.'

"I found the crater to be nearly twelve miles in circumference and pretty nearly flat, broken only with cones and smoking pillars, heaps of scoria, and accumulations at the edges of the larger lakes. At the time of my visit there were six lakes, two having but lately broken out, with a short and nearly equal space between each, and all towards the edge of the crater. The centre has never been broken up, as far, that is to say, as the memory of man or tradition will go back into the past. These two latest formed lakes burst forth but a few months previous to my visit. First a small cone was seen puffing away vigorously where there had been no cone before. It grew larger and threw up a fountain of lava into the air. It waxed yet larger from the droppings of the incandescent fluid, until it fell in with a report, and a small bubbling, fiery lake was to be observed. The other was formed in like manner, but it must not be thought that all cones develop into lakes; they often dry up and cease to smoke, and become mere pillars of cinders.

"The lakes vary somewhat in size. The largest, Kilanea, when I saw it, was nearly circular, and I estimated it to be about four hundred yards in diameter; the smallest was about sixty yards in length and twenty in width. They are literally lakes of molten boiling lava, though not always boiling over their entire surface. For some minutes, and for a longer space of time in the smaller ones, they will cease bubbling, and from exposure to the air will become skimmed over with a dark film that becomes gradually blacker and blacker. Only one corner perhaps will be boiling away, and the edges, for the edges are always red hot.

Meanwhile the rest of the surface is undulating under its black pall like the sea in a ground swell; then suddenly with a roar the surface will be broken up, and half, maybe, of the area will boil furiously, swelling and tossing and opening, showing a glimpse as into a deep fountain of fiery flame, and casting fifty or a hundred feet into the air jets or showers of molten fluid. These deepen and darken in colour as they mount up and descend and then fall back into the fearful chauldron like clots of gore, only to be cast up again high into the air. All the time the edges of the pit are glowing like red-hot iron, and small fountains of the molten lava are thrown up and dashed against the sides with an angry, bubbling sound.

"The smaller lakes are somewhat more torpid, and harden over with a thicker incrustation, which at times parts asunder like a field of ice broken up into floes, and the carmine fluid is seen between the cracks until perhaps a 'break-up,' as it is called, occurs, and the lake begins to surge and boil more or less violently.

"Sometimes, but usually only after having given sufficient angry warnings, a lake will boil over—the sides or banks of the smaller lakes are not more than three feet in height—and the fiery flood will pour over the crater far and wide. Persons have told me that they have seen five or six square miles covered at one time with the glittering flow, the heat of which was great on the cliffs eight hundred feet above.

"Occasionally flows occur without much warning, and visitors in the crater have had to run for their lives. Around the lakes the lava shores are covered sometimes quite thickly with grey-coloured filaments, from four to six inches long, like spun glass—spun, I suppose, by the air catching the molten lava as it is thrown into the air or dashed against

the sides. It is called by the Hawaiians Pele's hair, Pele being the dread goddess of subterranean fire who dwells in Kilanea; and I took care to collect some of it and bring it away with me.

"So accessible are the lakes that one could approach them closely enough to dip a stick into the fluid lava. The heat being great, I preferred to remain at a few yards' distance; but the young Kanaka, who was more accustomed to the toasting, would hang quite over the edge with his hand before his face while gathering Pele's hair or dipping his walking-pole into the fluid. This, however, could only be done at a small lake; Kilanea was far too angry and the heat far too great for us to approach so near, so that I sat down at some little distance and watched the awful sight. Near me my young guide squatted down upon the hard lava of the crater and droned forth a monotonous chant. Upon my inquiring its purport, I found that he was singing a hymn to Pele, in whom he was a firm believer.

"At the time Kilanea happened to break out savagely, and tossed her tawny billows to and fro. 'See,' said he, 'she hears'; and again went on the droning song, and again the fiery fountain broke forth, as he thought in answer to his prayer. I much regretted that my ignorance of the language prevented my telling him of his delusion, so contented myself with laughing and throwing one or two stones into the bubbling pit to show that at least I did not fear the wrath of Pele. But though there was no more connection between the supposed cause and effect than between Tenterden steeple and the Goodwin Sands in good old Latimer's story, yet as I gazed at the horrible seething chauldron the idea of the ignorant savage that it was the home of a malignant spirit seemed by no means unnatural; far less

inconceivable than that witches should raise a storm, or that fairies should dance the emerald rings in our English meadows, or that ghosts should inspire rapping tables and locomotive furniture.

"The great mass of the people are still firm believers in Pele—nay, many persons assert that there is not an Hawaiian who does not in his heart maintain a secret allegiance to her. They come in numbers to make their offerings. They throw money down into the crater. Old Kanakas will steal down in the night with the bones of departed friends, and throw them with awestruck looks and prayers and chants into the burning lakes.

"Some of the most educated of the native race have not yet freed themselves from this superstition. The ladies of the court lately paid a visit to the volcano, and danced one of their abominable dances, the hula-hula, upon the crater's edge, and threw down showers of money to appease the wrathful Pele—which money, by the way, Jack, my guide, afterwards appropriated by descending the cliff at the peril of his life and in defiance of the goddess; but then, possibly, intercourse with the whites has thrown a shade of scepticism over Jack's belief—nay, even the king himself sent a lock of his hair to be cast into Kilanea; but perhaps this was only done to propitiate his subjects.

"In crossing from one lake to another we traversed many different deposits of lava of different ages, different degrees of density, and different colours, some black and very friable, some chocolate and hard, some of various shades of brown, others almost yellow. One might have fancied that the lakes were furnaces, each engaged in smelting a different kind of ore, and that we were walking on the refuse left by the manufacture of iron and copper and bronze and

brass. In several places where the floor had given way and a chasm was formed, the *débris* lying about was for all the world like the blocks of slag that one sees carried away from the Yorkshire furnaces.

"The centre of the crater, as I before observed, has never been disturbed within the memory of man, but yet its level is undergoing a perpetual change. The flows from the lakes at different times cover different portions of the area, and then harden, lying one upon another like layers of ice deposited upon successive days of a long frost, and thus, and also perhaps by gradual upheaval from below, the central floor of the crater is being constantly raised. This, it would appear, goes on for many years, until the fluid lava beneath finds a vent somewhere in the sides of the volcano, and the floor suddenly sinks to a much lower level.

"An eruption of this nature took place in 1823, when, unfortunately, there were no whites to chronicle it, and another seventeen years afterwards, many witnesses of which are still alive. For some years—in fact, since 1823—the lava had been gradually rising in the volcano until, in 1840, the crater began to show signs of unusual activity. New lakes appeared, and numerous fissures and cracks opened over the whole surface. In the month of June, the average depth of the crater being then about five hundred feet, the lava found a vent deep down in the side of the volcano that is nearest to the sea, and forced its way underground in the direction of the shore. Its course could be traced by the jets of steam and gas, and occasionally of molten lava, that it cast upwards through the superincumbent stratum on its subterranean march. In the crater the boiling lava was seen to subside in the lakes, and soon the hard, rocky floor, being deprived of support from beneath, fell in with a loud

report, and the level was at once reduced by several hundred feet. When at a distance of about twelve miles from the sea the subterranean fluid forced its way above ground and spread over the earth in a flaming river from one to three miles in width. Onward it continued its destructive march, burning up the small Kanaka villages in its course, mowing down the belts of forest and tropical jungle in its way, sweeping down the slopes, carrying along with it rocks and huge boulders, pouring into water-courses, licking up streams and ponds, and finally falling off a low cliff into the ocean in a fiery cataract of upwards of a mile in width. The ocean, it is said, hissed and boiled, and fishes were killed and the water heated along twenty miles of coast.

"This continued for three weeks, and the coast-line was pushed out considerably into the sea; the eastern side of Hawaii was lighted up by the continual blaze, and the communication on this side of the island wholly interrupted. By this eruption the level of the crater was lowered about four hundred feet. In a few years, however, it recovered itself by the process that I have described, and now it is once more gradually filling up.

"In the exact centre there seems not to have been a flow for some little time, for I noticed some hardy ferns growing out of crevices in the slag, though how they could find a grain of soil there seemed a wonder.

"This crater was the scene of a famous deed of heroism performed somewhat more than forty years ago by a chieftainess of Hawaii, when in the first ardour of her conversion to Christianity. The story has been often told, but it is worth telling again. I give the narrative as it is found in the account of Lord Byron's voyage to the islands. The actor in it was then living, and the members of the

expedition made her acquaintance, so that it is to be presumed there is no exaggeration in the account which they give of the occurrence.

"Kapiolam, the wife of Nahi, a female chief of the highest rank, had recently embraced Christianity, and desirous of propagating it, and of undeceiving the natives as to their false gods, she resolved to climb the mountain, descend into the crater, and, by thus braving the volcanic deities in their very homes, convince the inhabitants of the island that God is God alone, and that the false deities of their mythology existed only in the fancies of their credulous adorers.

"Thus determined, and accompanied by a missionary, she, with part of her family and a number of followers, both of her own vassals and those of other chiefs, ascended Kilanea. At the edge of the first precipice that bounds the sunken plain many of her followers and companions lost courage and turned back. At the second, those remaining earnestly entreated her to desist from her dangerous enterprise, and forbear to tempt the powerful goddess of the volcano. But she proceeded, and, having reached the summit, caused a hut to be erected on the very edge of the crater for herself and her people.

"Here she was assailed anew by their entreaties to return home, and their alarmed assurances that if she persisted in violating the home of the goddess she would draw on herself and those with her certain destruction. Her answer was firm. 'I will descend into the crater, and if I do not return in safety, then continue to worship Pele; but if I come back unhurt, you must learn to adore the great God by whom Pele was created.' She accordingly descended the steep and difficult side of the crater, accompanied by the

missionary and by some whom love or duty induced to follow her.

"Arrived at the bottom, she plunged her stick into the burning lake and stirred the molten lava, and at the same time, it is said, declared the impotence of the imaginary deity. Her followers, who expected to see dread Pele, armed with flame and sulphurous smoke, issue forth and consume the heroine who had thus braved her in her very sanctuary, looked on with trembling awe. But no result followed; the lake still murmured, and the billows of lava flickered as before, as though no one were present, and the charm of superstition was broken. It was certainly a memorable action, and, when fresh from the awe-inspiring sights and sounds of the spot where it occurred, one could not but think of Him who had given His servant such a spirit of bravery and truth.

"Whilst in the crater I found but very little inconvenience from the noxious vapours, for the breeze was blowing steadily seaward overhead, so that it was easy to avoid the clouds of sulphurous smoke; when the wind suddenly changes, the consequences are frequently unpleasant — I believe I might say dangerous. However, being somewhat hot and tired, I welcomed with alacrity the landlord's suggestion of a bath, inwardly wondering how it was to be provided, since there is no spring nor stream for some little distance round the crater, and the inn is quite dependent for its supply upon the rain-water, which is collected and preserved in casks. It seemed, however, that the enterprising Yankee, with the smartness of his nation, had utilized the volcano itself for bathing purposes; for over one of the steaming cracks, which I before spoke of, he had erected a grass hut, where the weary traveller could get an excellent

vapour bath. Though the remedy seemed somewhat of the homœopathic kind, after the vapours of the crater, I determined for novelty's sake to try one.

"So thickly is the vapour impregnated with sulphur that (having first taken off my clothes), upon opening the closely shut door, and after recovering from the first almost stifling effect of the steam, I found the floor covered and the walls and roof dripping with its unctuous yellow drops. A wind-sail was let into an aperture in the wall for the purpose of affording respiration, and so, literally with my 'head in a bag,' I waited the allotted time, the apartment becoming hotter and hotter and my body streaming with perspiration, until the Kanaka, who had been sent by the landlord to attend upon me, came in and dashed over me buckets of cold water, which had been collected in a canoe placed as a water-butt under the eaves of the hut.

"Most refreshing it certainly was. After it one had no lack of an appetite for dinner. There is a good deal of sulphur found in the crevices round about; pumice, sulphate of lime, and oxide of iron are also found in greater or less quantities in the neighbourhood.

"I spent several days at the volcano, and the air was so fresh and delightful, and the view of the crater by day or night afforded such a constant object of interest, that the time passed very pleasantly. Nearly in front of the inn rises the huge dome of Mauna Loa, a slumbering volcano, upwards, I believe, of twelve thousand feet high, of which Kilanea is probably a lateral valve. It is quiet now, but at intervals breaks out into eruptions which are the terror of Hawaii."

CHAPTER XXV

IN THE KOA WOODS

Indigenous animals—The coming of the mosquito—Wild geese—Wandering in the forest—A contrast of character—Captain Cook's death explained—Aquatic sport.

"THIS part of Hawaii, the high land round Mauna Loa, is covered with extensive forests of koa, a fine tree the wood of which, when worked, is of singular beauty. The woods are not very striking, not having the luxuriant vegetation of the lower plains, nor the grand and gloomy horror of the North-American forests, but they possess a beauty of their own. They are light and airy and dry, with plenty of shade; a fine undergrowth of ferns covers the ground, and in the early morning and evening they are made cheerful with the notes of numerous singing birds.

"It is one pleasant feature in wandering through these woods that there is no fear of meeting either with beasts or reptiles or insects. The animal life of the islands, until the importations of the whites, must have been extremely limited. The Hawaiians say that they have always possessed hogs and dogs and fowls, *i.e.* that they had them before the arrival of Captain Cook, the first white man of whom they have any record in their traditions and genealogies; and this appears, from the narratives of the discoverers, to have been really the case.

"This would seem to show either that Spanish ships had visited the islands in very early times before the coming of Cook, or that the natives brought some live stock with them in their canoes when first they inhabited the islands. All other beasts, such as the cattle which run wild on some parts of Hawaii, have sprung from animals brought hither by Captain Cook or imported in quite recent days. The insects, which according to the natives have always been tenants of the islands, are flies, grasshoppers—which in times of scarcity were used as food—dragon-flies, butterflies, and wasps.

"The whites, among other plagues—some of them, alas! not quite so innocent—have brought with them mosquitos, cockroaches, fleas, and centipedes, also rats and mice. The mosquitos, which are now quite a pest upon the low lands, are said to be descended from some that were brought in a water-cask from California. An old Hawaiian lady is still extant (1867) at Lahaina who, it is said, beheld the first couple issuing from their temporary ark. How she must now bemoan her lack of presence of mind in that she did not cut off the pestilent race in its infancy, and thus nip in the bud the vile conspiracy against the peaceful slumbers of her countrymen!

"There are no snakes, or frogs, or toads in the islands. Of birds, beside waterfowl, one of which, the alæ, was thought to be a god and worshipped, the principal were the goose, duck, crow, owl, hawk, Oo, and mamo, the two last mentioned besides being so much valued for their feathers, were also highly esteemed as food.

"During the summer months geese are very plentiful on the high lands of Hawaii. The strawberry plant grows luxuriantly upon the open ground, and in many places there may be seen acres of fruit, large, ripe, and well flavoured.

The geese come in flocks to feed upon these strawberries, which impart, I was told, a very delicate flavour to their flesh. But at the time of my visit the season had not quite begun, though I saw one or two geese on the look-out, as if they thought it high time for them to get to their deserts.

"One evening, on returning from one of my walks in the koa forests, a trivial incident occurred which showed a strong contrast between the Hawaiian character and that of my old friends, the North-American Indians.

"I had prolonged my walk further than I had intended, and was surprised by dusk when emerging from the woods at about two miles distance from the inn. The trail was very faint, the darkness coming rapidly on, and had I not been a somewhat experienced pathfinder, I should assuredly have lost my way, and been compelled either to sleep out in the open or wander about till daylight. However, with some little difficulty I kept the track, and had arrived within about twenty yards of the house, when a Kanaka started up from the chapparal by the trail-side and, joining me, returned to the house.

"The landlord, it seems, uneasy at my non-appearance at supper, had despatched him in quest of me, telling him that I had lost my way and that he must find me. So the cool, lazy fellow mounted the rising ground at the back of the house, and then quietly lay down upon the ground to await the upshot, which in his case would assuredly have been sleep. How a North-American Indian would have scorned him! *He* would at once have set about the search, and with his marvellous sagacity would almost certainly have found me within a few hours, wherever I had bestowed myself; but if not, he would certainly have searched all night, and would not have returned without me.

"In many of their characteristics there is a very marked contrast between the two races. The Kanaka is lively, talkative, merry, good-natured, mercurial, quick, good-tempered; in social life immoral, immodest, unchaste, and in the married state unfaithful.

"The North-American Indian in his natural state is modest, chaste and faithful, proud, trustworthy, if trusted, reserved, crafty, vindictive, and, though liking a joke in season very well, habitually grave.

"The difference of their behaviour to other 'barbarians' is very marked. The Hawaiian women intermarry freely with Chinamen. In walking through the streets of Honolulu one may see Hawaiian girls caressing Chinamen in the retail shops, and hanging round their shaven wooden faces. Indian girls, except the very degraded, would scorn this.

"The Indian despises Chinamen and Kanakas; indeed, he looks down contemptuously upon all races except the white race and his own. 'John,' as the Chinaman is generally called, is, they say, 'no better than an Indian,' and then he is unwarlike, timid, and effeminate. The Chinamen, as they pass through the Indian country, must give the *pas* to the lord of the soil, and unless they are in formidably large gangs the Indians will mock and ridicule them, and imitate their strange, shrieking language as they pass by. In intellectual gifts, and a capacity for civilization, the Kanakas are vastly superior to the majority of the Indian tribes.

"While at the volcano I made several inquiries as to the traditions current among the natives concerning the death of Captain Cook, a man in whom every Englishman must feel such deep interest.

"I found that it was generally held that his death was the result of misapprehension, not of malice aforethought,

and was generally deplored by the Hawaiians at the time. They thought he was their god Lono, and this idea was strengthened by the fact of his smoking, or breathing fire as it was imagined.

"There can be little doubt that the great navigator was much to blame in not discountenancing this error—nay, he appears from Captain King's narrative, unintentionally let us hope, to have afforded encouragement to the idea, for he permitted himself to be treated with the honours that the natives would only pay to their divinities, was clothed in red garments, and had hogs offered before him. After his death it is said that the natives ate his heart and entrails that they might, according to a common superstition, become partakers of a portion of his spirit. This action they now look upon with horror, and I have heard that when quarrelling it has been a not uncommon sarcastic accusation of one against another to say, 'Your grandfather was one that ate Captain Cook.'"

Before leaving Hilo, Mr. Sheepshanks saw an exhibition of surf-swimming, one of the characteristic sports of the islands. "One evening I saw fifty or sixty of the youths of the island strip themselves of their scanty clothing upon the beach, and swim out to sea in company. Each one took with him his surf-board, a narrow plank, from five to ten feet in length, made of some light wood, generally of the willi-willi.

"For the distance of nearly a mile out to sea the water was covered with breakers that foam over the coral reef below, and come rolling grandly in a strong wind towards the shore. As each breaker came upon him, every youth would dive below it, and again swim on, taking his surf-board with him until he reached the open sea. Then each

one mounted his plank, lying upon it on his chest, and guiding it by the motion of his hands. Thus they floated towards the shore. The outermost wave would catch perhaps twenty of them at the same time, and they would come on in a row, riding upon the crest of the billow, driven towards the land with marvellous velocity, guiding their surf-board with the utmost skill, enveloped in the spray, and shrieking out their triumphant delight.

"If any one, through a comparative want of skill, were upset, it was astonishing to see the readiness with which he would dive, still retaining his plank, and reappearing, ride on again upon the succeeding wave. It is, I believe, very discreditable to quit hold of the surf-board. Thus again and again was the feat repeated. It seemed dangerous, but in truth is not so to these expert swimmers. The most skilful will not infrequently kneel, and sometimes, I was told, stand upright upon their boards in their swift career; but this I did not see. The most noted place in the islands for the practice of this sport is Lahaina, in Maui."

CHAPTER XXVI

EXCURSIONS IN OAHU

Picnic inland—Merry school-girls—Kanaka farmhouse—Native singer—Expedition to Waikiki—Ancient temples—Human sacrifices—House of refuge.

Soon after his return to Honolulu, Mr. Sheepshanks joined in an excursion to the windward side of Oahu, which showed the natives as adepts in riding as well as in swimming. Included in the party were a number of the elder scholars from the mission schools.

"Our course lay up the Nuaanu valley and over the famous pali or precipice, of which I have already spoken. At the summit of the pass an almost unequalled view lay before us. The abrupt descent, of many hundred feet in height, was clothed with the beautiful tropical vegetation. Thence a plain of verdant savannahs stretched away towards the east. Rugged hills, including several extinct volcanoes, stood like huge martello towers upon the extreme edge of the island. And beyond that, broken into many bays and creeks, and sometimes forming lagoons far inland, lay the exquisitely blue Pacific.

"The sea was perfectly calm, and to windward the horizon was clear; but on the mountain tops to the right

hand and the left dull clouds were gathered; heavy showers were falling around us, and tiny cascades bubbling behind augmented the stream that rushed down the valley towards the west.

"Dismounting from our horses we led them down the rough track which has lately been made up the ascent from the plain below, and then the merry party broke into a joyous gallop over the verdant meadow land.

"This was especially delightful to the school-girls of our party. The natives are singularly bold and skilful riders; their great fault being that they are merciless to their beasts, and care little for injuring them by their reckless riding. A want of consideration for animals is commonly found among savage tribes. But, as they say, horses are cheap in the islands. The native women, until they become quite converted to the usages of the whites, sit their horses astride—our school-girls, of course, imitated their white teachers in this respect—and manage refractory animals with great address.

"I once came upon a native woman taming an untrained horse upon a hillside near Honolulu. She had apparently but just caught it from among a number that were grazing around, and had placed a rope round its nose, and mounting it, without either saddle or stirrups, was careering madly around. The horse galloped wildly over the hillocks, and up and down the slopes, anxious apparently to get rid of its dusky burden; but the more it plunged and kicked and snorted, the more the brown Diana was delighted, and her black eyes sparkled and she screamed for joy.

"When intent upon a riding party, in which they indulge at least every Saturday, the women usually put on a long flowing skirt, which they wind around their feet; they

twine chaplets of flowers or berries, commonly of the bright yellow ohelo, around their hair; they put green wreaths over their shoulders, and as their long robes are almost always of bright colours, red and yellow being their favourite hues, their cavalcade generally wears a gay and animated appearance. Our school-girls had avoided the red and yellow and contented themselves with wreaths, and thus looked picturesque and abundantly happy.

"Our destination was a Kanaka farm-house, where preparations had been made for our reception. Ovens had been prepared in the earth, and pork had been cooked with hot stones, and vegetables (luau) placed between the layers of meat in the orthodox native fashion. The dinner was not quite ready, so we sauntered about and bathed and gathered water-cress. Water-cress is not indigenous to the island, but some seed was obtained from England and sown in the streams, and now there is scarcely a brook in the island which does not produce an abundant crop—an excellent proof of the benefit that is often conferred by acclimatization. Our dinner we found excellent; the plan of cooking the meat with the vegetables was pronounced admirable. Then followed songs; a young Kanaka favoured us with one of the native meles, squatting upon the ground and waving his arms, and droning out his monotonous chant in the usual most inharmonious fashion. In the evening a heavy storm of rain came on, and we rode home over a muddy trail and through dripping foliage."

On another occasion he went with some companions on a riding expedition to Waikiki, a village containing the favourite summer residence of the king.

"Near this spot there are the remains of one of the great heathen temples, in which the natives formerly offered their

idolatrous worship. A temple (heiau luakini) was in shape a parallelogram, between perhaps two and three hundred feet in length, and one hundred feet in width, of stone walls open towards the sky. The walls would be from eight to twenty feet high, according to the lie of the ground, and perhaps ten to twelve feet thick at the base, and narrowing towards the top, upon which there was a walk.

"Within, the enclosure was divided into several courts. At the prescribed end was the platform with the idols. If the front of the temple were towards the north, the idols were at the east, if at the east the gods were at the north. The idols were usually of the wood of the ohia.

"Solemn ceremonies were observed in the fabrication. The tree was carefully selected by the priest, and at the felling of the tree and sculpture of the idol, hogs were sacrificed, and there was a strict kapu. The head and neck of the god were often of wicker-work, covered with red feathers and adorned with sharks' teeth. A helmet would be placed upon his head, whence there hung down long tufts of human hair. Some of these idols were brought to England by Lord Byron.

"Before the platform there was a stone pavement, and on that the altar (rere). The offerings were usually hogs, dogs, and fowls. Human sacrifices were also offered, malefactors and prisoners taken in war. The victim was not slain before the idols, but was killed, usually by strangulation, outside the heiau, and then his corpse was brought in and laid among the other offerings before the gods.

"Any one who infringed the kapu was summarily despatched. A missioner was sent who approached the offender with guile, lest he might escape to one of the enclosures of refuge, and he was slain, though he might be

in the midst of his friends, generally without resistance, by a blow of a club.

"The building of a large temple (luakini) was accompanied with great formalities. It was generally done by a king or high chief after a victory or some notable success in gratitude to his god. Everything was done by the king and priests in concert with kapus and omens. At the commencement of the building, and indeed at every important step in the work, there were sacrifices and immense slaying of victims: hundreds of hogs and dogs were slain. If the omens were favourable and the hogs permitted themselves to be slain in perfect silence, and no rain fell the following night, the work was acceptable, and the king would be prosperous.

"They were often a long time in erecting one of these heiaus. On one occasion as much as ten years was consumed on the building. For if the omens were not favourable, a strict kapu was laid on and the work discontinued. As this was a time of great power and profit to the priests, it may be surmised that the signs were not infrequently pronounced inauspicious.

"The enclosures of refuge (puhonna) alluded to above were large enclosures from five to eight hundred feet long and four or five hundred feet wide, surrounded with a stone wall, and having several entrances. To them the manslayer might escape, 'he that smote his neighbour unawares, and hated him not in times past,' the thief, and the breaker of the kapu. Within the walls there were several heiaus with idols. At some little distance all round the enclosure they fixed poles with flags or hair attached. These signified that the place was kapu, and if the hunted criminal could but touch these poles he was safe—no one could harm him. It

was possible for him to live a long time in this city of refuge, if desirable. This merciful provision is very singular, and I am not aware that it was found in any other savage nation. Its similarity to the custom among the Hebrews need not be pointed out."

CHAPTER XXVII

VOYAGE TO CHINA

Setting out for Asia—On board the *Ethan Allen*—Fellow-passengers—Becalmed—Dread of pirates—Captain's diplomacy—Hong Kong.

Mr. Sheepshanks' visit now drew to a close; his native land beckoned him to return. But in the belief it was good for every man to see some little, not of the British Empire only, but of the great world and the strange folk who move about in it, he determined to bend his travels eastward.

No ill-considered wanderings were these; they were undertaken with the deliberate intent to behold with his own eyes the progress of missionary adventure, as well as to acquaint himself more thoroughly with Shamanism—the religion of the North-American Indian—in its original home.

Wonder and respect drew him towards China, the country where gunpowder and printing were ancient spells before his own forefathers had learned the alphabet; where its sages read the handwriting of the heavens before England had lifted its eyes from the ground; a country with religions and philosophies that went back to the dawning of civilization, and with quaint old ways and habits which exist nowhere but within the circuit of the Great Wall.

"After having seen all that I was particularly anxious to see in the Sandwich Islands, I soon became somewhat impatient for the arrival of a vessel to take me to China. There is a considerable amount of trade carried on between San Francisco and the Chinese ports, and in summer-time merchant vessels that are employed in carrying flour and silver bullion from California to the Celestial Kingdom, not infrequently call in at the islands for supplies and passengers.

"It seemed quite uncertain how long I might have to wait for a passage, and for a little time I was kept in a state of anxious expectancy. However, before my patience was by any means tired out—for life in the islands is very pleasant, and my English friends were most hospitable—the approach of an American barque bound for the flowery kingdom was telegraphed from Diamond Head.

"It proved to be the *Ethan Allen*, so called from an old hero of the American war of independence, of whom all I know is this, that he once summoned a British force to surrender 'in the name of the Great Jehovah and the American Republic,' a summons which, I believe, was promptly obeyed. It turned out that she was an excellent vessel, reputed a fast sailer and well commanded, so that here was just the opportunity that I was seeking. I bade good-bye to all my kind friends. I rode down to Waikiki, a quiet spot near the ocean, where, looking over the deep blue waters, one could see the stately 'ships go sailing on,' to bid adieu to an English family who had shown me much kind hospitality."

On a certain bright day of May, 1866, he drew out of port and bore with a fair wind for Canton.

"We expected a quick passage before the trade winds, but were disappointed. Whatever wind there was, was fair,

but we had but a little, and, though our vessel sailed well, we made slow progress. Besides myself, there were but three passengers, an English lady and an American gentleman going to China, and a Spanish priest bound for Manilla. The last mentioned afforded us no little amusement, for he was quite a character, and went by the name of the Don. He had been employed in Chili in the training of the choirs, and was about to be employed in the same work in Manilla. He was very lively and talkative, and ever cheerful.

"I managed to get through the time well enough in reading, and making up my journal; but some of the others, I fancy, found the time hang very heavily upon their hands. The constant succession of calm was certainly rather trying to one's patience. Morning after morning, on emerging from our cabins, we would find the ocean smooth as a mirror. The sun would rise and glimmer over the grey waters, but bring with it not a breath of air. Every stitch of canvas was spread in vain; the sails would only flap heavily against the masts; and surely there is not a more dreary, sickening sound than that flapping of the sails and shaking of the yards. The steward would look at his provisions, and empty out the cases of preserved meats and throw the straw overboard, where it would float lightly alongside; the sailors in the bows would fish for the heavy bonitas; and the mate would pace the deck slowly, and whittle any stray piece of wood for occupation. The sun would get high in the heavens, and the heat become intense.

"In the morning we passengers would chat indolently with the skipper, a smart, gentlemanlike young Yankee; but the conversation would soon flag, and the only sound of living creature would be the chirping of the canary in the cabin. As the sun rose in the heavens there would be

less and less protection from the sails, and we would all crawl into the lessening patches of shade to escape the fierce rays of the sun.

"There was one terrible hour at midday, when the sun was vertical and stood right above the masts. That we always dreaded. The deck was unendurable, and we were fain to fly for refuge to the stifling cabin. Silence reigned in that hour; we were beaten, and nothing was heard throughout the ship but the monotonous 'tick, tick' of the unwearied clock in the captain's cabin.

"All the while the sea was strangely calm. I would look sometimes over the vessel's side, and the sun would shine down, down into the still water, and the blue pencils of light would pierce down into the depths, converging more and more, until from fathoms deep a great eye of silver light would seem to be looking upwards in answer to the sun's ardent gaze. The dreaded hour passed, once more shadows were thrown across the deck, and the sun hastened on his course and pointed to the land where we longed to be; we would begin again our languid talk, and the Don would take out his cigars; the fierce heat diminished, the evening came on, and the sun sank, hissing into the expanse, gilding the white sails, until we seemed like a 'painted ship upon a painted ocean.' But the sea was still calm; the straw thrown overboard in the morning would still be floating alongside, and we knew that no way had been made. During the night the ship would roll quietly from side to side, and when morning dawned we were just where we were the day before.

"So the time flew by. Such incidents as the flying of one of the fowls overboard, or the capture of a booby by the skipper, who stalked him cleverly and caught him by

the leg while settled in the bulwarks, were quite noticeable events in the monotony of our life.

"Our fresh meat soon began to run short. We had brought a number of pigs and fowls with us, but they were all slain. One little black pig outlasted all the rest. He escaped frequently from the steward's hands, and would haunt the deck for hours. He became a great favourite. We christened him Othello, and the steward spared him as long as he could. But the inevitable hour arrived, and Othello too succumbed.

"There is, however, an end to everything. We passed through the Ladrones, sailing within cannon-shot of one of the islands, a huge rock which rose abruptly on all sides from the waves. We passed the Philippines, and saw in the distance lofty mountains gleaming through the haze, and then entered the China seas. Here we found a better breeze, and were soon bowling away merrily.

"We now began to see the junks scudding along with their fan-like sails, and the skipper ordered all the men on deck, that we might show as imposing a force as possible."

This was done in dread of pirates. Mr. Sheepshanks does not appear to have been staggered by the grisly tales that went the round. But the danger was no imaginary one. The crew were scanty, the cargo valuable—and the little drama of a sudden leap on deck, the ship carried at a rush, and the ship's company butchered, had been enacted before in the Chinese Archipelago.

Under Chinese control, Hong Kong was a nest of thieves and murderers. A few years previously Dr. Martin, a well-known missionary, with another clergyman, a Bishop, had been captured in these waters on their way to Patu. Their

captors were certainly "the mildest-mannered men that ever scuttled ship." "They invited us to share their breakfast on the deck of our own vessel, but they took possession of all our provisions, and our junk too, sending us to the island in a small boat and promising to pay us a friendly visit. One of them, who had taken my friend's watch, came to the owner to ask him how to wind it."

No piratical experience, either wholly tragic or touched with the humorous, was in store for the *Ethan Allen* and her passengers; at any rate, on that voyage.

"Upon nearing Hong Kong we returned the signal of one of these junks, and took a pilot on board. The skipper, in a friendly way, expressed his earnest hope that I should not think it my duty to interrupt him if he did not speak quite 'upon the square,' for our lives might be in jeopardy, and then called on deck every man on board.

"The junk came dashing up, the great sail being suddenly let down, as a lady shuts up her fan, and there on her deck we looked down upon about one hundred as villainous-looking creatures as I ever cast eyes upon. The skipper would only allow the captain of the junk to come on board with the pilot. And then there ensued a conversation not quite upon the lines of veracity. 'Where you from, captain?' in pigeon English. 'From New York.' The vessel had really come from San Francisco. 'What you have on board?' 'Corn and notions.' Really she was taking bars of silver from California to Manilla. 'How many days you out?' 'A hundred and eighty.' She had really been about seventy days from San Francisco. It was a question of conscience. But 'I lay low, and said nuffin',' like Brer Rabbit. No doubt the skipper feared that, though no attempt was made upon us then, his vessel would be

watched if it were known that he had silver on board, and he might be attacked on his way to Manilla.

"And, indeed, I had some reason to think that it was so. I know it was stated at Honolulu that the *Ethan Allen*, after her departure from Hong Kong, was not heard of again; and friends in the Sandwich Islands wrote home to England lamenting my (supposed) sad fate. But really I have no evidence whether the ship was captured or lost or not. Fortunately my letters from China arrived home before the alarming rumour got to the ears of my family. The pilot, a spare, bronzed, half-naked Chinaman, took the ship in charge, and late in the evening of the same day, June 28, after a forty days' passage from Honolulu, we anchored in the harbour of Hong Kong."

CHAPTER XXVIII

A NEW WORLD

Hong Kong—Its thoroughfares and people—A British colony—Canton—Riverside population — Street sights — Confused feeding — Chinese artificers—Pawnbrokers' shops.

On shore, Mr. Sheepshanks was at once plunged into the bizarre experiences of a new world.

"I was so amazed at the utter novelty of everything around that I could make but slow progress through the streets, and tried the patience sorely of the polite Compradore who, with his men, accompanied me with my luggage. What struck me most at first was the crowded state of the streets, and the throng and ceaseless bustle of the principal thoroughfares. No women, indeed, were to be seen, but crowds of men, chiefly lean, shaven, pig-tailed, olive-coloured, and half naked.

"The shops were still open, and in the by-streets the citizens were still working with the patient industry characteristic of Chinamen. The fruiterers' and greengrocers' stalls were laden with all manner of tropical fruits and vegetables, and purchasers could be seen bargaining with the hucksters, and carrying away small piles of fruit in return for small sums of cash. In the alleys and passages obese, shaven Chinamen were smoking their absurdly small pipes, and

chattering loudly and laughing, having no clothing only a pair of drawers and thick-soled shoes.

"In the greater thoroughfares, which in Hong Kong, being an English town, are broad and well kept, but few vehicles or animals could be seen. The passengers were either on foot or were carried along the road in sedan-chairs, each sedan being supported by two or three bearers. The occupant, either a native of wealth and consequence or an European merchant or officer, was sitting within in state, and the bearers trotted along briskly, shouting or grunting to warn bystanders out of the way. They too were clothed simply enough in breeches rolled up at the waist, shoes, and perhaps the well-known broad-brimmed straw hats, with napkins hanging loosely on the shoulder, with which, during any pause for rest, they wiped the perspiration from their face and body. Indeed, so meagre was the clothing of all that the general prevailing impression, look where one would, was of bare, moist, olive-coloured flesh. Everywhere there was a ceaseless babble of high-pitched human voices.

"The streets blazed with light from the many-coloured lanterns. The shops in the chief thoroughfares glittered with works of Chinese art, vases and smaller vessels of porcelain, shelves of carved ivory, gaudy fans with grotesque figures, bright banners and pictures; the warm, moist air was laden with the peculiar scent of the tobacco and other Oriental odours. The busy scene of shifting phantasmagoria seemed passing strange after the sombre, silent forests of America."

From the island of Hong Kong, where the flag of Queen Victoria was flying, he crossed over to Canton, and found himself for the first time in Chinese territory.

"There is nothing in the least imposing about the first

appearance of a Chinese town. On the contrary, while the flatness of the ground prevents the seeing any large portion of it at once, so that the vastness of its extent is concealed, the total absence of any imposing edifice, and the lowness and uniformity of the buildings, give to the whole a mean and poverty-stricken appearance.

"There are no openings in the expanse such as are made in European cities by the squares, streets, and gardens, for in the Chinese towns the so-called streets, which we should rather designate as passages, are very narrow, generally only some five or six feet wide, so that, when viewed from a little distance from an elevation, or the deck of a steamer, the whole appears nothing more than a huge conglomeration of huts. Such is Canton.

"The sight all around of low, dingy houses, whose level is only broken by a few large, tower-like buildings, which, appearing to the first sight of the stranger to be fortresses, are in fact pawnbrokers' warehouses, is, though very strange, certainly disappointing to one's expectations of a huge Asiatic city.

"At one's first walk through the city of Canton, perhaps the most noticeable and novel sight is that of the sampans, the inhabited boats with which the river and its numerous arms and creeks which run through the city are crowded. They are not large in size, being about fifteen feet long, and are covered over, except in the bows, with a permanent awning of wicker-work in two or three pieces, one overlapping the other, to protect the inhabitants from rain and the fierce rays of the sun. Some of them are called slipper-boats, from the fact that they are shaped precisely like the Chinese slippers. Some are of a superior class, and are adorned in the native manner with gilt and coloured ornamentations.

In these boats the inhabitants are born and bred and live and die.

"Some of the people earn a scanty living by conveying passengers across the river or to different parts of the city, which is intersected by its various streams. Many of the others belong to the labouring class, who have employment in the city, but find it cheaper to live rent free in the boats than to hire a house in town, for house-rent is high in Canton. In the boats they eat and sleep, using for the purposes of cooking small portable stoves, or braziers, fed with fuel which perhaps they pick from the mire and place in fragments in the bows, or upon the quays, to dry in the sun. All their property is carried about in their floating homes, and you see the children sprawling about, and perhaps a brood of ducklings waddling across the deck.

"Sometimes by an ingenious and thoroughly Chinese contrivance they will place a covered wicker basket outside the boat and just on the water level, in which a melancholy goose will be seen sitting with his feet just dabbling in the water. Kindness to animals and birds and an intelligent study of their ways are characteristic of John Chinaman.

"The different branches of the river which run through the town are literally covered with these sampans, so that it is with some difficulty that a clear passage is kept in the middle of the stream. All along the sides and by the quays they are locked together, so that one might often walk for a considerable distance from boat to boat. But the inhabitants are in a constant state of activity, and are all the time talking to each other or shouting to persons in the streets, and are always on the *qui vive* for a fare. The boats are propelled by means of a long oar at the stern with which they scull and steer, and also by a bamboo about twenty-five

feet long with which they pole at the bows, pushing it deep into the mud, and, when not moving, fastening their boat to it by the head.

"The streets of Canton, as I have intimated, are very narrow, being only from four to six feet in width—the houses almost meeting overhead—and are paved with granite, and sometimes covered overhead with boards or glass frames, so that scarcely any sun or rain penetrates to the thoroughfare. This, of course, is the object aimed at. They are perpetually crowded with men passing to and fro on their various business. No vehicles are used, except palanquins, neither are horses or cattle to be seen in the streets.

"Occasionally oxen are conveyed through the town, in which case they are led and not driven. The stream of men is incessant; coolies, naked to the waist and below the knee; shopkeepers and merchants in their cool, white garments, and with fans in their hands; scholars with long white robes almost reaching to the feet; Buddhist priests, palanquin-bearers, water-carriers, are ever thronging the narrow ways. Scarce any women are to be seen. I suppose one meets at least fifty men to one woman. Women of the labouring classes, who are to be distinguished by their feet being as God made them, may be seen in the by-streets where they reside.

"And occasionally a woman of the better class, with her feet like a donkey's hoof, comes walking slowly and stiffly along, just as though she had wooden legs, leaning perhaps upon the arm of a servant, and moving from shop to shop upon a woman's favourite occupation. But, as a rule, the streets are thronged with men only. And as one wanders about hour after hour, one's general impression is of naked olive limbs, smooth faces with small Oriental eyes, shaven

heads, and a close atmosphere redolent of joss-sticks and stifling, oily, aromatic odours.

"Before the shops are long, many-coloured pendant tablets inscribed with Chinese characters. These are sign-boards, and tell the passer-by the name of the shop, and at how cheap a rate goods may be obtained within. They hang from almost the top of the houses nearly to the ground, and impart a very gay, picturesque appearance to the scene. There are also handsome lanterns hanging down in front of the shops, painted in gay colours, large and small, round and square. The coolies go hurrying by with heavy burdens slung to a pole borne upon the shoulder. Often at each end there will be a bucket of water, but sometimes a heavy pig encased in a wicker basket, grunting and squealing; sometimes pairs of fowls, or joints of meat, or baskets of rice. At each end of the street there is an image of the god of wealth, joss-sticks burning before him.

"At the entrance of each shop, on the 'grunsell-edge,' is a niche in honour of the same god, in which his name is inscribed. Here in the morning the tradesman makes his offering, beseeching the god to prosper his work for the day; and here in the evening he may be seen pouring out libations with reverential prostrations, the joss-sticks smoking in the niche, while he thanks the god for his profits. His service of Mammon is open and honest, anyway.

"As we walk along it appears that every species of trade is being carried on, and almost every kind of produce exposed for sale. Here are the rich silks and fabrics of the land; next door, a lapidary, then a druggist, next a lacquer-dealer; opposite, a shop full of china, that would make an English collector's mouth water. Taking a turn, the shops are of a different kind. There is a group of greengrocers'

stores stocked with vegetables. Boys sit at the entrance peeling cucumbers. There is a fruiterer's stall with trays of oranges, mangoes, pine-apples, plums, pears, lichis, bananas, whampees, water-melons, walnuts, and almonds. Next is a butcher; then a shop with very curious-looking meat. As you look you recognize a bunch of skinned rats, portions of a dog, and some small carcases that look not unlike rabbits, but which after inspection prove to be cats.

"You may go into the shop, as I did, and order a cat for luncheon. It will be served up to you minced up into little pieces with green salad. And if you go and listen at the door at the further end of the room, you will hear the tabbies that are being fattened for the table mewing within. A little further on is a blacksmith, then a shoemaker. In a large room inside another shop you will actually find a mill. Some six or eight small Chinese oxen are turning as many mill-stones, and so grinding flour for the cakes which are eaten in the houses of entertainment, and in a corner a man is sifting the flour by means of a very primitive machine worked with the feet.

"The next street seems to be devoted to the dead. Here are made sacrificial papers, on which messages are written to dead friends, paper fans, and even paper clothing, which being burnt will cover the nakedness of the departed. A little beyond European goods are for sale; next door is a tobacconist, then a stone-cutter, where you see large lumps of the beautiful jade being cut and prepared for the lapidary; beyond, there is a ribbon-weaver, where the ribbons are made which tie up the ladies' small feet.

"Turn down a few more streets to the west, and you find yourself in the midst of a population weaving silk. In one house you see vats of dye, and the silk which has been just

taken out hanging from the lofty ceiling. Then come rows of houses, in which half-naked men are at work with the loom, a machine which the Chinamen have used time out of mind. There you may watch the manufacture of beautiful fabrics of all colours and of elegant patterns.

"As you walk on through the next street you may perchance come across a bird's-nest soup shop. You will see trays of the glutinous nests upon the counter. The soup, which is eaten with plovers' eggs, is exceedingly good and somewhat expensive. Then comes a carver in wood; beyond, a candle-maker; next door a manufacturer of fireworks; opposite, a maker of buttons, which perhaps are stamped with the name of an English firm and exported. There are rope-makers, and basket and rattan makers, and then a shop piled up with coffins.

"Here you may perceive the idol-maker's establishment, and may watch the artificers carving a Buddhist or Taoist divinity, and may perhaps—oh, how strange and sad it seems!—see the figure of the crucified Saviour or of St. Mary. Then there is a weaver of mats or a maker of confectionery or a lantern-maker. At the corner there are refreshment stalls with queer-looking eatables, meat and vegetables chopped up small in little blue basins, and trays of varied sweetmeats and cakes, the bean cakes for all the world like pats of yellow soap. Hard by is a fortune-teller's stall and a gambler's.

"Down the next street are the poulterers' and fishmongers' shops, the birds of the former and the fish of the latter being sold alive. The pawnbrokers' shops, or rather perhaps warehouses, which I mentioned before, are very curious. They are, as I intimated, the only edifices that rise above the level of the houses, and are built like towers.

"It is said that the people build their houses so low that they may not interfere with the spirits which, according to the Taoist theory, are ever coursing about just above the earth. This is one of the notions handed down from the old times of Shamanism, or demonolatry. But the pawnbrokers seem to be superior to any fear of the resentment, whether of demons or of the spirits of the departed. Their warehouses are five or six stories high, and tower far above the houses. They are, in fact, not only pawnshops in our sense of the term, but also repositories in which goods may be placed for safety. Should there be occasion for a rich man to be away from home for awhile, he may perhaps send his valuables, possibly his best suit of clothes, to the pawnbroker to be taken care of. The whole building is stored with miscellaneous articles carefully enwrapped and docketed.

"In the centre of the building, rising from the base to the top, is a separate compartment of wood, containing the more valuable articles, such as jewelry. The walls are of thick brickwork, and the apertures are furnished with iron shutters. Mounting by ladder staircases to the top you emerge upon the roof, where there are jars of water in case of a sudden fire, and perhaps a large jar of vitriol to be thrown in the faces of assailants. For attempts are sometimes made to scale these repositories of loot, and the fat, oily, wealthy pawnbroker is a determined man, and has a band of resolute assistants. Looking down upon the city, one saw that most of the houses have numerous jars of water upon the roofs."

CHAPTER XXIX

CANTON

Merchants' guild—Scene of the willow pattern—Its legend—Private grounds—Suburban residences—Lunch with the ladies.

By the kindness of Mr. Gray, the colonial chaplain, Mr. Sheepshanks was enabled to see the places and objects of most interest in Canton.

"One of these was the institution of the merchants' guild. The meetings of the merchants to settle the price of tea are held there in an open quadrangle, ornamented at the cornice with curious carvings. Merchants come hither from the neighbouring country to discuss the tea trade, and are lodged in rooms attached to the building.

"In a further open court there is an artificial pond, in which the sacred flower, the lotus, is growing luxuriantly. This pond is spanned by a narrow bridge, in the centre of which there is carved the sign of the yin and the yang, symbol of the coition of the productive powers of nature. For the Chinese have from time immemorial been acquainted with the duality of sex that runs through the whole of the animal and vegetable kingdom; and it is part of their philosophy that from the union of the two all things have their origin. It was from the coition of the heaven (or sky)

the masculine active principle, and the earth, the female receptive principle, that life was brought into being. It is of this part of their philosophy that the yin and the yang is the symbol. In this instance the symbol was covered over to preserve it from profanation.

"In an open shrine before the bridge is an image of the god of the tea trade. Behind this court are various buildings connected with the establishment, and covered galleries. Every door and opening in the galleries is in the form of some flower or fruit. One of the outlying courts has a quaint interest of its own. 'Look round here,' said Mr. Gray, 'and see if anything strikes you.' I looked and saw an artificial pond, with a narrow granite path across it leading up to a small highly arched bridge, and over it to an arbour by which stood a tree. Two of the Chinamen who were standing about were asked to go to the arbour; and accordingly they walked along the narrow way and over the bridge. 'Why,' I exclaimed, 'there is the willow-pattern plate.'

"Yes, indeed, so it was: this is said to be the spot whence the willow pattern was taken. The story is this.

"A long time ago all this ground formed the garden of a Chinese gentleman of whom it was purchased by the guild. 'He was a rich merchant that in Canton did dwell, and he had a young daughter, an uncommon fine young girl,' whom he against her will engaged to an eligible rich young man of his acquaintance. But next door over the wall lived another young man, who had won her affections. This youth would climb the wall and have stolen interviews with his Dinah in her father's garden.

"One evening the cruel parent was informed that the lovers were together in his grounds, and accordingly comes with his attendants threatening horrible things. The

trembling lovers retreated, pursued across the water and over the bridge, where, when they were on the point of being captured, they were changed by the god of marriage into a couple of doves, and so flew away; the fact probably being that they escaped so expeditiously by a ladder of ropes that the baffled pursuers came to the conclusion that they must have taken wings. It was refreshing to find that the same romances go on in the land of pig-tails and wisdom as among the Western barbarians; and hence the Chinese version of young Lochinvar and Villikins and his Dinah.

"The mode of laying out gardens with ponds and bridges and summer-houses is the usual fashion in Canton. I was able to see some very extensive and elaborately arranged grounds, the property of a private gentleman of fortune, but there was only a recurrence of the same objects. Artificial ponds, filled with the lotus, and supplied with water from the river; covered causeways crossing the ponds, so as to divide them into rectangular sheets of water, the galleries covering the causeways being of wood painted black, supported on long rows of red posts ornamented with gilded wood cut in diamonds and tablets inscribed with moral sentences; numerous summer-houses, large and small, some of them built in the pagoda style, the largest of them possessing an atrium, sheltered often by fine trees, the apartments filled with costly furniture, marble chairs and mirrors; and somewhere, attached to one of these pagodas, that luxury indispensable to the wealthy Chinaman—a theatre.

"These were the salient features of the grounds. It was all very costly, novel, and bizarre, but quite artificial; and there was nothing that to our eyes could be called beautiful, or that could give one that feeling of seclusion, restfulness,

and mental satisfaction which one looks for in that spot so dear to an English heart—a garden."

From the town Mr. Sheepshanks passed out into the country to see the suburban residences of the wealthier Cantonese.

Crossing the river, he and his friend were met by one of the sons of a well-known merchant, who made them welcome —with the Eastern exaggeration of politeness—to the house with its grounds and various buildings.

"In the first place, we were conducted to the house of our young entertainer, who regaled us with some superb tea, and chatted pleasantly upon various topics, England among the rest, and asked me questions about my visit and how I liked China, and so on—just as any other gentleman would do.

"He was a younger son, and was married; yet, as is customary among the wealthy, lived on in the family establishment. Upon this same plot of ground there were several establishments of different members of the family, all living close to each other in patriarchal fashion.

"We gathered from our friend that his expenses amounted to about £5000 per annum, and those of the whole establishment to £25,000. Attached to the establishment there were a domestic physician and painter. The latter was at work in the room into which we had been ushered, painting fans. The apartment, like most of the sitting-rooms which I saw, was open to the air on one side, opening out into a small court. At the opposite end of the room from the court there was a recess somewhat larger than a large fireplace. This also opened upward to the air, so that there was abundant ventilation in the apartment; and in this recess there were flowering shrubs and young trees. There were

chairs in stiff rows, and small round tables inlaid with marble in set positions.

"The Chinese chairs are in general uncomfortable enough, of hard black wood, with low backs and marble seats. Marble whose veins bear a greater or less resemblance to some animal or bird is much valued. In all the houses and summer-houses of the wealthy, slabs of this marble are to be seen, and in some instances the resemblances are so remarkable that it is difficult to think that they are not artificial.

"After wishing good-bye to our polite entertainer, we walked through the grounds, by ponds and lotus plants, and granite paths leading to summer-houses, and past the residences of the several sons of the family.

"In the heart of the city the houses of the well-to-do tradesmen are much less extensive. There the room in which the ancestral shrine is set up is used as a sitting and eating apartment, one side of it being open upon a small court, beyond which are the sleeping-rooms and, perhaps, on one side, what we should call the drawing-rooms.

"Calling one day upon a merchant in the city, we entered his house through a porch opening into a street. Crossing a small court, we came to a second porch, where our further progress was barred by large doors only partially closed, looking through which I could see, across another small court, the ladies of the family just rising from their midday meal. But here we turned to the right, and entered what in England would be styled the drawing-room. It was a spacious apartment, reminding me in its style of the Roman architecture of the time of the empire. The end at which we entered was evidently the portion of the apartment habitually used by the inmates. The roof here was upborne by two

rows of pillars or supports, and in line with them there were two stiff rows of the uncomfortable Chinese chairs. Over the central part of the hall was a skylight or atrium, and its sides were also of glass backed with quicksilver, forming a number of mirrors. The further portion of the hall beyond this was commonly used as a theatre.

"The rich Chinese are very fond of theatrical entertainments, and companies of actors can always be hired for private representations. The walls of the drawing-room are usually covered with pictures, but in this instance they had been removed, as the family was in mourning. The master of the house happened to be away from home; but Mr. Gray was very well known to all the members of the family, and we had the honour of taking lunch with the ladies of the household. They did not, indeed, partake of the food along with us, but they sat and chatted pleasantly while we were waited upon. They were very nice-looking, very refined in manner, and exceedingly courteous."

CHAPTER XXX

A CHINESE GOLGOTHA

Opium eaters—Place of execution—Cemetery—Monastery at Honan—Temple service—Idol worship—Chant of adoration—Forbidding ceremonies.

"It was on the same day that we paid a visit to a very different place—an opium den.

"I was prepared for something unpleasant, but the reality was far more distressing than my anticipations. There were recesses like berths round the apartment which we entered, and a few divans, on which one or two human beings were lying in a state of dull insensibility. The distressing sight was that of these 'human beings.'

"At the first glance I thought that there must have been a mistake, and that we had entered a house for women. The 'human beings' with their pallid, pasty faces, long queues, lack-lustre eyes, and emaciated limbs looked like young women in one of the last stages of consumption. Yet they were of the male sex, I can scarcely call them men, for they had no sign of virility about them. They spoke no word in the few minutes we were there. One of them took a few whiffs at his opium pipe and lay down on a divan for his dreams. Poor creatures! created by God for life and love and usefulness. They were on the road,

I suppose, to an early and lamented death. It was a bitter and humiliating thought that the drug which was ruining them had been manufactured by the British Government, and practically forced upon their country for the sake of the revenue which it brings in to our Indian exchequer."

The traveller was anxious to visit "the City of the Dead," the cemetery where the bodies of strangers and citizens were deposited, the former until they could be taken away to their own country, the latter until some suitable resting-place had been found for them.

On the way thither—

"We passed through the execution ground, where criminals, and in yet vaster numbers rebels, have suffered the penalties of the inexorable Chinese laws.

"Here in this little spot of ground, not more than a good-sized courtyard, thousands and tens of thousands of men have been hurried out of the world by a violent death. Here in the time of that great man, Mr. Commissioner Yeh, whose name is yet well remembered amongst us, as many as eight hundred heads would be struck off in a single day. 'Rebellion must be put down,' he said, 'he was there not to make the law but to administer it,' and so 'off with their heads.'

"The criminals are killed in various ways; sometimes decapitated, sometimes strangled. They are often decapitated when hanging upon crosses. There were at the time several crosses leaning against the wall of the enclosure, upon which but lately the bodies of the slain were hanging. The cross was only between seven and eight feet in height, and made of two strong rough pieces of wood, like branches of trees, not squared and planed, but the one nailed and strongly

fastened across the other. It was still stained with dark red blood, and the walls were also sprinkled with the dry blood of the victims. Skulls lay upon the ground. The place seemed to the imagination to smell like a slaughter-house. I was glad to get away and proceed onwards.

"We entered the city of the dead, which I found covered a considerable extent of ground, through an entrance-gate and passed the never failing pond, on the other side of which there was a fine grove of trees, the home of hundreds of sacred cranes who were making a noise and flapping their wings and moving from tree to tree and bending down the branches with their weight. The enclosure, I found, was surrounded by a wall pierced for musketry. The reason for this is that when a man of consequence dies and is brought hither there would be a risk of robbers breaking in and carrying away the body and holding it to ransom. The friends of the deceased will therefore send in a guard along with the corpse, and precautions are taken so that if necessary the place may be defended.

"Turning in at another gate we entered what may be called the cemetery, where the bodies rest till they are buried. The ground was laid out in little paved streets, or alleys, of dark grey bricks; all the houses, or rather apartments, being exactly alike. As we walked along we could look into each apartment, or cell, through the open door. In each of them there was one, or perhaps two coffins placed upon tressels; and near the door and between it and the coffins stood an altar-table, with candles and joss-sticks (*i.e.* long pastilles), where devotions and libations are offered to the spirit of the departed. The coffins are nothing but sections of the trunks of trees split open and

hollowed, and then carefully shut down. The better ones are well lacquered, and look solid and handsome.

"At the time of my visit there were about two thousand corpses in the city. Many of them are the bodies of Chinamen from other provinces, waiting till they can be transported to their own place. But many of them are the bodies of residents waiting till the geomancer has found a propitious place for the burial.

"Chinamen have a very curious theory of the Fung Shui, or the relation subsisting between the elements of nature, earth and water. For instance, it is proposed to build a house in a certain place; but the appointed geomancer says that such a hill disturbs the Fung Shui, and a pagoda must be built in an opposite direction to counteract it. Otherwise the spot would be unlucky. Or again, some tall building that a foreigner proposes to erect cannot be permitted because it would throw the Fung Shui into confusion. A lofty telegraph station that was to be built at Shanghai was prohibited on this ground. Should a foreigner erect a house that at all overtops his neighbours, it is not an uncommon sight to see poles and bamboos projected from the neighbouring houses to throw back the evil influence. The geomancer who goes about the country estimating the Fung Shui, and thus finding out lucky or unlucky places for houses or tombs, is a very important and responsible personage."

Since the desire to obtain some experimental knowledge of its religions and worship had brought Mr. Sheepshanks to the Flowery Land, it was with peculiar interest that he directed his steps to the large and splendid Buddhist temple and monastery at Honan.

"Having entered the gates which led into the sacred

precincts we saw before us a large open space, or grassy court, across which a granite path led up to the porch of the principal temple.

"My attention was attracted by a noise from the interior, which showed that the evening worship was going on within. I hurried, therefore, to the central door, and, passing through a group of natives who stood outside and readily made way for me, beheld at once a scene which was indelibly impressed upon my memory. Immediately before me, fronting the central entrance, sat the 'Three Precious Ones,' colossal idols, fifty feet high, I should suppose, made of wood brightly and handsomely gilded, and painted in red and black. In the centre sat Ometo (contracted from the Sanscrit Amitabha 'infinite light'), the intermediate Buddha, by whom men may become a Buddha; and on his right the image of Nirvana, with closed eyes and hands resting on knees, the sign of repose through absorption into the infinite. There, tranquil in appearance as the Sphinx figures of Egypt, almost majestic were it not for the thought of the idolatrous adoration that was paid them, sat the three divinities, showing to the misguided worshippers (as they think) the divine being that each might become—Him through whom the perfection might be attained, and the final, desired end.

"Before the huge idols there was placed an altar-table, with a large metal pot, or brazier, full of incense-stick ashes, in which incense-sticks were then burning, and stands with artificial flowers; in front of the table a round mat. Between this and the entrance there was another table, with also a mat in front of it. On either side, on the right hand and on the left as one looked in, and facing each other, there stood three long rows of priests, clad in

grey tunics, with long yellow silk capes over the left shoulder and under the right arm, heads entirely shaven, and pale, emaciated countenances. They stood perfectly still and, all upon the same note, chanted a monotonous chant, accompanied by three priests, who stood by the first altar striking upon hollow wooden drums and a small wooden ball.

"We stepped inside and retired to a corner, no other person being admitted, and watched the proceedings. The chanting continued for nearly half an hour, and I had leisure to look around. On either side of the temple against the wall there was ranged a row of images in black and red, effigies of holy persons who have distinguished themselves in the service of Buddha and have given up all for him. By these stood in rows those of the bonzes who had not yet attained the honour of the priesthood. They wore no yellow cloaks, but were all in grey. The yellow garments of the priests, I noticed, were not in one piece, but were made up of many square patches. This is in token of their supposed poverty. The countenances of nearly all were fatuous to a painful degree, and many of them bore an expression that was quite repulsive As I observed these evil-looking beings, I could readily believe all that I had heard from residents in China of their abominable lives in their monasteries.

"These so-called priests, I afterwards found, are generally hated and despised by the people. It is frequently possible for a criminal to escape execution by enrolling himself among their number.

"After a while a change took place in the beating of the drums, and the chanting ceased. Then the officiating priest, the youngest of the assembly, came forward to the

first altar, and, standing there, took incense-sticks and with prostrations elevated them before the divinities. Then, prostrating himself upon the mat, he bowed thrice, touching the ground with his forehead. Then, going to the second altar nearest to the door, he offered, with bows, oblations of rice and water, again elevating them before the Sacred Three. These offerings he poured out upon a hewn stone outside the door, where the birds are supposed to feed upon them. Thence, returning again, he prostrated thrice before the Three Precious Ones, touching the ground with his forehead.

"Then another change, and two priests, coming forward with the beating of the wooden ball, knelt at the open door with their backs to the Buddhas and worshipped the heavens with muttered prayers. This is not pure Buddhism, but, in accordance with the policy of that form of belief in China, has been adopted from the Confucian system. This concluded, a procession was made in single file round the temple, the line passing round by the back and so in front of the Sacred Three, and, as they went, again they all chanted in hoarse, monotonous tones, 'Ometo Fo, Ometo Fo' —Fo, the corruption of a Manchurian word, being the equivalent for Buddha, the idea being that merit is acquired by the mere repetition of the sacred name.

"Towards the end the time gradually quickened, until at the close it became quite a quick march. But all the time this long row of priests, consisting of perhaps a hundred and fifty hideous shaven men clad in grey and yellow vestments, were shouting out before the gigantic idols, 'Ometo Fo, Ometo Fo, Ometo Fo.' After a little pause, each standing in his place, the scene was over.

"Though I had once or twice previously been in a

heathen idol-house, yet never before had I been witness of idolatrous worship; and this scene, with its incense and bowings and prostrations and elevations, its hoarse chant and the impression made upon the mind by the idols, huge, staring, impassive, had an effect upon me that I could not describe. It was horror."

CHAPTER XXXI

SHANGHAI TO TIEN-TSIN

Just in time—A story of the drought—Irrigation on river banks—Watchmen and their drums—Tien-tsin—Belated melodies.

As the month of June drew to its close, Mr. Sheepshanks' visit to Canton came also to an end. Sailing from Hong Kong to Shanghai, he was fortunate enough to escape by a few hours the fury of a typhoon which wrought havoc amongst the junks and shipping.

Shanghai, the most European of Chinese towns, presented no fresh features of interest; he quickly passed on to Tien-tsin and the Taku forts, with the memories of their bombardment in 1859. The heavens were as brass above him; the land was gasping for rain. A missionary, who had come on board, told a story of the drought in a certain district, and of the fear of the inhabitants lest famine should fall upon them.

"The pagans accordingly resolved, like the followers of Baal, to call upon the god Pak-Ti for rain. His image, therefore, a life-size figure made of terra-cotta, coloured red and black and blue, with fierce face, glaring eyes, and ferocious moustache, was placed upon a bier, lifted upon men's shoulders, and, accompanied with hoarse monotonous

prayers and cries and the beating of drums, was carried in procession round the country.

"Before long the sky was overcast, the prayers were redoubled, and sure enough the rain came. The heathen triumphed, the Christian converts were silenced. But the rain came pouring down, and Pak-Ti began to show signs of damage. His colours began to get mixed. The priests grew anxious, and covered the god with garments. But the garments were quickly soaked through, and made matters worse. It happened that they were passing through a tract of country where there was no shelter.

"Still the rain came pouring down, and poor Pak-Ti became a mass of many-coloured paste. First one limb fell off, and then another, and at length his head, now a shapeless mass, rolled off into the mire, and nothing was left on the bier but a lump of reddish mud. It was then the turn of the Christian converts to triumph.

"So long-continued had been the drought, that even the land upon the banks of the Peiho was irrigated after a common Chinese fashion seen in pictures A tall fork of a tree is planted on the bank, upon which a long pole is tied and balanced. At that end of the pole which is nearest to the river a bucket is suspended, balanced at the other end by a large stone. A man is constantly employed from morning till night in baling water from the river by means of this bucket, whence a small trench circulates it over the land. The trees by the water-side are willows, acacias, and fruit trees—peaches, apricots, pears, and apples.

"Every mile or two we passed villages swarming with people who dwell in houses made of dried mud, large and well built, with holes in the walls, covered with lattice-work, for windows. At most of these villages, and at intervals all

up the river, small docks had been made, in which the junks and boats are repaired and preserved during the winter months while the ice is on the river. Portions of the gardens were fenced in with wicker fences made of reeds, ingeniously plaited to keep the strong winds from levelling the crops.

"And in the neighbourhood of populous places little cages are made for watchmen to keep an eye over the crops, and warn off poor starving coolies who otherwise would assuredly commit depredations upon the fruit and vegetables. These watchmen's dens at a little distance might be mistaken for beehives. They are raised from the ground on small props and covered with matting, and only contain space enough for a small man to crawl into.

"The watchmen, after a very Chinese fashion, as they perambulate the gardens and the streets of the town, sound a small drum of wood and skin to frighten the rogues away.* The foreign residents generally employ one of these men to walk about their premises during the night to watch their houses and 'godowns' (the word current among the residents for warehouses), and often, if sleepless from the heat, one may hear the pig-tailed Dogberry going his rounds, beating his dismal drum. One naturally wondered at first why the merchants did not stop this noise, so calculated, one would think, to defeat the very purposes of watching. But no! This would never do. For, true to his office, Dogberry would straightway compose himself to slumber in the shadow of some wall. Whereas now, if the sound of the tell-tale drum be missed but for a little while, some wakeful barbarian will

* Here Mr. Sheepshanks observed much the same custom as that which passes amongst the watchmen of Constantinople, where they beat the pavement with their sticks to show that they are awake and on their rounds.

descend and rouse the Celestial from the arms of Morpheus with a stimulative kick. On our way up the river we passed not a few fishing junks, the crews of which appeared to be almost, if not quite, naked."

In Tien-tsin Mr. Sheepshanks remained only twenty-four hours.

"In the evening of the day I was there, I was much surprised in walking through the dirty streets to hear a blind old Chinaman playing upon an accordion, and playing in a very correct and spirited way some of the best-known operatic airs, which promptly carried one back in thought to former years. Upon inquiry, I found that the old man had picked them up from hearing them played by the English regimental bands when our men were here in 1860, and played them from ear."

CHAPTER XXXII

ON THE ROAD TO THE CAPITAL

Mule carts—Their discomfort—Attempts at imposition—The village inn—Pest of insects—Life in small towns—The story teller—Where are the women?—An unexpected burst of speed—Sleepy driver.

"It was on the evening of July 19, at about seven o'clock, that I started for Peking in one of the mule carts of the country. These mule carts are somewhat like tiny waggons, being about six feet in length, four feet of which is covered over, having what, for want of a better term, we may call a 'boot' behind for packages or food for the mules. The breadth of the vehicle is about three feet, so that there is not much accommodation for the traveller, especially when it is considered that this is his habitation by day, and in hot weather usually his sleeping-place by night.

"It is in these vehicles that all the travelling in this part of China is done. They are drawn by mules, generally two, driven tandem, but not harnessed as a tandem is in England, both the ropes of the leader being on the same side of the wheeler. As the carts possess no springs, and the art of macadamizing has not yet penetrated to the Celestial Empire, the process of this journeying is to one unaccustomed to it sufficiently agonizing. The only plan is to pack the bottom of the cart well with straw, blankets,

and, if you have them, which I had not, bed and pillows, and then by means of them and other clothes and packages to wedge one's self so tightly in as to defy the most ferocious jolts; and then, if the thermometer be at 105 in the shade, as it was when I was at Tien-tsin, the condition one gets into may possibly be imagined.

"For my own part I preferred travelling by night, and resting in the middle of the day, for the heat was not to be withstood. So accordingly at 7 p.m., having assured my timid drivers of the resoluteness of my character and my preparedness to encounter any amount of robbers, though indeed the only weapon that I possessed was a cotton umbrella, we set out amid the kind farewells of the friends that I had made on board the steamboat, who assembled on the quay to witness my departure; for they knew that I was setting forth on a long journey homeward. We lumbered on by the river and through the crowded streets of Tien-tsin, until, passing the walls and the suburbs, we began to emerge upon the open country.

"Here was made the first attempt upon the purse of the stranger unacquainted with the customs and language of the country. By words and signs the drivers of my two carts gave me to understand that we must have a light, and they must have money wherewith to purchase candles. This was an imposition, I knew, and though a trifling one, yet as being the first it was to be resisted. There is some slight advantage, though indeed a great deal of awkwardness and discomfort, in being unacquainted with the language of the country; and I would not understand them. They asked for money to buy candles, and I told them that I had no candles to give them. Thus we persisted, to the great delight of a crowd of half-naked people, who marvelled

doubtless at the denseness of the barbarian. After a little while, however, a candle was somehow procured and fastened to the leading mule, and on we went. But in fact the light was not needed, as I perfectly well knew, for the moon shortly arose, and the candle was either extinguished or allowed to go out.

"On we jogged, through the villages and parched-up country, along the dusty road, and did not again stop until about 2 a.m., when the drivers declared that the mules must have food, and that we must rest. We hammered accordingly lustily at the gate of a village inn, and amid the baying of dogs and shouts of drowsy men drove into the courtyard. Determined to make the best of the circumstances, I sat upon the ground and called for tea and rice, and as the morning dawned began to realize the situation.

"It was a queer and not very cheerful sight. One-storied apartments, principally guest-rooms and kitchen, ran around three sides of the small square, and the fourth was taken up with a long, low shed in which mules and asses were munching provender at the mangers. On the ground in different parts of the court a dozen or twenty men wholly or partially nude were sleeping, some upon the sand, others with a thin piece of matting spread beneath them. Odd-looking forms enough they were, with their coffee-coloured skins, shaven heads, and pig-tails. Rough dogs and fat pigs were also lying about without a sound.

"Pigs and dogs usually are noiseless in China. The latter slink about, and only yelp at a barbarian; the former, horribly fat, lie upon the ground or stand about quietly. The slowness of the people seems to affect the brute creation. The swarms of flies in the sultry summer night made no buzzing, and exasperated one all the more by their

pertinacious crawling. And as the light of dawn increased I could see crowds of fat black beetles moving slowly on the ground, and creeping over the bodies of the prostrate sleepers. My drivers, squatting on the ground, took in a stack of provisions, and shovelled rice into their mouths, and picked the chopped meat and vegetables with their chop-sticks, and sipped the samshu and drank the inevitable tea with gusto. After somewhat more than an hour I ventured to tell them we must be off.

"Then came attempted imposition number two. I must pay for their food and that of their mules. This I promptly refused to do, as it was not in accordance with our agreement. Whereupon they intimated that they would not proceed, but would stay there and sleep. Stay there they might: I could not well prevent that; but sleep I was determined they should not. They had bargained to travel by night. So whenever either of them disposed himself as comfortably as he could upon the ground, preparatory to a nap, I poked him up and told him quietly that we must be off. Persistence in this course had its effect, and by a little after four we were on our way again, and did not stop until we arrived at Hu-siwu, the halfway halting-house, near to which the Chinese troops fled so manfully before our men in 1860. Here we rested during the heat of the day, and then set out for the completion of our journey.

"The glimpses that one gets of Chinese life in passing through the villages and small towns are very curious. One sees the folk crowding to the shops, or perhaps tea restaurants as they might more aptly be called, where they assemble in the evening and drink great quantities of tea from the little blue and white handleless teacups. The room—not large—is filled with very small tables, at each of which four or five

men will be sitting so crowded together that their half-naked bodies are almost touching. Each man, of course, has his fan and a small pipe which he is continually refilling, and relighting at a twisted pastile which is burning on the table. An incessant talking goes on, and a ceaseless fluttering of fans. The roof is low, and the room is lighted with odoriferous oil lamps. The outer air is sultry, and within the atmosphere reeks with stifling odours. However, 'De gustibus,' etc. This is their idea of enjoyment; and in truth it is fully as sensible as some of the notions of enjoyment current among ourselves.

"Or, again, you may see in the dusk a little crowd of men, perhaps fifty or sixty, crowding together upon the side-walk and squatting upon the ground listening to a reciter or story-teller.

"In the centre of the group is the performer, sitting or standing or walking about with a fan in his hand and reciting loudly and in a theatrical manner, and freely gesticulating. It is difficult, I believe, to follow these fellows in what they say. Good Chinese scholars have told me that they could only understand a part of what is said. Sometimes the performer relates a story; sometimes he will break out into a rhythmical chant, perhaps from an old play; and then perhaps will drop into a familiar dialogue. The men will sit for hours listening with apparent delight, of course smoking and fanning themselves all the while.

"The question naturally arises in one's mind, 'Where are the women all the while?' Wherever they are, they are not to be seen. Occasionally in the streets of the towns, or in passing through the country, one sees one or two women, either shopping in the one case, or in the other standing or sitting at the doors of houses, in the latter case being the

wives of the poorest class; but seldom or never do they appear in the company of men. One or two of them may be talking together, and perhaps one or two girls may be standing near; but, as far as a stranger can see, the men do not care for their society.

"Family life, as we understand it, does not seem to be known in China, and the men and the women appear to see but little of each other. Certainly the latter make but a small appearance in the outward face of society. One sees, I should suppose, fully one hundred men for every woman, and but for the occasional appearance of the small, distorted feet one might forget their very existence.

"We travelled on all through that night, stopping but once for half an hour, but making only little progress. Whenever I awoke from my nap in the cart, I found the mules only crawling along and the driver sleeping on the shaft. Early in the morning we gave the mules another rest, and one more attempt was made upon my purse. The attack, however, was sustained with less confidence than before, and was more easily repelled.

"We then set out for the final stage. The men were sleepy and the mules tired, and the sun was hot before we reached Peking. Sitting on one of the shafts, as the place where more air could be obtained, I put up my umbrella to keep off the heat, which being done suddenly so startled the mules that they dashed off at a surprising rate. There was not the slightest cause for alarm, for the cart could not easily have been upset; but the driver seemed to get into a ludicrous state of terror. Had it not been for this, I should certainly have tried the experiment again; for the sensation of rapid motion was as exhilarating as novel. Matters, however, were arranged and the harness disentangled, and

once more my friend John settled down to his quiet doze. No figure could be imagined more absurd. He hung over the wheeler with his mouth wide open, and only recovered himself by a spasmodic action. He lurched heavily against me, and then, drowsily awaking, struck the mule and tried to look as though, like Mr. Justice Stareleigh, he thought most profoundly with his eyes shut. His pig-tail became entangled in the awning, and he was temporarily aroused by the tugs which in consequence he got in his lurches. Every moment I thought, as I contemplated him with amusement, he would assuredly be off. But no! Again and again he contrived to recover himself in the strange manner peculiar to sleepers. At last, however, a heavy roll of the cart threw him over, and the startled mules dashed off at full speed. But he was master of the situation, and held on to the ropes like a man. It was lucky that he did so, for I was so convulsed with laughter that I could not help him. He soon recovered himself and joined heartily in my laugh, and 'chin-chinned' amazingly."

CHAPTER XXXIII

PEKING

Impressions of city—Visit to lamasery—The lordly Superior—Basso profundo prayers — Disciplinary measures — Refreshments — Ludicrous scene.

"THE first impression which Peking made upon me was the same as that which, after I had made considerable acquaintance with it, was still left upon my mind. It is strange, vast, impressive, barbaric. The lofty massive walls and huge rude gates are indeed imposing, but give the idea of the greatness of the past rather than of the present. Within the outer walls the city is divided into three distinct quarters—the Imperial city, the residential, and the mercantile.

"The mind, after the first sight of it, has the impression of large open spaces, thronged streets of low houses, and of fine pagoda-built temples. The so-called streets or roads are broad; but commonly there is only a practicable way on a raised causeway in the middle. On each side of this causeway there is an impassable bit of road, either dusty and in hillocks, or foully muddy with pools of water here and there. It is a strange contrast to the more civilized Canton."

In company with one of the resident missionaries, Mr.

Sheepshanks drove in one of the Chinese carts to a large Buddhist monastery: thence to an important lamasery or institution for lamas.

"The gates of the hall of worship were speedily opened, and at the sound of a wooden horn the lamas came trooping up in numbers, and made adoration upon the steps looking towards the images of the Sacred Three, with folded hands thrice touching themselves upon the forehead and breast, thrice prostrating themselves, and thrice three times touching the marble steps with their foreheads. They were clad in their long, dull, red robes, thrown over the left shoulder and under the right arm, that limb being left quite bare. Some of the superior priests were in yellow, and others in grey.

"Presently way was made among them for the presiding lama; of what rank he was in the hierarchy we could not learn. He came stalking along with an air of vast self-importance in a red robe, handsome Chinese black satin boots, and a very lofty and very grotesque woollen helmet of a bright yellow colour. His right arm was bare, and an attendant walked behind him. All the lamas wore helmets quite as lofty, quite as yellow, and quite as grotesque, but not quite of the same pattern, and carried theirs in their hands.

"Soon after the arrival of the Superior the service began. He stepped forward into the open space between the door and the altar, and an attendant vested him with a yellow robe or cloak put over his red tunic, and the lamas began to chant. They were seated cross-legged upon their low settles with the desks before them, and each half of the assembly faced the other. We were not permitted to enter the temple, but stood at the open entrance, whence we had an excellent view, and watched the strange scene.

"To what can I compare the chanting? To the lowest notes of a vile country organ, the grunting of very bass pigs, or the growling of cross-grained bears. Imagine some two or three hundreds of such sounds mixed up together, and you may get a faint idea of the noise that they made. I could not tell whether it was the more novel or ridiculous. It is the result, I was told, of constant practice from boyhood, which unnaturally distends and enlarges the throat. Some of them sent forth this hoarse bellow with an astounding roar, and I could see large lumps moving up and down their throats. At first the notes they uttered were very monotonous, but some of the succeeding changes, in which they were led by a little priest in a yellow robe who sat among the rest, bore a strong resemblance to the Gregorian tones. They kept on in this way for, I suppose, half an hour, and all the time were growling bass notes and shifting their robes; many of them laughing and grinning at each other, as if thinking it prime fun, and some of them refreshing their energies with pinches of snuff.

"In the mean time the Superior, as I have called him, a tall and portly man, with a jolly fleshy face, strutted about between the rows to preserve due order. With his felt-shod shoes he could walk very quietly, and on one of his rounds came unexpectedly upon a youth grinning forth his merriment. With one sweep of his brawny arm he brought down his open hand upon the poor boy's cheek with a smack that resounded through the temple. Like the others, the boy was sitting cross-legged, and his head went back and his other end went up, and he fell, rolling upon the floor amid the smothered laughter of his companions, the Superior meanwhile stalking on with unmoved countenance, looking as if nothing had happened.

"At the expiration of about half an hour, a priest clad in his yellow robe, with a red stole over his left shoulder and under his right arm, ascended the steps which led to the altar, and lighted three small oil lamps in the front of the altar. There had been five burning there previously. He then came down and made nine prostrations, each time folding his hands and touching his forehead and dreast, and then going upon his knees and touching the ground with his forehead. Then a small bundle of handkerchiefs was brought forth—handkerchiefs are greatly used as gifts among the Mongols—and one was placed by the priest upon the altar, and one before several of the priests. This, however, seemed to be a mere formality, as they were afterwards taken away.

"Then there were brought in some bottles of Mongolian tea, and each lama produced a small wooden bowl from under the desk before him, in which there was a small rag for cleansing it, and each one partook of a little tea, of which the poor fellows certainly had need after all their bawling. Then the Superior chanted forth some prayers without a book, standing before the altar, and holding his yellow helmet before his face, somewhat in the way in which English gentlemen used to gaze into their hats before the Divine Service. The prayers were in the Thibetan language. That being done, some large parcels were opened which had been lying upon the desks, containing cards of Thibetan prayers. These were rapidly scanned by the lamas and put away again. Then the chanting began again. After this, long strings of cash were brought in and distributed, each lama getting five. 'Cash,' I may remark, is the name for the current change of the country. Five cash would be about equal to three-fourths of a penny. This is the Emperor's dole for the pocket-money of the lamas.

"All these monasteries are supported by the Emperor. This is an easy way of propitiating the Mongols, who are satisfied if their lamas are well treated.

"Then a lama walked rapidly round with a metal bottle of holy water, from which he besprinkled those who desired it. They held out their hands, and smeared their faces with the water. Then more tea was imbibed, and the lamas all clapped their hands simultaneously several times. Then with a wave of the hand the Superior dismissed the assembly. They all put on their lofty yellow helmets, presenting a most absurd appearance, and rushed tumultuously from the temple. The Superior stalked solemnly away accompanied by his attendant, and the service was over.

"Never had I witnessed a more ludicrous scene. The whole time I was stifling my laughter, but managed to preserve at least as sedate a countenance as many of the worshippers. Had it not been for the fact that these poor creatures claimed to be worshipping the unseen, the whole would have been simply laughable. As it was, sadness was largely mingled with one's sense of the ridiculous. It should be observed that this is supposed to be Buddhism, a form of religion which it is the fashion with some to admire and extol. But what would Gautama himself have thought of it!"

CHAPTER XXXIV

A LOST TRIBE OF ISRAEL

Bishop Schereschewsky—His history—Disguise and expedition to Kai-Feng-Fu—His discovery—"The sinew that shrank"—Buddha and Mahomet for Jehovah—Inspection of Mohammedan mosque.

"ONE blazing hot day, when sitting on the ground in Mr. Burdon's compound, in the shade of one of his outbuildings, writing my journal, I observed a man, apparently a Chinaman, in Chinese garments, and with a pig-tail hanging down his back, coming in at the back gate and walking briskly towards the house.

"'Never,' thought I, 'did I see an Oriental walk with a step and a gait like that.' As he drew near to me I was struck with his keen, handsome face, full of intelligence and vigour; and while he was passing me he gave me a pleasant nod and a cheery greeting: 'Uncommon hot, is it not?'"

"This was the Rev. S. J. J. Schereschewsky, a truly remarkable man. By race a Hebrew, by country a Pole, he was converted early in life to Christianity under the Roman form. Migrating to the United States, he then left the Roman Communion and joined the Protestant Episcopal Church, was ordained deacon and priest, and subsequently became a bishop. Having in full measure the abilities of his gifted race, he had become a great linguist, and having

come to China as a missionary before long acquired an almost perfect command of the Chinese language.

"Those who are interested in missionary work among the heathen will be aware that a good many years ago—I do not precisely know how many—great interest was aroused among Christian people by the news, derived from Chinese sources, that in the heart of China there was a small settlement of a foreign people, who, by the account given of them, could be no other than Jews. Whence came they? How long had they been there? Did they still preserve their ancient faith, shut up as they were in the heart of heathendom?

"These were questions that deeply interested the Christian mind. No one, however, had hitherto ventured upon an attempt to visit them. This Schereschewsky, admirably qualified as he was, resolved to do. Accordingly, habiting himself as a Chinaman, shaving his face and the fore part of his head, and purchasing a pig-tail, which he contrived to fasten into his hair behind, he set out with a Chinese boy, whom he hired to go with him, for Kai-Feng-Fu, the place where this strange colony was reported to be found. It was actually upon his return from his adventurous journey that I encountered him in the manner that I have just described.

"He had succeeded in the object of his journey, and had found the people that he was in search of. They were indeed Jews—or, rather, had been; for, alas! they had all given up their faith. They had, indeed, been 'mingled among the heathen and learned their works. And served their idols, which were a snare unto them. Yea, they sacrificed their sons and daughters unto devils.' Schereschewsky managed to get hold of one or two copies of the law, and came to the conclusion that the people were Persian Jews, and had been,

I think he said, about one hundred and fifty years in China.

"It is an interesting fact that they had kept their faith as long as they had a rabbi to instruct and minister to them. But their last rabbi had died some fifty or sixty years before, and from that time they began to fall away. At the time of Schereschewsky's visit they had abandoned every truth, every practice of their holy religion—except one. No one, I should suppose, could possibly guess the one and only particular that they had clung to, when all else was gone. They were known among the Chinese as the sect that would not eat of the sciatic nerve, the 'sinew that shrank.' How instructive as illustrating the innate formality of the human heart is this fact, that, while they had surrendered the great truths, all that was spiritually valuable in their religion—their belief in one God, living and true, their Father and Protector—they should cling to this one shred, this arbitrary tradition which could not inform their consciences nor touch their hearts. Jacob, their forefather, whose faithful soul would indeed have been wounded had he thought that his descendants could ever come to such a pass—him they had forgotten, yet, not knowing him, they traditionally kept up the curious custom that told of the crisis of his life.

"Some of the Jewish boys, easily recognized by their features among the dull-faced Chinese, were actually being brought up with the idea of their becoming Buddhist priests. Schereschewsky resolved, if possible, to get hold of one or two of these lads, and bring them up as Christians; but at this point he was discovered, he knew not how, to be an European and a Christian. The *literati* began to stir up the people against him, in the manner of the Jews of old against the Apostles, and he was fain to flee for his life to Peking."

Buddhism was not the only lapse of these fragments of the ten tribes. Forgotten the sacred tongue, lost the roll of the law, departed from that reserve which marked off the chosen people from all other races, some of these Israelites had escaped the worship of a rabble of divinities, preserving their monotheism by the desperate expedient of turning Mussulmans.

The presence of Mohammedanism in China is a portent not easily explained; its mosques are many, its adherents in millions. Polytheism they hold in horror, and whenever, as frequently happens, a follower of the prophet of Mecca intermarries with a daughter of the country, his Chinese wife must needs adopt the creed of Islam.

A mosque proved worthy of a visit.

"We were received in the court by the moollah, a jolly, good-tempered-looking old man, dressed in the Chinese fashion, with partially shaven head and a long queue, who showed us courteously over the building. There is but one court, in the centre of which stands the mosque. It is built in the Chinese style, but has only one roof, and therefore gives the impression of being but of one story, and is ornamented, as usual, with green and white and red and gold, the colours being also, as usual, tastefully handled. Over the entrance, and in various other conspicuous places of the buildings, there were inscriptions in Arabic.

"Upon entering, we found ourselves in the porch of a small, rectangular building, the porch being separated from the rest by a transverse row of wooden pillars. In the porch, right before the entrance to what we should call the nave, there was placed an altar-table, bearing a tablet with the usual Confucian inscription in Chinese characters, 'May the Emperor live ten thousand times one hundred thousand

years'; and before this there were some metal incense-urns, ostensibly for the production of the customary fumes. This is, of course, an infringement of Mohammedanism; but it is a mere sham, and done to propitiate and deceive the Chinese authorities.

"Passing beyond the porch, we entered the body of the mosque, which, being low, rather dark, supported by rows of columns with arches, and having but small windows, had somewhat the appearance of a crypt. The pillars were painted a dull red, and the roof decorated with bright colours. The floor was covered with matting, and the moollah told us we must take off our shoes. My companion, Mr. Schereschewsky, who was dressed in the Chinese garb, readily slipped off his felt shoes; but it would have given me a little trouble to take off my laced boots, so I murmured an excuse, and the moollah, who was a good-natured fellow, allowed it, and let me pass on. The crowd of men and boys who had accompanied us were left behind in the porch as we entered the mosque.

"At the west end of the building, looking towards Mecca, was the 'kebla,' not unlike a very small English chancel, and railed off, the end wall being decorated with texts from the Koran in Arabic. Near the junction of the kebla with the body of the mosque on the north side, stood the pulpit, which, however, was filled with carved woodwork, the preacher standing upon the steps and looking down the mosque while preaching. There was nothing else in the building worthy of comment. It was clean and well kept; and one felt relieved and thankful to be in a building intended for worship in which there were no idols, and where at least there was set forth the cardinal truth that there is but one God living and true.

"Opposite the east door, by which we had entered, in the court, there was a tower about thirty feet high with a gallery at the top. This is for the muezzin and his call to prayer. It was flanked by two pavilions on each side containing monuments. One, I believe, was in honour of the founder of the mosque; the purpose of the other I did not learn. These three buildings were all in the pagoda style, each with three roofs, and the colours were fresh and bright. There was a look of care about this establishment which contrasted well with the state of decay and neglect in which we found so many of the Chinese idol temples. In the courtyard I noticed a sundial, which the moollah said had been there since the foundation of the mosque.

"Our friend the moollah was a great controversialist, and showed a laudable desire to convert us to the creed of Islam. We were conducted into the audience chamber; and there, amidst a crowd of men and boys connected with the establishment, he insisted on arguing with my companion, Mr. Schereschewsky, who interpreted a part of what he said to me. The conversation was carried on in Chinese. He repeated again and again the common Mohammedan story that it was not Christ who was crucified, but one who personated Him—a curious acknowledgment, as it seems, of the power of the Cross.

"While the conversation was going on I had leisure to scan the countenances of the audience. A few of them had purely Chinese faces, with the oblique eyes that are the unmistakable characteristic of the race. Others possessed countenances as plainly not Chinese, and, notwithstanding their dress, would have been recognized as Arabs or Persians all the world over. The greater part had just that admixture of features and expression which one would expect in such a

mixed race. They appeared to have much more vivacity than the pure Chinese. Many of them could speak Arabic and Persian, and classes are held in both those languages. As we came away the crowd of boys thronged us inconveniently, and at our departure raised a ringing cheer, such as might have been given by the lads of an English National School.

"The impression made upon me by this visit was, as will be seen, relatively quite favourable. When compared with polytheism and its degrading results, even bare monotheism has a favourable effect upon human character. The Mussulman is brave and honest, trustworthy, industrious, and sober."

CHAPTER XXXV

THE ALTAR OF HEAVEN

System of examinations—Successful candidate—Proud parent—Temple of Heaven—Burglarious entry—Bribery and corruption—Three terraces—More palm oil and a little violence—A prayer-meeting—Sequel.

It is well known that the Chinaman some centuries ago anticipated one of our modern theories in giving away posts under Government according to the results of competitive examinations.

In no country is a successful candidate so glorified. Examinations for the highest positions take place—nominally—in the presence of the Emperor himself. He who heads the list ranks amongst the proudest of the land with governors and viceroys; over the place where he was born rests an undying halo; people of good birth and standing select so auspicious a town or village for their own residence, and rents rise.

"The ordinary examinations are held in a building specially constructed for the purpose. There is a long row of cells with no window or door, but quite open on one side to the air. All the way along opposite to these cells, at a distance of about four feet from them, there is a blank wall. And in the space between the wall and the cells an official walks up and down, looking into the cells as he passes to

prevent copying or any unfair dealing. In each cell there is a small table and chair for the use of the student. They are examined only in the Chinese classics, large portions of which they are expected, I believe, to learn by heart. The classics are obscure and sufficiently unedifying.

"Proficiency in such an examination will show no doubt intellectual superiority of a certain kind, but can be no guarantee for moral qualities, such as are required for important posts of trust. They who distinguish themselves in these examinations are highly honoured; but the signs of honour are bestowed rather upon the successful student's father than upon himself. While I was at Canton a young man had distinguished himself in the Government examination, and his father was carried about in procession amid the congratulations and acclamations of the people, the young man, I was told, looking on doubtless with much pleasure.

"The most interesting building in China—perhaps the most profoundly interesting non-Christian building in the world—and the one which, personally, I was the most anxious to see, was the Temple or altar of Heaven.

"To this, therefore, I determined to pay a visit if possible, though of late years it had become increasingly difficult for foreigners to obtain an entrance. In order to avoid as far as possible any of the officials, we arose very early in the morning and set off, a party of four, in two of the carts of the country, for that part of the southern city in which the altar with its temples, courts, and surrounding park is situated. The whole enclosure is said to be about three miles in circumference, showing that the Chinese Emperors have not grudged space in their capital for the national worship.

"Arriving at the first wall, it was thought useless to

apply for admission at the gate, as it would certainly be refused, and needless also, as at a little distance further on it was practicable to get over the wall without troubling any one. For some purpose or other a great quantity of soil had been carted either in or out of the enclosure, and a large mound was left at the wall, by ascending which on the one side, climbing over the top of the wall, and then descending the mound on the other side, we were able to pass the barrier without molestation. We were thus within the first line of barriers, and walked on over some parklike ground and along an avenue of fine locust trees, I for my part experiencing somewhat of a boy's delight in trespassing, until we arrived at the second wall.

"Here there was an obstinate janitor, who for awhile would listen to no persuasions. No doubt he would certainly be well whipped by the officials if it were discovered that we had been admitted, and it was therefore simply a question of how much would recompense him for a flogging. Fortunately two of my companions were admirable Chinese scholars, and understood thoroughly the character of the people. They at length persuaded him that it was some time since he had had a flogging; he could run the risk of another for a dollar. And to this view, after some demur, he assented.

"But then arose the nice question whether he should open the gate or we give him the dollar first, each party mistrusting the other. On this point, however, he was firm as a rock; and after many asseverations the dollar was paid him, the gate was unfastened, and we were within the second line of barriers. From this gate a paved path of about a quarter of a mile in length brought us to the enclosures surrounding the altar. We passed two low walls,

each painted red and capped with coloured tiles, the first being a square and the second circular. Each of these walls had four archways of three spans, those of the square wall being in the middle of each side, those of the circular one corresponding with those in the square. Each archway is adorned with pillars of white marble, terminating in a curious finial, like a prince's plume with the two lower plumes turned upward instead of downward. Between the first and second wall there stood a large open furnace of large well-made bricks, for the cremation of the sacrifices, cased with green porcelain tiles and ascended by steps, whence looking down into the furnace one could discern charred bones lying at the bottom. In a line with the furnace there stood a row of iron grates or baskets for the consumption of sacrificial paper.

"Within the circular wall stands the altar, consisting of three circular terraces, one above another, all of white marble, and ascended by three flights of nine steps which correspond to the archways in the walls. There are, therefore, four of these series of ascents, one for each point of the compass. The steps are broad; but the middle part is not trodden on, for it is smooth, with representations of the dragon carved upon it. Ascending the first flight of steps, one comes to a narrow platform upon which there stands a large metal urn for incense, a white marble balustrade both at the top and bottom of the steps running round the altar. Ascending the second flight of steps, one reaches the second platform, with another urn and adorned in like manner.

"Mounting the third flight, one stands upon the summit of the altar, which is quite flat, circular in form, and about twenty-five paces in diameter. Thus the altar may be briefly described as a circular erection, under the open sky of three

ascents, the whole steps and balustrades being made of white marble somewhat discoloured by age and neglect. Upon the flat top of the altar there was nothing but a metal urn and a row of five marble tripods.

"It is hither that the Emperor comes once a year at the winter solstice, and after fasting for two or three days upon the premises ascends the altar and offers sacrifices to 'heaven' (*tien*). The 'Li-ki,' the Chinese book of rites and ceremonies, a work of great authority, lays it down that 'the Emperor has the right to sacrifice to the Heaven and the earth, the mandarins sacrifice to the inferior gods.' This scene has never, I believe, been witnessed by a foreigner. It is said that the fasting is sometimes done by deputy.

"Descending the altar upon the other side, we skirted a temple with a roof in the pagoda style of blue tiles, and surrounded by a high wall which permitted us only to see the roof. Having passed round this temple, in which I was told there was nothing worth seeing, we came to another wall and gateway where the janitors had to be propitiated. We had seen them running thither hastily a little while before in order to intercept our progress. Some talk, however, and, what was yet more efficacious, a dollar managed to get us through this, and we proceeded along a high paved causeway with a fine avenue of *Arbor vitæ* on either hand. Fine avenues to the right and left, and some artificial escarpment of the ground, made me think for a moment of Versailles.

"At the end of this causeway our further progress was arrested for awhile by another gateway, held in force by the guardians within. But one of our party, well acquainted with the ground, had run round to a side entrance, and coming in at the rear endeavoured to unbar the gate, amid

the vehement remonstrances of the janitors. Seizing one of these, our friend bade him unfasten the gate, which for a time he pretended to do, but at length declared that he was unable as long as the Englishman kept his hold upon him.

"By this time the sky had become overcast and it was raining heavily, and we were standing in the shelter of the porch, looking through the crevices of the gate. Our friend loosed his hold for a moment, when away ran the Chinaman at full speed, the Englishman after him. Chinamen are by no means active, and the Celestial was soon roughly seized by the pig-tail. The ground was slippery, and in the struggle both pursuer and pursued fell upon the earth and rolled over in the mud. Back to the gate was the Celestial dragged by his queue, and forced to open it, while his four or five timid companions stood by, not daring to lift a finger. When we had gained our point, half a dollar quite pacified the discomfited Chinaman, for it was mere cupidity that had caused him to hinder our entrance.

"We passed one more wall through an open gateway, and then stood in a square with outbuildings used in the sacrifices on either side, another furnace with grates on the right hand, and the great temple before us. It was a very imposing building, about one hundred feet in height, and stood upon a raised platform, resembling that of the 'altar of heaven,' of three ascents, the steps and balustrades being, as before, of carved white marble. The usual style, which I have termed the 'pagoda' style, was again found here. The building was, as so often, of three stories, having three verandah roofs, the second being of somewhat smaller circumference than the first, and the third than the second. Were one to make use of a hideous but faithful simile, it might be said—place three Chinamen's pointed hats one upon another,

the second and third being each smaller than the one on which it rests, and you get an idea of the style. The illustration is not worthy, for indeed it was a fair and striking edifice. The position, elevated upon its platform of white marble and with plenty of space round it, was fine. The height was considerable, and the colours harmonious, the roof being of dark blue, in imitation of the vault of heaven, and the portion of the walls immediately under the eaves a subdued green, sparingly used, and white. The lower story was filled with windows of open woodwork.

"We were admitted into the interior for a small fee, and found a circular domed apartment, originally richly ornamented, but now much tarnished, supported on an outer and inner row of wooden pillars. Opposite the entrance was the rich throne which the Emperor was wont to occupy when he came hither to pray for the year. On the right hand and on the left were eight thrones, to represent the Emperors of the Manchu dynasty who have reigned in China, the one being reckoned in whose reign the country was conquered by the Manchus, though I believe he never entered Peking. The thrones were richly ornamented with gilding, but much tarnished, and the floor was covered with dust.

"Once again everything spoke of neglect and decay. The tablet of each Emperor was in his throne, and there were also incense urns for worship before each. The animals for the sacrifices, principally oxen, were kept in a distant part of the grounds; and there was a long dismal walk, along which, I believe, they were brought to the temple to be immolated; but these we did not see.

"Beyond the great temple, at the further end of the square, there was an entrance temple, dedicated to Shang Ti. For it is to be remembered that we did not see these various

edifices in their proper order, but forced a burglarious entrance by the rear. The Emperor, it is said, coming in by the proper entrance, goes first to the temple of the year, and then onward to the 'altar of heaven' (or the sky). This fine temple of Shang Ti has, I am afraid, been burned down since my visit. It was built, and the altar also, by Yung-low, the third of the Ming dynasty, who removed the seat of empire from Nankin to Peking at the beginning of the fifteenth century.

"We might doubtless have seen the temple of Shang Ti had we determined to do so. But there is nothing, I believe, about it especially remarkable. And at this time the guardians came round us and begged us to go away, as it was getting late, and some of the officials might be expected before long. We accordingly turned back and left the temples by the same route by which we had entered. The various janitors were quite willing to let us go, and nodded affably as we passed. They had got their fees, and escaped the whipping."

Before leaving the city Mr. Sheepshanks joined with the missionaries and others in a final act of Christian worship.

An invitation to a prayer-meeting seems harmless enough, yet the acceptance of this one brought with it a painful experience.

"To this suggestion I readily assented, and accordingly a Chinese covered cart was hired, and we set out on our voyage.

"Yes, it really was a voyage, for the so-called roads through the city, always rough with ruts and pools and little hillocks, were in such a frightful condition through the recent heavy rainfall, that our little cart rolled about like a ship in a gale of wind. During a succession of heavy lurches,

which threatened to upset us altogether, I clutched hold of the pole by my side, to which the awning was attached, and was immediately stung by a scorpion, which, it seemed, had hidden itself in the folds of the awning. It was fortunate for me, I was told, that the recent cool, rainy weather had somewhat lessened the vigour of the venomous creature and diminished the virulence of the sting. It was, however, pretty bad, meaning sleepless nights and visits to an English doctor. But we went on to our prayer-meeting.

"The medical man who attended to my wound was a handsome young fellow, with a charming wife, to whom he had just been married. I promised them that, at my first opportunity, I would call upon their friends and describe their pleasant home and happy life. When I arrived in England, some three months afterwards, I called at the address given before proceeding to my own home.

"A lady dressed in black came into the room, and I told her I had recently returned from China, and had left her relatives in Peking well and happy. 'Ah!' was her reply, 'you have not heard the news. They are both dead!'

"From what she said to me, the doctor went to Tien-tsin, to the bedside of a colleague ill with yellow fever, taking his bride with him. The colleague recovered, but his wife became ill with the fever and died. Her husband, broken-hearted, set out for Peking, but succumbed on the way."

CHAPTER XXXVI

TOWARDS THE FRONTIER

Preparations for departure—Farewells—Man and beast in China—Bird companions — Fishing with cormorants — Racial deliberateness — Attempted extortion—Successful ruse—Ruined crops—Improving temperature.

"I WAS to start from Peking for Chang-kia-keu, the frontier town, early in the morning of July 29, but the mules did not arrive. On sending to inquire the reason, it was answered that they had been expecting a message to say that I was ready. It is very difficult sometimes to make a Chinaman understand the simplest arrangement, especially if it be not in exact accordance with the usual custom. However, at length the mules were at the door, and we prepared to depart.

"First the mule-litter—for it is by this mode of conveyance that one travels this first part of the journey—had to be loaded. It is like a large box slung upon poles which are borne by the mules, one before and one behind, with a window on each side and in front. Inside is a false bottom of cane, upon which one is supposed to lie down. I preferred to have it so arranged that I could adopt a sitting posture. Under this seat all the light luggage is stowed away.

"Then the pack-mule with my heavy boxes of provisions had to be loaded. The Chinamen have a peculiar mode of

packing of their own. In Mexico and North America, where packing is much used, the blankets, pad, and wooden pack-saddle, with rope attached, are first placed upon the animal. Then a box is lifted by the packer upon one side of the pack-saddle, and made fast by the rope. Then another, to balance it, placed upon the other side. A third package is put upon the top, and the whole securely fastened with the well-known Mexican loop. In the north of China the pack-saddle is balanced upon a small wooden horse, and the packages secured; then the whole is lifted by two or three men upon the mule's back.

"The chief difficulty of the latter plan is this, that if a breakdown occur, or the pack becomes disarranged by the way, one packer, or perhaps two, are unable to lift the burden upon the animal's back, and there is some difficulty in arranging matters. We experienced this once or twice on our journey. On the present occasion, however, the thing was quickly done. I said good-bye to my dear friend Mr. Burdon, who had shown me such true hospitality and genuine kindness, the pack was now well fastened, and I stepped into the litter, and was hoisted up upon the mules, while my hospitable friend upon the doorstep gave directions to the driver, and impressed upon him that if he would take me to Chang-kia-keu in four days he would get an extra tael; and that he had better make haste, therefore, since thereby hangs a tael. A few hearty words of farewell, a 'toch' from the driver, and off we go.

"I may take the opportunity here of remarking that I know of no country where there seems to be such a perfect understanding between men and the animals as in China. The muleteers have a small vocabulary of three or four words or sentences, which their animals perfectly understand, so

that there is no occasion for the foremost mule to be led, or for a muleteer to go on ahead to show the way; but the leading mule steps out first, and follows the directions of the driver, who is behind, turning either to the right hand or to the left, or stopping, or going faster or slower according to his directions. And the same syllables are, as far as I could learn, at least on this route, used by all the drivers. Thus 'toch' is 'go on,' 'wo-ho' 'to the right,' 'hi' 'to the left,' and 'ye,' with a peculiar tone, 'stop.'

"And this faculty of instructing extends also to other animals—birds, for instance. Nothing is more common than to see a Chinaman, perhaps a portly old gentleman, walking along with a bird for his companion perched upon a stick which he carries in his hand. He gives a little jerk with the stick, and the bird mounts up into the air, and flies cheerily along over his head until at the sound of a peculiar whistle the bird will descend and perch again upon the stick. I have seen a Chinaman come out of his house, and with his whistle bring down a small bird like a sparrow that was flying over the house. He then made a peculiar 'chick,' and the bird came and settled on his shoulder, and was carried into the house.

"It is a curious sight, I believe, to see the men upon the Yang-tze river fishing with cormorants. They go out upon the river in boats, and their birds dive into the water after the fish, and carry them to their masters. They never carry the fishes to the wrong boat. Should the birds be lazy, the fishermen lash the water with sticks, and they go to work with alacrity. Rings are placed upon the necks of the birds to prevent their swallowing the prey. This I have not seen myself, but have been informed by several who have witnessed it.

"I may add also that the people seem to have infused some of their own peculiarities into the brute creation. For instance, the Chinamen, mentally active enough, are in their movements usually very slow. You never see a Chinaman run or hurry himself. They seem only accustomed to slow movements. The only exception that I have seen to this is the brisk walk of the coolies who carry the palanquins through the streets of Canton. In driving through a Chinese town one is perpetually obliged to stop, especially if an European be driving, to avoid running over people who are in the way. John walks sedately along, either wrapped in philosophical meditations, or, more probably, thinking of the gains of the morrow, and does not hear the clatter of the vehicles; and when he does, is very slow to get out of the way. And it seemed to me that the predominant animals, the dogs and the pigs, in this point clearly imitate their master. The dogs do not run briskly about; the hogs do not perpetually trot eagerly here and there, grubbing about searching for food as in more go-ahead countries. But the dogs slink or stand about quietly, or, together with the pigs, lie down in the road quite contentedly, often right in the way of vehicles. Sometimes a cart will stop because the dogs persist in lying directly in the track. Oftener the cart will take a curve to avoid them. And they will look on sleepily, and seem to calculate to half an inch whether or not the wheel will run over their tails; and if satisfied, will remain quite still and contented, the pigs perhaps beside them.

"But to return from this digression, our mules stepped out well, and we made a good day's journey. The motion of the mule-litter is very peculiar. It is partly like being in a very small cabin of a steamboat when rolling about in a

ground swell, and partly like being tossed in a blanket. But one gets used to it, as to most other things, and in time I thought it not disagreeable.

"Towards evening we arrived at a place called Kwan'sh, and my men announced with decision that here we must pass the night. I was determined, if possible, to push on to a village called Nan-ken, at the foot of the pass through the mountains, as by so doing two advantages would be gained. Probably half a day would be saved in the journey, for we should do it in four days instead of four and a half; and secondly, it would be very much better to go through the pass in the early morning, especially as in it there were several lines of the inner great wall to be viewed.

"My men had been told at Peking of my intention to make Nan-ken, which was only about nine miles beyond Kwan'sh, and having me as they thought at their mercy were resolved to go no further. I was determined to get on if possible, and threatened them. But they would not understand, and made one excuse after another, declaring that the mules required rest. I knew that when they had had a feed they could go on perfectly well, for they were stout, strong animals, and had shown no signs of being tired. I offered them half a dollar. They eyed it, but wanted a dollar apiece, which I would not give, as this, I knew, would be the beginning of mere extortion.

"For a time I was quite baffled, and took out my note-book to write my diary. My two men had gone away, but the landlord came into the room, and looked with astonishment at my writing. Seeing his surprise, either that a barbarian could write at all, or that he should write from left to right instead of from the top of the page to the bottom, I threatened

to write to Peking, and get my driver sent to the yamen for breach of engagement. I suspect that he imagined that I was writing then and there, for he at once retired and returned with the chief man of the two, who with an alarmed face inquired what I had said. I repeated my threat, and found the word 'yamen' operated like magic. 'We go, we go,' said he, and bustled about tying up my parcels that were scattered about the room, and in a surprisingly short time we were once more *en route*. His apprehensions were probably quickened by the fact that only a few days before the driver of a cart in the employment of a German gentleman at Peking had been sent to the yamen for negligence in the discharge of his duty. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good.

"We arrived at Nan-ken at a little before 10 p.m. Thus far our road from Peking had been over a fine alluvial plain ordinarily, as was evident, exceedingly fertile. But this season the drought had ruined all the crops. It was sad to see the dwarfed Indian corn and the millet, which should have been from eight to ten feet high, not more than half that height above the ground. It was evident that, unless some change should speedily take place, there would shortly be a grievous famine in all the north of China; for the enormous population is mainly dependent upon the produce of the soil. The Government, anticipating the evil, had issued commands for the establishment of depôts of provisions. But it is probable that out of the sum of money devoted to this purpose, but a small portion would ever reach its intended end. It would stick to the fingers of the officials through whose hands it was to pass, so general is corruption in China.

"Starting from Nan-ken in the early morning, our route

lay through a pass in the mountains which bounded the alluvial plain of Chihli to the north. It was with thankfulness that I had learned that it would bring us upon higher ground where one might hope to get some fresh air, for it was some months since I had been cool by day or by night. Notwithstanding the reiterated warnings of the English residents, I had gone about during the whole time of my stay in China in the heat of the day, even when the sun was practically vertical, and at last the continued moist heat was beginning to tell upon me.

"It was a drizzling morning, and as we ascended the change in the temperature became gratefully perceptible. One felt at last that all the earth is not an oven, but that there is such a thing as ozone to be found in the proper places. As we went on, the clouds descended and enwrapped the rugged rocks and barren mountains on either hand, so that, but for the accessories, the vegetation, the inhabitants, and the animals, one might almost have thought that it was a Scotch glen instead of a pass in the north of China."

CHAPTER XXXVII

NEARING MONGOLIA

Passing sights—Effects of drought—Wayside inn—Mohammedan landlord—Dishonest servant—Flooded stream—More roguery—Nemesis—The country of the conventional.

"Our course lay down the middle of a broad valley or alluvial plain about twenty miles in width, bounded on either side by a range of mountains deeply escarped, ranging from four thousand to six thousand feet in height. Though some cultivation was going on, where the nature of the soil permitted, yet here the country began to bear the aspect of the pastoral life. It was evidently the borderland between the settled, highly cultivated plains of China, and the grassy steppes of Mongolia to which we were drawing near.

"Droves of Mongolian horses and flocks of black-faced sheep passed us on their way to the markets of the south. Long trains of small, well-kept, sturdy asses came filing along bearing sacks of coal, or huge loads of sedges, or packs of the coarse yellow paper made in the neighbourhood. Chinamen bearing dozens of Mongolian larks, which they carried in sieve-like cages slung at each end of a pole balanced on the shoulders. The Chinese are great bird fanciers; and these larks find a ready sale in China, as they

sing well, seeming even in their cages to be soaring the sky. Chinese gentlemen and ladies journeying in litters towards the capital, perhaps returning from banishment beyond the frontier, or from an excursion for change of air, went by. The ladies thrust their painted faces forward as we passed, to gaze at the strange-looking barbarian. Mongols, young and swarthy or old and wizened, rode by mounted on their weird, awkward camels, seeming from the motion of the animal to be perpetually bowing to all whom they met. These were the objects that met my view, forming an agreeable picture.

"And in the distance the bold outline of a range of limestone mountains showed boldly against the sky. Fine pictures of light and shade were formed in their deeply serrated sides, and towards sunset their long shadows were thrown far across the plain. Such was the general character of the country as far as Chang-kia-keu. In the valleys and bottoms, and spots better watered by the scanty streams, cultivation was diligently carried on. And in a few places, where opportunity was afforded for irrigation, I noticed tolerably good crops of maize and millet.

"But the general aspect of the land in this season of drought was arid and barren. Numerous graves stood by the roadside, conical heaps of masonry based upon square pillars. At almost every mile strong forts were built—strong, that is to say, for the time and circumstances under which they were erected—generally square, tower-like structures, some sixty feet in height, of strong masonry, brick and stone, with an outward wall. Every town and even village of a considerable size was defended by strong and lofty walls, showing signs of the frequent combats and forays that have taken place along these plains, the

inlet of the ancient Mongols into China. We passed more than a dozen of these 'fenced cities' in our few days' journey.

"The inns along this road are of the same character as all others in the north of China, but much better than those on less frequented routes. They are all kept by Mohammedans, who are at the least as fair dealing as any other Chinamen. The traveller enters them invariably under an archway, and then finds himself in a courtyard, as I have before stated, one side of which, the side nearest to the street, is taken up by the public room, which is usually also the kitchen. Here the public enter and take their meals, sitting at little tables and eating little messes, commonly of vegetables—onions, garlic, cucumber, etc.—out of little dishes, and drinking great quantities of tea, weak and very hot, from little blue or yellow cups. This takes place in the part of the large room nearest to the street. In the background there will be three or four boilers, at which four or five cooks, naked to the waist, boil water and cook up the little dishes of vegetables or mutton, and mince them ready for the chop-sticks. Another side of the court is taken up by the stables or sheds, where the animals, horses, mules, and asses take their provender of straw, beans, and meal from long mangers built on the ground, and made usually of mud dried.

"It occurred to me that it was probably in such a place as this that the Holy Babe was born, and that such also was His manger.

"The other sides, only of one story, are occupied by the travellers, there being different apartments of different size and accommodation at different prices. Into the best of these the foreigner is ushered, and finds a small room lighted

by the door, and one large window with no glass, but instead thereof a blind made of strips of the bamboo. A similar blind hangs before the door. One side of this apartment is taken up by a raised platform some three feet in height, made of bricks and warmed in winter by a stove and flue. It is covered with matting, and perhaps a quilt of wool. This is the sleeping-place. Chinamen here lie alongside each other. But the foreigner has it to himself, and spreads his blankets thereupon, and in summer draws up the blind and sleeps determinedly, forgetful of any possible companions. If he be travelling with a cart, it is not unlikely that he may prefer that as a resting-place. The only furniture in the simple apartment is a small table, or perhaps two, and one or two chairs, all of a stiff, awkward fashion. By way of ornament upon the walls there will be hung a picture in bright colours, perhaps allegorically representing the three things most to be admired—personal happiness, money, and longevity.

"The pictures, however simple, betray a certain ability. The colours are well distributed. The faces are carefully done, often with a good deal of expression. The eyes are oblique, according to the general Chinese physiognomy. And there is a total disregard of perspective, or rather, an incapability of expressing it.

"At these inns I had the invariable unavoidable contest with Chinese roguery. The chief of my two men was a most audacious trickster. The landlord was usually content with charging me about three times as much as a Chinaman would have paid for the same accommodation, or about half as much again as he would have charged me had I been able to speak Chinese. And with this I was not dissatisfied, for, of course, one must pay sometimes for one's nationality

and one's ignorance; and after all, the sums were very small. But my guide would not allow this by any means. He knew that I had a good-sized sack of 'cash' with me, and apparently made up his mind that all this must be spent before we reached Chang-kia-keu. Accordingly he would burst into the room where I happened to be shortly before the time for our departure, and taking up a string of cash (500), which was more than three times as much as the landlord would charge, would, with abounding liberality doubtless in his heart, insist upon my giving it in return for the accommodation I had received. This was in truth very little, for I took my own food with me, and ate not much of this; for the intense heat of China had somewhat affected my health. But he would tell off all the items with the utmost glibness. There was the boiling of the rice, the use of the apartment, three supplies of hot water. Hot water for the tea is the article most in requisition in these inns. There must be something for the attendant, something for those who lifted down the litter, something for those who were to lift it up again. Then he would take up a string of cash, and if not prevented, would have put it with a complacent air into the hands of Boniface, who stood near. Whether he contrived to get a commission on this I do not know; judging from their character I should imagine that it probably was so.

"I stood all this for some time with patience, contented with ignoring him. Indeed, some of his tricks only gave me amusement. But after awhile I tried another method. There never was such a fellow. He never officiously helped me either in or out of the litter, an assistance which I by no means required, without making it the ground of a request for a fee. We never stopped at an inn without his coming to

me with an imploring face, begging for a trifle that he might get something to eat. In short, he lost no opportunity of attempting a squeeze. Really I have sometimes almost been inclined to envy the faculty which some choleric people possess of getting into a passion at a moment's notice. It is surprising how often they thus succeed in getting their own way. They almost always get their own way with timid people. Could I have roused myself to a pitch of excited anger, it would certainly have overawed my friend John, and would have secured for me an immunity from his predatory attempts; for these fellows are the greatest cowards in the world, and it was as well for me that it was so.

"On one occasion circumstances favoured his designs. As we drew near to Chang-kia-keu a change in the weather took place, and some violent storms of rain came on which delayed us half a day. Our last night we spent at a place called Sinen-Hwa-Fu, and set off early in the morning for the completion of our journey, We had not proceeded far when we came to a brook somewhat swollen by the late rains. So inconsiderable a stream was it that it was not mentioned in the excellent map which I had obtained from the missionaries at Peking. However, the increase in the body of water had greatly disturbed the Chinese travellers along the road.

"The life of a Chinaman is so completely in a rut that the occurrence of anything in the least degree out of the common wonderfully flusters and perplexes him. When we arrived on the banks of the brook we found, I suppose, one hundred Chinamen, with troops of animals, who had been waiting for the stream to resume its ordinary course. Just at the time of our coming up it seems that they had come to the conclusion that it might be crossed in safety, and

accordingly with an amazing clamour, babbling of voices and confusion, they were plunging into the water.

"To Englishmen who are accustomed to take things coolly, the sight of these Orientals in the presence of anything unusual is very strange and amusing. They suddenly become extraordinarily excited; their faces work; they move, for them, quickly and nervously about, and talk or scream at once in wild confusion. So it was on the present occasion. About fifty men, as naked as the day they were born, were labouring away with much ado with spades and shovels, and dabbling in the water. What they were doing, except making a great noise, it was difficult to say.; but I fancy they were attempting to utilize the flood by turning a part of the stream into the neighbouring crops. But if so, they appeared to have but little method. They would dig a trench from the stream, and dam it up until the water was some three or four feet deep; and then one, more venturesome than the others in his endeavours to make the work more perfect, would tumble in, and become involved in mud and scream out, and there would be huge confusion until he was extricated. Then they would rest, and perhaps take a puff out of their little pipes; and then, with much babbling, cut through the dam and let the water escape. Meanwhile the passers-by would be taking off their clothes and committing themselves and their animals to the hazardous passage. The brook is, I suppose, ordinarily about five or six inches deep. Now, the ground being very flat, it had extended itself over some yards of land on each side of its usual course, and was probably in the deepest place about two feet and a half in depth. Asses and mules were splashing through the water with their packs upon their backs, and groups of men were squatting on either bank, smoking a

little and resting a little after the ordeal that they had gone through.

"Here, then, was a capital opportunity for my friend John. He at once intimated to me that without assistance the water would come into the litter, and that therefore he must hire some helpers, for whom I must pay a tael. I was perfectly willing to pay a trifle for any help that might be wanted, but knew that a tael was far too much, and so would not understand him. Accordingly he waited there about half an hour. I was well content to watch the scene for awhile, and knew that it was to John's interest to get me over soon. Seeing me so patient, he took one hundred cash out of the sack, and asked me if I would give that. To this I assented, and the other man at once engaged some of the nude labourers to walk with us across the stream.

"Meanwhile, as I stood at a little distance, John was leaning into the litter fingering the bag of cash. I did not care to interfere with him, knowing that he could not carry off any money without my knowing it. But observing that I was close at hand, he took off his loose blue cotton coat and cap and put them in the litter, and then announced in a satisfied way that we were ready to cross. Accordingly four or five men came up and walked on either side of the mules, and held on by the ropes and made a great noise, and the mules walked easily through, the water not coming anywhere near the floor of the litter. When we were fairly across my men came up and took out the one hundred cash, and three hundred besides, which they said were for the men that held up the litter. They would have taken much more, but I would not permit it. Looking out I saw that they gave the men the one hundred cash, with which they were quite satisfied, and divided the rest among themselves. But

it was not worth while then to make a fuss, and we jogged on. John's coat and cap were between my feet, and rather in my way, and in removing them I found a string of five hundred cash—for these very cheap coins have a square hole in the centre, and are threaded upon a string—which the worthy fellow had abstracted from the sack, and intended to remove with his coat. I put them back into the sack and was curious to see whether he would claim them. But he had not the effrontery to do so. He took away his coat and hat stealthily, and dared not look me in the face, and said nothing.

"However, I got even with my friend that evening in the inn. I paid as usual for my accommodation, and he demanded more cash to give away, as he said. This I forbad, as there was no one to whom I owed anything. However, emboldened by my patience and by the presence of five or six of his friends who appeared to side with him, he went to the sack, and, in spite of my prohibition, seized upon a large string of cash, and, looking me insolently in the face, was for carrying them off. This, however, was too much. It would not do to let these fellows think that I was afraid of them, so, springing upon him, I took him by the scruff of the neck, shook him well, the cash falling from his hands with a crash, walked him across the room, and ejected him with such violence into the courtyard that, staggering headlong for a few yards, the vertical line drawn from his centre of gravity manifestly falling outside the base, he fell heavily to the ground, his head coming down with a good sound whack upon the paving-stones.

"Now, I thought as I glanced around, are we coming to it, and am I in for a fight? But no! the timid fellows sidled off with a giggling laugh at their discomfited

champion, and John picked himself up with a pale and rueful countenance, and kept out of my reach. Nor did he trouble me any more. The missionaries, when I arrived at Chang-kia-keu, wished me to complain of him and get him punished; but I contented myself with refusing him any drink-money. So that on the whole, though he had pilfered some cash, I do not think that he got much change out of me—not enough to encourage him to rob any other Englishman who might come in his way.

"When travelling in China it is by all means desirable to carry one's own provisions; at all events, enough to tide one over places where nothing edible for an Englishman can be obtained. Rice can usually be had, and tea, and, at these northern hostelries, mutton. When the inevitable hot water has been brought, the first question is, 'Have you any mutton?' And if the answer be in the affirmative, the direction must be given that it is not to be fried with oil. Otherwise it will appear cooked with coarse oil which they use for the lamps, and highly odoriferous. Your mutton being cooked, it is brought to table in a small basin, cut up into little pieces, and with it four or five cups filled with vegetables, also mostly minced up—onions, cucumbers, and garlic. Almost everything is cooked with garlic, and almost every one smells of it. It is of little use telling the attendants not to bring those little cups or the chop-sticks which appear with them; for it is the custom to partake of these dishes, which at this time of the year are nearly always just the same, and whatever is the custom must, of course, be done.

"This is one of the very noticeable points in the outward face of Chinese society. All things are ruled by custom, and therefore, under similar circumstances, all men appear

to act precisely in the same manner. Often have I said to Chinamen in America, 'Why do you do this?' 'Oh, all Chinamen do it.' 'Yes; but why? What is the use of the practice?' 'Oh, it is the custom.' And no more was to be said. There is a certain customary way of doing everything; that, therefore, is of course the best way. 'What was good enough for my grandfather is good enough for me' is assuredly a saying that ought to have come from Confucius himself.

"Ultra-Toryism is the principle of the Chinaman's social life. Their strange subjection to tradition and custom is witnessed by the wonderful fixedness of everything in the land. The idea seems to be that centuries ago, while Europe was yet in its barbarism, the Celestials came to the conclusion that they had discovered *the way* of doing everything, from the building of shining temples down to the boiling of rice; and that then everything was stereotyped, and was ordained to be performed in the same manner to the end of time. Everything seems to be the same that it was centuries ago, except that, while the bare usages have been preserved, vigour has decayed. Idiosyncrasies or variations of action seem to be as monstrous as independence of thought. Wisdom is to act as others do. This is seen in trifling matters.

"Go on an expedition with a party and a number of carts and mules, and you will observe that whatever one driver does the others will do precisely the same. The leading man dismounts; they all dismount. He gets into his cart; the others imitate him. He urges the mules or stops them; the others do the same.

"The same principle is observed in the inns. That one traveller may prefer one thing, another something different,

never seems to occur to the Celestial mind. It is the custom to eat certain articles of food at certain times, and therefore nothing else is prepared. At the same time, it must be observed that the Chinese give much better accommodation to travellers than any other people out of Europe. Their arrangements, though somewhat odd to the European, are yet well ordered, and their cooking decidedly good. They live in a groove; and there is a sameness in their persons as in their manners.

"In comparison with ourselves, they appear to have but little individuality. They are cast in the same mould, and seem as like each other as so many bricks. I have sometimes wondered whether the wives knew their own husbands. I believe, however, that they do. I fancy, indeed, that the Chinese eye perceives the same differences between them that one does between Englishmen. Perhaps to them we are as much like each other as so many peas."

CHAPTER XXXVIII

AT "THE ENTRANCE GATE"

Across Asia—Little wall of China—Kalgan—Tea trade—Horse fair—Agriculture under difficulties—Great wall—Travellers' equipage—The tedious camel.

When Mr. Sheepshanks set out from Peking, he had committed himself to a journey, unresting and full of fatigue, across Asia. Before August gave way to September, his lot was to be cast in strange places, among the gods whose grotesque rites and preposterous beliefs had stirred his imagination as a student, or aroused his concern as a minister of the Christian faith. From the heart of the tropics he was to make his way to Siberian cold, passing from the most ancient empire of the world through the cradle of the race that conquered it, and through the new civilization whose growing greatness has threatened to absorb both Chinaman and Mongol in one colossal world-power.

He was to travel without the comfort of a friendly presence; no passing globe-trotter was to hail him on the way. The familiar English tongue he was to hear again only when eight hundred miles had been covered, Kiachta reached, and the desert crossed. He was to lead a hard but exhilarating life, completing his knowledge of the Shamanism he had studied among North-American Indians and Kanakas

by his observation of it in the original home of that ancient superstition.

Long before Kalgan came in sight, the traveller perceived a tremulous line which ran around and before him to be lost in the far distance. Day after day it was to bear him company, rising and falling as far as the eye could reach, unfolding its battlements one moment, only to group them the next in a sudden foreshortening. It was the little wall of China which for five hundred miles fled before him, a portentous frontier line.

Chang-kia-keu, more commonly known as Kalgan ("the entrance-gate"), is the last town in China proper. It lies on the very edge of the desert, treeless, scant of grass and flowers. Hither came Mr. Sheepshanks on the 3rd of August, 1867. Here he was hospitably entertained by missionaries of his own nationality. Here he hired attendants and transport for his journey across the steppes, and here he laid in a stock of provisions and fresh vegetables, notably cabbages—for some of the finest cabbages that are grown are to be found in this out-of-the-way place, planted there in the first instance, in all probability, by Russians.

Near the town the air was full of the sour odour of hides and tanning. In the bed of the river a number of bare-legged men were busily engaged washing the skins of Mongolian goats.

But the great industry of Kalgan is the forwarding of tea; for tea in Mongolia ceases to be a luxury, and attains a higher rank amongst the necessities of life. Inferior in quality, immense quantities of it are consumed by the nomad and other populations, finding its way into the most remote districts through these frontier towns. The sea carries it from the south to Tien-tsin; river-boats swallow

it there, and take it on as their only cargo to Tung-chao; from Tung-chao it passes another stage on its course, fastened to the pack-saddles of donkeys, mules, and camels; arrived at Kalgan, it is distributed over Mongolia by camel-caravans or trains of ox-carts.

These last are rude affairs almost entirely constructed of wood, and drawn by a single ox. The usual load weighs from six to seven hundred pounds. Many of the native merchants are unable to afford the higher freight of camel conveyance. So it comes to pass that the ox-waggon is one of the commonest sights in the country. By far the largest part of the commerce between the great trading centres is carried on by its means.

The few Russian merchants who live in Kalgan have the greater part of the caravan traffic in tea across the desert in their own hands. The streets of the town are quick with the Mongol traders, who bring in their camels for hire, or drive before them sheep, cattle, and horses intended for sale. A passing visitor may always be entertained by the horse fair held each morning just outside the city on the Mongol side of the great wall. Hundreds of ponies are made to show off their paces, their wild-looking jockeys yelling at the top of their voices as they urge a mad career through the crowd of onlookers.

At the fit time Mr. Sheepshanks, who had spent some of his leisure in equipping himself with an elementary Mongol vocabulary, secured the services of two Mongols returning with their camels to Ourga. On August 5 he bade farewell for ever to "the Middle Kingdom."

His way lay first of all through a sterile and sandy valley. Inducements to agriculture there were little or none; yet the Chinese, most patient and persevering of

agriculturists and fruit-growers, had bestowed their toil upon the unwilling soil. Wherever there was a skin of earth—along the pass, up the sides of the hill, out into the skirts of the desert itself—there they had sweated and bent with but a poor return for all their tribulations. They would have starved, so disappointing were the crops, but for their live stock.

But the pass once crossed, the dusty, torrid plains of China left behind, there were to rise in sight rolling plains of grass stretching to the horizon, a sea of dotted green with Mongol encampments, enlivened by the slow passing of a camel caravan, or by parties of nomads shifting their ground.

The sun was still shining as the traveller passed through the outermost lines of the "wall of the Ten Thousand Li," that greater wall which for more than fifteen hundred miles skirts the Mongolian plateau, and forms the boundary of China proper. Climbing the cliffs in some directions, descending into a mere embankment in others, it fastens on the imagination as one thinks of it stretching from the sea of sand to the sea of clay.

Over it is written the history of China. Erected midway between "the hazy obscurity of early traditions" and the brand-new age in which we live, it commands the whole of its moving panorama. Chin-ski, the great king, built it. With the mountains of Thibet a natural barrier on the west, the Yang-tse River holding back the barbarous tribes on its right bank, whilst a sea untroubled of vessels rolled its tides on the east, the north alone cried for protection against its foes.

To Chin-ski, meditating on the problem of defence, there came an idea. At once he proceeded to carry it into effect.

An army of men, not less than ten thousand, were sent to the frontier to labour as masons or stand to arms as sentinels. In ten years' time the wall was accomplished; the enemies of China were walled out. The labours of wall-building were interrupted three centuries ago, when, by the irony of Fate, the Chinese throne was occupied by the very Tartars against whose encroachments these structures of brick and mortar were raised.

All through the night Mr. Sheepshanks and his companions travelled through the pass. Other travellers were astir. Ox-carts, moving with great deliberation, came down at intervals loaded with short wooden logs. The wood is carried more than six hundred miles from the mountains near Ourga, and a Chinaman is all the happier if he knows that he will finally find sepulture in a coffin of this material.

So rough was the road, so tremendous the jolting of the cart which carried Mr. Sheepshanks, that he alighted from the vehicle and marched on foot. He describes the cart which was to be his temporary home for so many nights and days

"It was a stout, rough, wooden vehicle, of course without springs of any kind, and covered over entirely with a wooden frame roofed with leather. It had no aperture either in front or behind; the bitter north winds that we were to meet on our journey would have rendered an opening in front very undesirable, but there was a little door on one side, and two small windows. Within, the width was three feet, and the length must have been a trifle less than six, for lying at full length my feet touched one end and my head knocked against the other. I had placed straw to the thickness of four or five inches upon the bottom, and upon

the straw my blankets which I had taken with me half over the world, and had so often protected me from bitter winds and damp ground. A flour sack and some linen was my pillow, and the corners of the cart were so stuffed with different articles — oatmeal, biscuits, preserved peaches, tobacco, baking-powder, tea, tea-kettle and cup, matches, rice, clothes, linen, books, etc.—that there was scarce room to turn, and after a time I learned to wedge myself so closely in that it required a heavy jolt to disturb me. The boxes contained provisions for the route, biscuits and American beans and bacon, cases of dried tongue, carrots, a huge pumpkin, and some beer. Thus I was self-sufficient, and comforted myself by thinking that if the Mongols were to abandon me in the middle of the desert I could subsist for some weeks at least upon my own resources. But such a thing never entered their simple minds."

It was on this journey that Mr. Sheepshanks was to make the nearer acquaintance of the camel. With his drooping humps, long neck, preposterously conceited and disdainful expression of countenance, the Bactrian camel is always a ridiculous beast. But his good qualities were to assert themselves on a long and toilsome march. From autumn to spring, his Mongol owners work him hard. Before summer comes everything is taken out of him; his humps depend in flabbiness; feet sorely chafed and backs all sore are no uncommon marks with him. Turned out to grass, he sheds his hair and becomes naked.

The two hired men brought with them no less than fifteen of these animals, five of them purchased on the way. As they had been working all through the previous winter, and through the summer as well, probably in harvesting, instead of being fat and strong with humps standing up

firmly on their backs, they were in poor condition. But their loads were slender. Mr. Sheepshanks had little baggage, the Mongols, for their part, travelled very lightly, with a few woollen mats and a small supply of food and fuel. Since the heaviest work consisted in drawing the cart the best camel was always assigned to that task.

The strongest beasts of burden are subject to cracks in the feet. Once let sand or grit find its way in, they become lame and useless. In this condition their owners with rough surgery sew a square patch of stout leather over the part affected. Using a needle that is flat with a slight curve, they pierce the horny part of the foot, and bind down the leather by means of thongs at each corner. Their patient is secured in the proper position by being made to kneel. Then two or three of the attendants with a sudden rush turn him over, loudly protesting, on his broadside, one of them sitting on his head or holding it down whilst the other operates on his foot. Once down, he resigns himself helplessly to his fate.

Able as the camel is to live without food or drink for many days, to move along persistently through sandy wastes where few other animals could exist, his pace is remarkably slow. Whilst a pony express, if the lamas be persuaded not to linger on the way, can do the journey from Kalgan to Kiachta in less than nine days, a caravan of camels occupies thirty. This tardiness has found expression in a song by a missionary ending with the refrain—

> "Inching along, inching along,
> At the pace of a snail, we are inching along;
> Our horses are hardy, our camels are strong,
> We shall all reach Ourga by inching along."

CHAPTER XXXIX

A HOME OF EMPIRE

Backward glances—Chinese qualities—The maker of Mongolia—World ruler—Extent of conquest—Odd proceeding—Argol—Psychological problem—Bara and Geluga.

It was with a feeling of great expectancy that Mr. Sheepshanks turned his face to the unknown land with whose language he was not conversant, of whose customs he was wholly ignorant. Nor was a sense of relief absent in the backward glance he cast upon the Flowery Land he was leaving for ever. He was turning from a country where peculations were considered to be legitimate gains to one where simple-minded honesty prevailed: from craftiness, falsehood, and dark ways to simplicity and candour. As he himself phrased it, "a continual contest with roguery, though occasionally amusing, is irritating."

In China proper the population consisted almost entirely of men, all wearing their hair plaited in queues, and all, owing to the uniform absence of beard and moustache, seemingly alike. Now he was to mingle with a darker, and it must be confessed an even dirtier race, wearing, it is true, the pig-tail, but not alike more facially than his own countrymen of the West. Their womenkind, too, possessed of more freedom, were more frequently to be seen.

To the good qualities of the Chinese he bears a willing testimony. Though he regards the upper and governing classes as cowardly, fanatical, and cruel, he thinks better of the average John Chinaman. Diligent and persevering beyond most men, he is trustworthy, amenable to kindness, and capable of the utmost gratitude.

On the Frazer River the Rector of New Westminster met with a most grateful return from the few Chinamen to whom he had opportunities of doing good. This, perhaps, was rather a measure of the want of consideration in others than of any especial kindness on the part of the clergyman. At any rate, wherever he went through the colony he was received with welcome and hospitality by Orientals, who brought him presents and many invitations to drink tea in their houses.

His route was now to lie in a line almost direct north-west from Peking. Stopping at a wayside inn for refreshments, he was pleasantly reminded that he had passed beyond the confines of China. He was charged a reasonable sum for his tea, an experience unknown amongst the rapacious Celestials.

With the dawning light he reached the summit of the pass, and saw before him a multitude of black dots, that shifted uneasily with tiny movements. It was a herd of ponies grazing at large on steppes intersected by reddish and sandy paths, or coming in slowly to the horse market at Kalgan. The traveller was in Mongolia, the country he had ardently desired to see.

It is easy to laugh at the ignorance which led a native to believe that his country was the centre of the earth, bounded by Russia and China, with other nations practically non-existent. Yet this wild land was the birthplace of the

race which overran Asia and well-nigh conquered the world; the eyrie from which an eagle-eyed barbarian launched himself with his armies; the home of Prester John, dear to the romances of mediæval times.

Genghis Khan was the maker of Mongolia. Out of the men on horseback, fighting with bows and swords, he made the most formidable and relentless troops then in existence. Civilized and savage races were alike overrun by them. The followers of Mahomet in Turkey and Persia shared the same fate as the Christians of Hungary and Russia. Amongst this horde were some few Nestorian Christians, but the great bulk of them held the superstitions of Shamanism.

Beginning with a few huts, he drew in tribe after tribe, country after country, till he was master of a greater space of the world's area than had ever been ruled by any one monarch.

He stands forth as the greatest manslayer the earth has known. In China and Tangut alone it is estimated he slew more than eighteen millions of human beings in twelve years. Before his death, in 1227, and before he had reached the age of three score years and ten, that early man of blood and iron had filled the charnel-house of history with bones. People, stunned by the awful atrocities, believed that his followers were dog-headed, and devoured the flesh of men, women, and children as their daily food. So terrible was the memory of them that, until comparatively recent times, the litany was still chanted in certain churches in Eastern Europe, "from the fury of the Mongols, Good Lord deliver us."

About the person of the conqueror himself, legend gathered and multiplied. As Romulus and Remus were suckled by a wolf, so the first ancestors of the devourer of his kind were a wolf and a doe.

Before the empire founded by Genghis and his family had been completely dismembered, another Mongol conqueror appeared in the person of Timour. His conquests are compared by Gibbon with those of Alexander, of Macedon. "On the east bank of the Hyphasis on the edge of the desert, the Macedonian here halted and wept: the Mongol entered the desert, reduced the fortress of Batnir, and stood in arms before Delhi." More than this, he captured Delhi, and "purified his soldiers in the blood of its idolaters."

On the disruption of the empire, the tribes who composed it were scattered far and wide from the Great Wall to the banks of the Volga and the shore of the Black Sea. The kingdom itself is now dwindled to Mongolia proper, with a few million inhabitants. The descendants of those who terrorized the world are harmless, orderly shepherds—no longer ferocious or even warlike. Without weapons or leaders—China governs them with ease, her only forces a few Manchu soldiers at Ourga as bodyguard to the Chinese governor. Yet amiable, hospitable, and good-natured as they are, those who know them best declare that their military ardour is not dead but sleeping. Inspired by the right motive, with the right man at their head, these peaceful shepherds might still be as terrible in war as in the bloodiest days of their history.

Amongst this simple people, Mr. Sheepshanks was to spend the next five weeks.

The dusty, torrid plains of China had been left behind, to give place to verdant downs. Treeless and bare of foliage, they were yet gay with many of the flowers common in England—the gentian, campanula, larkspur, buttercups, and Michaelmas daisy.

Rain had fallen heavily, and pools of water had been formed in the hollows of the meadow land. Englishmen are never so truly English as when they are abroad. So, with the opportunity, Mr. Sheepshanks proceeded to take a bath, to the utter astonishment of his attendants. Water in Mongolia is associated with tea as a beverage, or with mutton as a broth—never with personal cleanliness. To the dirtiness of the Mongols travellers bear one unfaltering testimony. Since they never change their clothes, but make their day attire serve as their night-gear also, it may be imagined that their persons are unclean and unsavoury. Their ablutions are the merest mockeries—a few drops of water sprinkled on their face and hands. Their *yourts*, or tents, are found anywhere and everywhere save in the immediate neighbourhood of a well. These Mongol servants may therefore be pardoned for looking upon the action of their master, especially in such a place, as some kind of foreign madness or eccentricity.

Whilst the cart was the home of the traveller himself, the two Mongols who accompanied him lived in their small blue tent wherever they pitched camp. Mr. Sheepshanks entered, on their invitation, to find a place of honour on a felt mat, sheltered from wind and rain. Here he was to make his first acquaintance with the characteristic fuel of Mongolia. Near the forests wood is used. But wood gives off little explosions, driving sparks on to the clothes of those around, sometimes even setting fire to the roof of the tent.

In this part of Mongolia no timber is to be found; the desert of Gobi is without tree or shrub. The fuel universally used is argol, the dry dung of camels and other animals that roam the steppes. Amongst the necessary baggage of the nomadic tribes is a small, circular, iron crate.

Within this receptacle the argol is placed, kindled by means of a flash from flint and steel, and smouldering, is blown into a flame.

Diseases of the eye are not uncommon amongst Mongols, exposed as they are to the glow of the sun on the snowy expanses in winter, and on the plains in the summer and autumn. And argol smoke is not without its effect upon them. Their eyes not infrequently present a bloodshot appearance, the white often showing scarcely at all. When it is remembered that the smoke from their fires only partially escapes through the opening intended for a door, this is not to be wondered at. In common with other explorers, Mr. Sheepshanks often found the tents overpowering, especially when the argol was damp.

In looking at the elder of his two followers, old Bara, Mr. Sheepshanks was impressed by his likeness to the Indians he had left behind him in British Columbia. Whilst many of the Mongols in the confines of China resembled the Indians of Platte River, this man bore all the appearance of an aboriginal amongst the Squamish tribe on the Frazer River. A familiarity with the Chinese physiognomy offers a tempting problem for psychologists. There is such a strange similarity between the Mongols and certain types of the Irish face that one is inclined to suspect a far distant origin of the Celts in the East.

Bara is described as being a Mongol of the usual kind—short as to his stature, broad as to his face, with typical high cheek-bones, and narrow, peering eyes. His dress was that of the majority of his nation—a long sheep-skin coat, reaching nearly to the ground. This was a garment adaptable at a moment's notice to the exigences of weather. With cold winds and wintry skies the wool was worn next to the

skin; in summer warmth the coat was reversed. Beneath it were worn a pair of short breeches, terminating a little below the knee. Bara's head was protected by a woollen skull-cap of faded blue, his feet by clumsy top-boots with felt soles.

Geluga, younger than his companion, but as bronzed and dirty, wore much the same kind of attire. His cap was curious as being a sort of wide-awake, "with the upturned brim of fur, and a conical crown covered with yellow silk, having a glass ball or button at the top, and a broad ribbon hanging down behind." By the colour of the ribbon, the rank of the wearer of this head-gear was easily known.

Both the men carried, in the receptacle most convenient for them, their boots, that source of consolation common to the desert and to the crowded city. The eternal pipe, with a bowl absurdly small from a European point of view, accompanied them in all their wanderings. In a pouch, at their girdle, lay the primitive flint and steel.

CHAPTER XL

THE DESERT OF GOBI

A leaky abode—Entering upon the desert—Wells—Mongol guides—Yourts and their furniture—Etiquette in Gobi—A praying race.

THE kindly shine of summer was gone. Now, on the resumed journey, some of the discomforts of travel were to be disclosed. The night was one of uproar; the wind howled at the door, rattled the window, and shook the scant draperies within; the rain hissed and clamoured on the roof.

"To my dismay I found that the door and the little window on the windward side leaked considerably, and gutters of water began to flow down upon my clothes and what stock of food I had stowed inside the cart. One of the most exciting and exasperating of the minor evils of life is to live in a hut that leaks; and by hut I mean a house containing but one room, so that there is no possibility of escaping the falling drops by fleeing to another apartment. The detection of the first leak, the stopping it for a moment by stuffing some article into the cranny, the soaking of the water through that, the sight of other leaks, the vain attempts to stop them while they multiply; then the change of tactics, the dragging one's various articles into the corner where there appears to be no leak, abandoning the rest of

the field to the enemy; then perhaps the consciousness that there is a drip, drip, drip, coming down upon the bedding, the one thing you desire to keep dry; the frantic attempts to stop it, the placing a basin or saucepan underneath the downpour to catch the drops; the marvellous way in which the leak appears to shift, so as to evade what had been placed below; finally, either the giving up the contest in despair, or the cessation of the rain, and the consequent peace and hearty laugh over past troubles—with all this I was well acquainted, but a leaky cart was a new experience. The offending window had shrunk in consequence of the dry weather, and the cart not being well built, a considerable portion of the rain which fell upon the roof found its way inside through this aperture. In vain I stuffed various articles into the cranny; it duly resulted in their getting soaked and acting as most efficient conductors for the water. In vain I tried every expedient. Little pools were collecting upon my blankets, and at last I was compelled to rush out in the midst of the pelting shower, and in desperation cut a piece off my brand-new waterproof sheet and nail it over the obnoxious window at the expense of getting thoroughly wet in doing it. 'Nunc est ridendum,' said I, jumping in again and thinking of Theodore Hook. But there was to be no peace as yet. Either the wind or our course shifted, and the rain began to come in at the other window. Once more I tried my former expedients, but in vain. I took out my drinking-cup and held it under the tiny gutter, but when it was nearly full a sudden lurch of the jolting cart jerked its whole contents over me, so once more I was fain to jump out, knife in hand, measure the window, cut another piece from my ill-used waterproof, and nail it with vigorous blows under the leather and over the offending aperture. Of course

the door still admitted the wet, but this I resolutely ignored, and enveloping myself in my blankets tried to persuade myself that I was comfortable. What a night that was! The storm was so violent, and the darkness so profound, that we could not proceed. I heard the Mongols employed outside in pitching their tent, and then in spite of damp clothes fell into a slumber which lasted until morning."

They were entering upon the desert of Gobi, with its dust storms and whirling sands. Arid in soil and grudging of water, with the ruins of great cities buried beneath its surface, it is forbidding enough, yet devoid of the terrors so many wanderers have ascribed to it. A desert with its exhilarating consciousness of absolute freedom may be as safe to live in as a town, though to the imagination communities of men seem to be girt with safety. Civilization has marched on apace since 1867—for to-day the traveller is accompanied as he moves doggedly forward by the gaunt telegraph posts which bring the ends of the earth into communication with this wilderness—and foretell the coming of the railroad.

Wells are to be found in Gobi at regular intervals. These are the life of the land. In these small holes in the earth, in whose depths the water quivers and sparkles, lies the lives of men, women, children, and animals—the life, too, of commerce and of intercourse.

And the Mongol is a sure guide to them. He is never at a loss, be his journey a short or a long one. He needs no landmark to guide him; he makes no mistakes in pitching his tent. This instinct of direction and distance seems to be developed in proportion to the need of it. Thus Chinese sailors course about their dangerous coasts by a rule of thumb, judging their whereabouts in darkness and fog when

scientific navigators would be at fault. In Australia the best bushranger is often the most ignorant man of the party. Nowadays through Mongolia guides are unnecessary. You blindly follow the telegraph poles for about six hundred miles, and you reach Ourga.

Compelled to linger by the banks of a swollen stream, the Narine Gol, Mr. Sheepshanks made his way to the small grey cupola covered with felt, with which he was to become so familiar, the habitation of the Asiatic nomad tribes, of the Kirghese and Turcomans. Though a tent, it is also a permanent habitation. Even in the city of Ourga, the dwellings consist of yourts with a protection of palisading around each of them.

The framework for the walls is made of light trellis work (the sticks being imported from China or from the Khalkas in the north) covered with thick felt, circular in form with a conical-shaped roof, but nearly flat. A circular hole in the apex of the roof allows the smoke to escape from the argol fire that burns in the middle of the tent. The door—always very low—is placed on the side sheltered from the prevailing wind.

They have no bedding, and whilst our ancestors slept in their buff, the Mongols follow the unceremonious example of their forefathers, and retire to rest in their clothes, merely loosening the girdle for the sake of comfort. On cold nights the hospitality of the tent is extended to kids and other animals.

Of furniture there is little. The only furniture consists of a built-up fireplace in the centre of the floor. No yourt is complete without the large iron pan for cooking, in which water can be boiled and mutton broth prepared, a basin for milk, and a large jug with spout for the same

purpose. There is no difficulty in the matter of crockery, for each person carries his own wooden cup in his bosom, and is thus prepared for the feast as occasion offers. He carries also his knife to cut off his portion of mutton. The family wardrobe is a wooden box; there are no chairs or tables, merely a few mats to sit on by day and sleep on by night.

In approaching an encampment, one must be careful not to infringe good manners by riding up to the door of the tent. Warning of one's approach should be given, both as a point of etiquette and as a signal to the dwellers within to call off the dogs which are sure to rush out and menace a stranger. Nor must a whip be carried in the hand on entrance. That is especially offensive to a Mongol host, who refuses to be regarded as a dog that must be kept in order with a weapon.

Noticeable in the yourt was the pole erected over one of the huts, from which hung two tattered streamers inscribed with prayers in the Thibetan characters. Those who place them there believe that the wind in waving the little strips of paper—or flags with traces of sacred writing on them—shakes the written petition out of them, and bears it aloft to Buddha.

This gives the keynote to the Mongolian character—pre-eminently a praying race. These endeavours of mortal man to come into touch with the Divine flutter on every breeze and rise from every habitation; they revolve round ten thousand wheels; they fall from the lips of wayfarers on pilgrimages or about their daily business; of women engaged in household work; of children just able to lisp the "Om Mani-padme Um" of their faith; they rattle in the beads of the lama's rosaries. Meet a Mongol on the road,

and he will possibly be saying his prayers; his destination some sacred shrine where he hopes to find a final answer to his petitions.

On one occasion when crossing Shamo, a poor Mongol woman obtained permission from Mr. Sheepshanks to accompany his caravan through the long watches of the night.

"For four hours I walked behind her, beside the ungainly camels, over the soft, silent sand, with the starlit sky above, and the desert stretching away on either side into obscurity; and all the while she spun her prayer-wheel and chanted to a monotonous tune, in her soft woman's voice, the 'Om Mani-padme Um.' Never, for a moment, was the wheel still. Occasionally she would speak to my two Mongols, or make replies to them; but, excepting during these breaks, she never once ceased her chant—'Om Mani-padme Um.'"

The members of our traveller's establishment were as pious as the rest of their countrymen. Night after night, beneath the star-lit skies, with no sound around him but the heavy breathing of the patient camels as they chewed the cud, Bara would pay his tribute to the King of Heaven. Bowing north, south, east, and west with folded hands, he would touch his forehead and heart, and ask, often inaudibly, for the blessings he desired.

CHAPTER XLI

AMONGST THE TENTS

Killing a sheep—Uninvited guests—Mongol and Chinese women—Lama visitors—Exorcism—More about the camel—A friendly brute.

It is only by travelling one learns how little and how badly a man may eat without feeling the worse for it—that is, if he has a good digestion. Yet, however Spartan his fortitude, however well furnished with tinned provisions, an Englishman turns readily to a diet of fresh meat, if only after a three days' abstinence.

With the search for mutton, Mr. Sheepshanks was to acquaint himself with the domestic customs of those about him. A sheep was readily procured from one of the numerous flocks; it cost less than twelve shillings. The slaughter of it was after an unusual fashion, for the man who assisted old Bara in the killing of the animal thrust his hand into the incision made in the belly with a knife, and put an end to the struggle of the victim by grasping its heart. This practice is still that of the Kalmucks, who attribute its introduction to Genghis Khan.

The killing of a sheep is the signal for a host of uninvited guests. Scenting the carcass afar off, they come together to feast with the slayers. They are content with the portions of the carcass which in more civilized countries

are considered unfit for human food. The entrails and other parts are gladly received by them, thrown into the kind of stock-pot (an iron vessel) which, as we have seen, is a universal part of their equipment, boiled for a certain period, and then, without salt or other condiment, devoured by those present. After the fashion of our own earlier ancestors, they rely on their fingers to serve and divide their portion.

A Mongol generally carries chop-sticks with him, though they are seldom used. At a feast in his own yourt, his manner of eating is not devoid of alarm to the foreigner who happens to be his guest. Taking a piece of meat in his left hand, he seizes it with his teeth, then cuts it off close to his lips. The knife flashes past so quickly and so close to the face, that a spectator has his doubts—at first—for the safety of the operator's nose. But the nasal organ of the Mongol —of the snub variety—accommodates itself more readily to the operation than that of a European, modelled, for instance, after the famous organ of the great Duke of Wellington.

The presence of many women whenever a sheep was killed, gave occasion to Mr. Sheepshanks for the observation that these seemed to move about with perfect freedom, striding their horses like their husbands and brothers, and managing their steeds with no less address.

For the Mongolian is a born horseman, unwieldly and ungraceful afoot, but at home in the saddle. Never will he walk, even for a hundred yards, if riding will serve him. He may be too poor, of course, to afford horseflesh; and many of his countrymen go on religious pilgrimages afoot owing to their poverty, trusting for food to the casual hospitalities of the dwellers in tents on the way.

But horsemanship is a feature of the race, even the children throwing their tiny legs across a pony as soon as they can toddle. And the mothers may be seen everywhere on their steeds, gossipping, buying and selling.

Whilst no preference or precedence is ever accorded them, the Mongol woman is by no means badly treated. She compares favourably with her sister in China. In the Far East woman plays as great a part behind the walls of cities, or the yourts of a desert village, as her sister in Europe outside them. Like every other woman, she is armed with a tongue and does very much as she pleases. In the China which Mr. Sheepshanks had just left behind him she puts her little foot down to some purpose. It was a woman who ruled that great nation until the other day.

The history of his country teaches a Chinaman never to argue, where avoidance is possible, with a woman. This diffidence arises from no chivalrous feeling, but from the conviction he will be surely worsted in the end.

When the Manchus conquered China, the ordinance that required men to shave their heads and plait up their hair in queues was at once obeyed. In no one instance was the penalty of death inflicted for disobedience. But when the victors went on to declare the binding of feet illegal, and to demand its suppression on pain of execution, they came heavily to grief. Not a foot was unbound, and not a head came off, for women knew their strength.

Mongolian women have much freedom, but their lot is a hard one. Their youth—often one of beauty—is speedily eclipsed by an old age which comes upon them before their time. Their labours are heavy, and the conditions of life in many respects against them. Like the Zulu women, it is theirs to do more than domestic labours, tending sheep

and cattle, milking goats and cows, looking after the children, and attending to all the details of life in the yourt. Like the Zulus again, the men ride or walk abroad, and smoke and drink. Religious exercises are certainly a part of their occupation—or want of occupation—but they may be rightly regarded as idlers.

As far as dress is concerned it was hard to detect the woman from the man. Wearing long frocks, generally of a faded red or reddish brown fastened round the waist with a girdle and boots of clumsy make, they could not readily be distinguished from their husbands and brothers but for their hair. This is plaited at the crown into two long braids so arranged that they stand out from the front of the head after the manner of two horns. These are fastened together by chains of coloured beads and fragments of coral which depend on either side of the face. The women are about the same height as the men, and not any more savoury in their persons.

Mr. Sheepshanks' knowledge of the desert dwellers grew apace. As soon as his caravan was sighted, the yourts in the neighbourhood were emptied of their inhabitants, trooping to see the stranger. Amongst those who came were Mongols, distinguished from their fellows by their appearance as well as by their station. Dressed alike in long frocks of blue or red, or reddish brown, fastened round the waist with a girdle, and wearing skull caps with a little round button at the top, or simply round pieces of sheepskin that served as a covering rather than an ornament, they differed as to their hair.

Most of them wore a pig-tail descending between the shoulders: with two of them the head was entirely shaven. These were lamas or Buddhist priests. If the race of

Mongols is a dwindling one, it is because at least one-fifth of the population are of this priestly caste, vowed to celibacy.

This perhaps is not quite so great a contributing reason as it looks. The celibacy—as with the English priest in the Middle Ages—was an ordinance more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Time after time the traveller, on entering the hut of a lama, was introduced to his consort and family. Many of the sacred order, no doubt, are more consistent to their vows, spending their time, if not in retreat, with their beads and prayers and recitations of the sacred beads, in the ordinary avocations of daily life, or in ministering to their sick and afflicted brethren.

The exorcism of evil spirits is one of their peculiar functions. They are so numerous that the respect due to their office is tempered by familiarity if not contempt, for their lives are often very worldly. But they have their own privileges, much as the clergy of our own country.

As Mr. Sheepshanks had coveted a skull in the country of the Indians, so now he cast an envious eye upon a rosary carried by one of the lamas. After suitable negotiations, a bargain was struck in the current coin of the country; for half a brick of tea and half a plug of tobacco he became the possessor of what is seldom allowed to pass into the possession of the unbeliever.

To the lama, already regretting the transaction, he returned one of the small coral beads, and demonstrated his fitness to possess a rosary by growling "Om Mani-padme Um" after the fashion of the lamaseries visited in Peking. For this accomplishment he was presented forthwith with a brand-new rosary by the other lama, who had learned on the authority of Bara that his master was also a man of prayer, specially before meals.

The next few days found the traveller well on his way, moving, at what was a good rate for the desert, thirty to thirty-five miles daily. There was none of the exhilaration of those who hurry by steam, but the monotony and weariness of those passing along, after the immemorial custom at the pace of camels. Landmarks there were none—save on the ground, the rolling downs stretching out interminably, and flecked with occasional flocks, in the sky the unattainable sun which daily fled before them to disappear on their left.

If under ordinary circumstances the proper study of mankind is man, in the desert that research is transferred to the camel. In the cavalcade a camel came first, raw-boned and long-stepping, ridden by Geluga. A camel, bestridden by Bara, brought up the rear, and camels to the number of thirteen, joined together by a halter, and carrying boxes, came between.

These were managed by means of a tweak—a small piece of wood with a string attached passed through the animal's upper lip near the nostrils, and fastened with a button upon the other side. The men desiring to mount or dismount pull the string with a slight jerk, saying, "Choo, choo," and the animal, screaming the while, falls on his knees, and with three oscillating movements is flat down, with his belly on the ground. A nose once broken, it is difficult to find holding ground for the tweak, so the drivers are very economical of the noses of their charges.

Like any other accomplishment, the riding of a camel requires some degree of practice. The ungainly animal has a habit of rising to its full height with a suddenness highly disconcerting to the tyro attempting to mount it.

His first attempt to ascend the camel resulted in Mr.

Sheepshanks' overthrow. With a body inclining at an acute angle towards the ground and rising rapidly, it is difficult to retain one's balance, especially with nothing to hold on by. To the repressed amusement of Bara, standing at the camel's head with the leading cord in his hand, his master performed a somersault, and came heavily to the ground.

The "ship of the desert," as he is so often called, is not considered an affectionate beast, but his good will may be fostered by kindness. The animal next in order to the cart soon learnt to submit himself to the strange strokings of the nose to which the foreigner subjected him, and to like them. In fact, he learnt to like them so well that his familiar approaches, especially after a diet of wild garlic, became objectionable. Even then Mr. Sheepshanks had but to shake his stick in his face and speak to him in a loud and imperative voice, and he would fall back to his place with perfect good breeding.

CHAPTER XLII

CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS

Monotonous scenery—Daily routine—Bara's homegoing and return—Dangerous dogs—Hospitality—Salutations—Objects of worship—Keeping the peace—Tea drinking—Prayer cylinder—A memorable procession.

THE course of the party was continued for some days through scenery of little interest. For scores of miles nothing was to be seen but rolling grass land, an expanse of green broken only by the shallow pools which here and there reflected the sky. Grazing herds dispelled the sense of solitude occasionally. The pools of water were used, as occasion served, for the ablutions of the bath-loving Englishman; otherwise he would content himself with such slight lustrations as a bottle of tea, reserved for the purpose from the previous day, might afford.

The routine of each day was much the same. He rose with the sun, and tramped on from 4 a.m. until high noon. At six he refreshed himself with bread or biscuits and cold tea, sometimes, as a luxury, with milk from a neighbouring yourt. At eleven a halt was made, dinner prepared, and the camels fed. These are well fed. It is only by allowing them to eat to utter repletion that their owners can call upon them to do the excessive draught work which they perform day after day without falling in their tracks. Then on again, about five o'clock, until midnight.

As for the Mongol attendants, they carried their larder in the breasts of their frocks, and turned to lumps of half-cooked mutton "when they felt so dispoged."

On the 12th of August home and domestic affections claimed old Bara. Finding himself within easy reach of his own village, he requested permission, with many bows and apologies, to visit his friends. Like a faithful servant, he was unwilling to cause his master inconvenience, and rode away, his face still turned to the encampment to see if his employer was still propitious. For that master must pack and load the camels during the servant's absence. This was no sinecure duty, for the beasts were much fatigued and constantly broke away from their tweaks, from an unwillingness to travel or a desire to forage on the scanty herbage.

Two days afterwards Bara and his camels rejoined the main body. Swinging at his saddle was an offering, which he presented with proud but deferential smile. In appearance and consistency like a brick, it proved to be a cheese. It resisted, however, even the digestion of a strong man, and was diplomatically dropped at intervals from the window of the cart to nourish more vigorous constitutions, or to fossilize under a desert sun.

Next morning Mr. Sheepshanks had his first encounter with Mongolian dogs, a fierce and dangerous breed. Still in pursuit of cleanliness, he stopped at a pool of water concealed by a slight rise in the ground, and endeavoured to get a bath. But this sight of a man washing, startling to the Mongolian himself, was unprecedented and alarming to his dogs, who barked furiously at the edge of the pool and cut off the bather from his clothes. A resolute air, however, drove them away.

They were not always so readily dispersed. Their fierce watchfulness often rendered a visit to a yourt dangerous, so that many of the Mongols, when making a friendly call on their neighbours, armed themselves with two sticks, one with which to keep off the dogs, and the other to serve as a weapon of offence.

Breakfast was found in the hut of a hospitable Mongol. Mr. Sheepshanks carried his biscuits with him; these, added to some delicious milk simmering above a fire of argol, made a pleasant repast.

Hospitality was the great feature of life in the desert; on no occasion had the traveller to record instances of churlishness or greed. As soon as their visitors arrived, the women at once prepared tea for their refreshment. The clotted cream had already been skimmed from the milk. They must now boil the water in their cauldron; when nearly boiling they threw into its moving circles some handfuls of tea in proportion to the number of guests present. Milk was added, or curds or butter if the family were rich or the guests of distinction, and the whole stirred with a ladle to the consistency of a soup. Then it was emptied into tall metal jugs of a peculiar shape, and these were handed round the circle.

As for the difficulty of cups, that need not be considered, since every one carried his bowl in the breast of his frock. After drinking several cups, pipes and tobacco were produced (this time from their boots), and the remainder of the meal passed in alternate smoking and tea-drinking.

Again on the move, and still travelling over a plain denuded of vegetation, a Mongol passed the caravan, who was evidently a friend of Geluga. They saluted each other after the manner of the country, the one placing his hands

and wrists beneath those of his friend and touching them. This is the ordinary courtesy. But if those of equal rank meet each other, while one puts out his arms before him with the palms of his hands extended, as who should say, "I am your inferior," his acquaintance will at once place his hands and wrists below his friend's with a deprecatory gesture in assertion of his own inferiority.

A visit to another hut brought him into touch, not only with Mongol customs, but with Mongol superstitions. Four or five shepherds were sitting around the fire. From them he received a courteous welcome, and, since his own tent was not put up, an invitation to place his pot of beans for dinner upon the fire. Left very much to himself, his entertainer alone remaining, he occupied his time in mending a tin mug by punching it out against an old tin box and soldering it with the metal from a bacon tin.

In the midst of his industry Geluga came in and motioned him earnestly to desist. The box was evidently a sacred thing. Examination showed that there was one box standing on another, the lower one entirely concealed by a cloth. Any attempt to inspect the oracle more closely seemed to offend his host, who became silent and soon went out of the hut.

Taking advantage of his absence, Mr. Sheepshanks examined the boxes, to find in the upper one the small trough in which joss-sticks are usually kept, with an old and discoloured roll of woven materials on which prayer or sacred formulæ had at some time been inscribed. The lower receptacle, the cloth being lifted, proved to contain a few tiny bowls filled with rice or millet or some other grain. No image or picture was to be found, or anything to represent the special indwelling presence of Buddha, yet the

owner's eagerness to get rid of him, an anxiety shared no less by his own servant, showed him that he had violated a shrine. Returning the same evening he made peace with his neighbours by gifts of food and tobacco.

He found them smoking and tea drinking. Some of them mixed a little millet or a small quantity of flour with their beverage; some of them sipped the scalding liquid as it was poured into their bowls, but all were drinking tea. Perhaps no more appropriate quotation could be applied to the habits of Mongolia than the perversion by C. S. Calverley, an old friend at college, "Tea veniente die, tea decedente vorabat."

From the hour Mr. Sheepshanks had set foot in Canton, he had travelled—so to speak—by the banks of an immense river of tea, flowing through China, Mongolia, and Siberian Russia. In Mongolia it is the principal drink, though cheap spirits from China have a large sale amongst the people, and do them much injury, in spite of an active out-of-doors life.

The tea is generally the cheapest and worst in China. It consists of bricks weighing about two pounds, made of tea-dust mixed with a common coarse sort, compounded of twigs, stalks, and tea refuse, the whole being first submitted for a minute or two to the action of steam, then pressed into a mould. It is sold in Mongolia and Siberia. Wretched though this stuff is, it removes fatigue, restores vigour, and takes off the edge of hunger without impairing appetite. As the traveller passed from stage to stage of his long journey, whether exhausted by long rides, depressed by cold or heat, or tortured with thirst, it was a continual source of refreshing.

The master of this hut was an elderly lama. His preparations for worship excited the interest of his visitor, for

he produced what the European had long desired to see, a prayer cylinder.

First taking a number of small white stones out of a box and placing them apart, the man of prayer took the cylinder in one hand, his rosary in another, and sitting down on his mat, made his cylinder revolve with great rapidity, at the same time passing the beads through his fingers. He was thus able to keep count of the revolutions of the wheel; in this way also to measure out the exact quantity of his petitions. Practice had rendered him so expert that he could join in the conversation, ceasing his mumbling the while, and still keep count of his prayers.

These aids to piety or material helps in praying can be made either of metal, iron, or silver, or more commonly of wood. Around them are written the sacred words, which, by the revolutions of the wheel, are exhibited to the four points of the compass. The old lama's cylinder was of wood, old and well worn, evidently the companion of many years.

They had now arrived at a forbidding part of the desert, a track about forty miles long, through which most voyagers endeavoured to pass by a single march. It brought with it memories of an immense train of people, wailing as they walked behind the funeral car, which bore across the desert to its tomb, beneath a tree in a Kentei Khan forest, the body of Genghis Khan. With him, into the shadow land, went forty of the most beautiful virgins, slain that they might attend him. The best and the costliest of the stallions of Northern China were also sent before, to await their master's coming.

The hours passed with monotony—alike and oppressive. In vain the hungry camels bent their long necks to the ground; no grass grew in that part of Shamo. The roads

they traversed from Kalgan had been marked with whitening bones. All along the route the remains of horses, mules, camels, oxen were to be found, which, with the traces of dissolution, were almost continuous. Old, or infirm, or tired, or footsore, animals fell here.

Little stirred the silence except the muttering of prayers, or a wild kind of singing by Geluga and the pad of the camels' feet. At night the moon threw an unearthly light over this wilderness of the Shadow of Death.

CHAPTER XLIII

NEARING THE SACRED CITY

Weary camels—Mirage—Banks of the Tola—Exciting crossing—Parting from Bara and Geluga—Mixed races—No women.

THE strain of constant travel now began to tell upon the camels. The one which for its size and draught power had been selected to draw the cart fell lame, after the manner of its kind. The soles of its feet began to wear through to the quick, and needed rest and attention. Its place was taken by an animal of equal size, but in inefficient condition; for the camels of Mongolia get little rest. At work through the spring and summer in the fields, no sooner is harvesting over than they are rushed away in every direction for transport and other tasks.

Walking by the side of the cart, from the interior of which he had been driven by the intense heat, Mr. Sheepshanks beheld the beautiful phenomenon of the desert, the mirage. Shimmering in the distance he saw the placid surface of a lake, large and fair. On its banks were objects to be faintly discerned like trees through a mist. A look at the wise old Mongol at the head of his caravan soon convinced him that water and foliage were but the passing delusions of Nature. Even as he gazed upon it "a light

luminous mist seemed to gather over the water, and then the whole scene appeared to break up into beautiful silver-grey wavelets that flickered in the air. Now they seemed to move towards us, coming on a few feet above the ground; now they streamed away to the right, getting behind us and crossing the track by which we had come. Oh, how beautifully the wavelets shimmered in the hot air! But now, as we went on our way, they settled down into a light haze. It was an illusive vision; but like many other illusions, it was fair, very fair—while it lasted."

August 28 arrived, and brought with it a running stream and a chance for bathing. Stimulated by the example of his master, Geluga prepared to turn his back on the principles of a lifetime, and announced, like Mr. Snodgrass, that "he was going to begin." But on this occasion, as on another, as the moment drew nigh for his immersion, the foolhardiness of the adventure so grew upon him that to the end of the chapter he remained unwashen.

Next day there came into view more excellent country. Pine trees rose before them to gladden the eyes after so many hundred miles of treeless desert, pasturage was green and plentiful, the country was flecked with herds and cattle. There were oxen of the long-haired Mongolian variety, with a mass of hair hanging down from the belly to the ground. Tails of inordinate bushiness adorned their hind quarters; in front their shoulders were so high, their necks so low, they looked, in the distance, like buffaloes.

In a few hours the travellers came to the banks of the Tola, a rushing stream that must needs be crossed. Swollen by floods, it was a constant source of danger to those making their way through Mongolia, and their caravans.

Men and horses had oftentimes been drowned in the passage.

It was not practicable to ford the river; its current was too high and rapid for the safety of the cart. Bridges, of course, there were none, but a temporary raft for the carrying of vehicles was in existence. A staff of helpers was therefore hired from neighbouring huts, and the passage commenced. The baggage placed upon two rafts was speedily piloted by Bara across the stream. The cart came safely to land, with much shouting and pushing, after the same manner.

But there was more difficulty with the live stock. The ponies, indeed, swam across with little urging, to walk away quietly into the neighbouring pasturage and crop the grass. They left behind them the camels, wretched in the extreme, turning their long necks every way to avert their eyes from the water they so much dreaded. These had to be forced into the current.

On one side of the river drovers, who had brought their herds with them from the steppes, were engaged in urging their cattle into the water, beating them vigorously with their long whips to compel them to take to swimming. The irrepressible boy—this time shaven as to his crown, and in training for a lama—crowded the banks in considerable numbers, and entered heartily into the spirit of driving the oxen into the stream, and preventing them from turning back when once across.

The river crossed, the town of Ourga lay before them. Here Mr. Sheepshanks came into touch again with civilization. Making his way through the Chinese town, he took up his abode with a small Russian colony, comprising officials who were there for purposes of trade and politics, and a priest

attached to the Church. To these he had been commended by letters of introduction from the Archimandrite at Peking, Mgr. Palladius.

And here he bade farewell to his Mongol attendants, when their tale of silver had been duly weighed out and paid over. Men, trustworthy and of a good courage, who took foul weather and even perils on the day's journey, and made no outcry, they were excellent representations of a good-humoured, hospitable, and peaceful race.

The first entrance into Kuren conveyed the impression that he had fallen unawares into China, for Chinamen stood at the shop doors; oblique, cunning Oriental glances met him at every turn; and the costume, so far from being Mongolian, resolved itself into loose garments, round hats, and the flowing pig-tail.

The houses too were Chinese, timbered, and of one story with a long ridge, gaily painted and decorated, such as constantly presented themselves to the eye in any of the towns and villages in Northern China; Chinese the rough, unpaved streets along which the cart jolted and rolled along. The streets were gay with costumes of many fashions in red and blue and other colours; demure women newly arrived from the country moved along with their relatives and friends, whose long frocks lined with wool marked them as shepherds; mixing with the crowd everywhere were the lamas, distinguishable by heads artificially bald and a certain smugness of look.

Indeed, he was still to all intents and purposes in the Flowery Land, for this was the suburb of the Sacred City, where Chinese merchants, traders, and shopkeepers resided and carried on their business. They offered a signal contrast to their Mongol neighbours, who in commercial dealings

are simple and honest, an easy prey to the more wily Chinamen.

Women there were none. The Chinese live in Ourga in self-inflicted banishment without wives or families, eagerly anticipating the time when their fortunes should allow of their return to relatives and native land.

CHAPTER XLIV

OURGA

A collection of huts—The city proper—No sanitation—Prosperous trade—Visit of pilgrims—Women and their dress—Lamas—Their headgear and character.

OURGA itself is a city set down in a valley between two ranges of hills on the banks of the river Tola, of some 40,000 inhabitants. What Mecca is to the Mohammedans, such is Ourga to the Mongol of the steppes. His thoughts and his heart are for ever turned towards it; for in this high and holy place lives a god incarnate.

In its position it reminded the traveller of another sacred place, endeared to the followers of Joseph Smith—the Mormon Mecca of Salt Lake City. For the greater part it consists of a collection of mud huts and wooden buildings. Its dwellers still continue the customs familiar to those in the steppes, and instead of permanent buildings of any kind, the foreigner is aware only of the conical-shaped tents covered with felt with which he has been familiar in the heart of the desert. Should occasion arise, it is easy to remove one's belongings at a few hours' notice and transfer them on the back of camels to any locality that may be chosen. But these tents differ from the yourts of the desert by being surrounded with the protection of a high wooden

fence or palisading, a tribute to the danger or chances of town life.

In the city proper none but the lamas and those dedicated to the life of meditation and prayer may reside; nor may any woman sleep within its hallowed boundaries.

No roads offer their facilities to travellers, but mere tracks that recall the difficulties and dangers of the wayfarer in England in the mediæval ages. A system of sanitation is as much unknown as in Central Africa, whilst the dogs who prowl about in large numbers serve the functions, not alone of scavengers but of undertakers.

Ourga is a place of much prosperity. Apart from its position as a great distributing centre for tea, it manufactures the high Mongolian saddle and Mongolian headwear, the clothing worn by the richer inhabitants of the country, together with pipes, tobacco and pouches, and girdles. It receives and entertains no less than 200,000 pilgrims yearly. These are a lucrative source of income to it.

At the time of the visit now on record, the city was filled with pilgrims who had come in from the surrounding country to pay their homage and present their offerings to their living Buddha.

"Strangest perhaps of all the features in the life of Ourga was the full-dress costume of the females. Nothing could be more odd. I remember well my feelings of astonishment and amusement when I first beheld it. Dare I attempt to describe it! Inspiring genius of Le Follet, come to my assistance. Let me begin with the hat. It may best be described as a wideawake with broad upturned brim of fur. The crown is of yellow silk, surmounted Panjandrum-like with a little round glass button at top of

some bright colour. Hanging underneath the hat, and dependent upon the forehead of the fair (?) wearer, there is an oval ornament composed of worked silver and coral beads.

"The face must be supposed to be of a ruddy brown, with high cheek-bones and small Oriental eyes. The hair, which is of a raven-black, is manipulated into a most extraordinary coiffure. Two huge braids depend on either side of the face to the waist. From the points where the braids depart from the temples, two ornaments of silver and coral, like large earrings with three or four short chains, hang down upon the cheeks. The braids are flat and of great width—fully eight inches—and the hair, which is smoothly plastered with some oily substance, is confined by bands of flat silver chains. The ends of the braids are inserted into silver tubes of about a foot and a half in length, and three or four inches in width, embossed at the top and bottom and centre. They hang down considerably below the waist, and, not being fastened, sway about with the motions of the wearer.

"The frock, which is usually of a bright colour, either red or blue, is of the same width from the shoulders to the ankles, and is confined round the waist with a band. There is an opening from the throat to the side, underneath the right arm, fastened with buttons. The singular part of the dress is the sleeves, which are of very great size, quite balloon-like and puckered. They rise very high upon the shoulders like epaulets, and are usually of a different colour from the frock: *e.g.* if the frock be red, the sleeves will perhaps be yellow; if the frock be blue, the sleeves will be red. There is some simple embroidery about the elbows, and thence the sleeves, which taper in breadth and are so long as almost to hide the hands, are of the same colour as the gown.

"There is a large crescent-shaped ornament upon the bosom of embossed silver and coral, and a huge silver ornament, which I am unable to describe, hangs far down the back, terminating in three or four chains. A large silver chatelaine is suspended from the waist on either side, consisting of a toothpick, an earpick, tweezers, and several other utensils, which are, however, I believe, merely ornamental. Large, unshapely boots of the Chinese fashion complete the attire.

"It will be seen from the amount of silver employed that the full-dress costume is very costly. In fact, having an eye to a purchase, I made inquiries, and found that the dress and ornaments could not be obtained much under seventy pounds sterling. The material of the dress among the more wealthy is silk. In case the reader may wonder how I am able to give so minute a description of the attire, I may explain that in addition to my notes I made several sketches of the ladies as they stood before me. Unlike the men, who came and looked over my shoulder as I was attempting to sketch, the ladies usually put on an indignant expression and walked away, so that I soon learned to take out my note-book and commit my impressions to paper when unperceived."

Moving in and out of the crowds were the lamas. They were readily known by their number and by their head-gear. They meet one at every turn, from the heads of monasteries firing the atmosphere with the glowing red of their long silk garments to the humble lama from the desert, clad in frock of grey, and like his lay brethren in all respects except his shaven crown.

Hats of every shape and degree were worn—high-crowned and low, mere circular pieces of yellow felt with long yellow

wool hanging round the head, or the erections on the heads of dignitaries, very wide in the brim, rising by steps towards a diminishing point at the top, stiff with gilt. The wearer of such a head-piece was ever sure of the obeisance of the passer-by.

These lamas, who form such an important part of the population—more than a moiety, it is affirmed—did not commend themselves to the good opinion of the traveller. He found them unprepossessing in person and character, with the inquisitiveness of the ordinary Mongol layman, combined with the superciliousness and domineering airs of a superior caste. The recitation of their prayers degenerated often into a mere formality; their repetitions of the sacred language often meaningless, for they were ignorant of Thibetan; they were irreverent, and in the most solemn moments frivolous.

Regarded as celibates—for they are sworn to chastity—they are often the fathers of families. To such an extent does the scandal prevail, that the State recognizes their offspring, the sons becoming lamas by virtue of their parentage. The lama system has been greatly honoured from its earliest times by the Chinese emperors; the theocracy of Mongolia is largely of their creation, and from interested motives. Under that system the country is more easily governed: the spirit of progressiveness and independence is held in check.

CHAPTER XLV

THE KHUTUKTU

A human god—Mongolian Buddhism—Grand Lama—His dangers—Successor—The three manifestations of Buddha—Wise intervention—Prayer-wheels—A purchase.

If the people who thronged Ourga had been asked the Scriptural question, "But what went ye out for to see?" they would have shown no hesitation in their answer. The incarnate Buddha was the object of their reverent quest; heaven itself drew near to them in the outward and visible presence of heaven's King.

For the Buddhism of Mongolia, unlike the mystical doctrines of India and Ceylon, has materialized and taken a singular form. It appeals, not only to the heart and imagination, but to the actual sight of its believers—the simple children of the steppes. From the time the first missionaries of Buddhism presented their gospel in Mongolia, the great lamas at the head of the spiritual hierarchy had been commended to the reverence and superstitious regard of the common people. But it was not till the fifteenth century that men were taught the dogma of a perpetual reincarnation. Then they learned for the first time that the deity known to true believers as Ananda was become incarnate in the

head of their own hierarchy, never again to die, but merely to transmigrate.

Hence it comes to pass that though the temples are filled with a rabble of gods and goddesses, who scowl from their images sitting on the shrines, or twist in hideous delineations from the banners hanging from the roofs, it is for the man like themselves, with human passions and feelings, yet with the undying nature of a god, that the Mongols reserve their most passionate adoration, their most reverent worship.

Through some strange fatality, constantly repeated, the living deity never attains the years of mature manhood. From early childhood he must remain within the enclosures of his own palace at Kuren, leaving it only to visit his house in the country, or to come forth in state to show himself to the people, and to bless and be adored by them.

And he must never grow old. In all this is seen the hand of the suzerain power. The deified sovereign who sits secluded in a monastery is not the true master of Mongolia. He sits in Peking.

Round the unfortunate deity of Ourga are wound the threads of political intrigue. An intelligent, energetic, daring man at the head of the Mongols might revive their ancient daring, and become dangerous to China. Under any circumstances the protracted influence of a god over his people is to be feared by a government far away. So the living god never grows old: he remains young, and, by some mysterious fatality, he dies. This sudden death is one of the most constant miracles of the deity.

With the growing influence of Russia, it should be mentioned, the chances of surviving under a Russian consul are now greater than in the days when Mr. Sheepshanks

passed through the Khanates, and death was certain. For this, diplomacy rather than humanity is to be held accountable.

Once or twice it has happened that the Grand Lama of Mongolia has been permitted to attain the age of twenty-two or twenty-three. But his destiny does not permit him to survive the limit of such an age. Summoned to Thibet to be consecrated to the rank of "Geloon," his fate overtakes him on his way home, or soon after his return. The deity within him passes away to some other man child newly born. A deputation of lamas is at once despatched into Thibet in search of the child. Recognizing him by secret marks discernible by no other eye, or possibly coming to terms with suitable and compliant parents, they carry him away for honour and seclusion at Kuren.

For it must be remembered that Thibet is the natural home of the deity. Buddha is said to delight in living upon the earth, dwelling in the bodies of three men—three men alone in the world. One of these, chief of the Trinity, is the Dalai-Lama of Thibet; the second lives also in Thibet; the third, the Khutuktu, is the Grand Lama of Mongolia, and dwells in Ourga.

The Dalai-Lama of Thibet is the most sacred, and even in Mongolia all other pretensions pale before his. On one occasion he was compelled to leave his own country and take refuge in Ourga, with the result that the shrine of the local deity was forsaken in favour of the more powerful incarnation. Immense crowds flocked in from the country to propitiate the greater deity.

The ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Lama of Mongolia still obtains over some 70,000 men, but the civil administration is in the hands of nominees of the Chinese Government.

At the time of our traveller's visit, the governor of Kuren was not a Chinaman, but a Mongol of the severest sect of the Buddhists. Scandalized by the uncommon vice which had made its home in the sacred city, he endeavoured to enforce an ancient ordinance forbidding merely secular people to live within two miles of the pavilions, whose gilt roofs, rising above the lofty palisades, indicated the abode of God's vicegerent on earth. This would have been to provoke a riot or worse, since around the lamaseries had grown up a town of 7000 inhabitants.

Here the influence of the Khutuktu was exercised to good effect. Since the people were already there, and could be driven away only at a considerable risk from their shops and homes, and since they neither injured him nor the interests of Buddhism, it was politic to allow them to remain. So they continue, but in greater numbers, to this present day.

Temples are, of course, a prominent feature in the life of this mournful city, whose thoughts of death and of a future existence find constant expression. Banners inscribed with prayers and sacred characters everywhere flutter in the breeze; lugubrious religious exercises constitute a large part of the yearly routine of the inhabitants.

The temples themselves are structures of wood, with a superficial resemblance to a Greek church.

In the porch are to be found several large prayer cylinders, of a height extending from five to six feet. At first sight these machines, so much in vogue in and out of the temples, seem to be but ingenious contrivances for the economy of effort such as is seen in other directions. For the people who enrich the poor by scattering fragments of paper with fictitious money value on them, and who send

horses to travellers in distress by throwing to the wind paper representations of these animals, which they are persuaded will become most useful animals, are not without imagination.

Casually considered, it seems as though their prayers were of the same labour-saving nature. Not only in the temples, but at the gate of each of the enclosures, there is fixed a prayer-wheel, to the revolving drum of which two or three small sails are attached. Caught by every wind (and Ourga is a windy place), from the gentlest breeze to the strongest gale, they revolve at a great rate, and cause a perpetual whirr throughout the place. The common notion in the mind of a European is that these are contrivances to save trouble, and are born of ingenuity and indolence. But the idea is—as with the numerous streamers affixed to the poles, and fluttering with the sacred words written upon them—that all this movement causes the prayers to ascend more quickly to the Buddhist heaven.

Prayer-wheels to be worked by hand are in the possession of many of the people, and probably of all the lamas. As they are turned, the formula of the sacred name is exhibited to the four quarters; whilst by means of a rosary held in the left hand the revolutions are duly counted. So that they serve the purposes, not of manufacturing prayers, but of showing forth the glory of Padma-Pani.

The traveller found a prayer-wheel more difficult to obtain than an Indian skull or a Mongolian rosary. A lama may not dispose of one under terms of extreme ecclesiastical censure. Nor may he give it—a course of action unlikely to occur to him. Mr. Sheepshanks was fortunate enough to find one in a receptacle near the temples for worn-out paraphernalia. Grubbing about amongst old banners and pictures of Buddhas and demons and other *débris*, he discovered one,

but in a state of disrepair. To a young lama, inquiring the object of his search, he confided his desire to have a good one. Before the promise of a good price, the scruples, if not the fears, of the lama faded away. With a furtive air he announced he would do his best, and would present himself the next night at the Russian station. Accordingly at the hour and place, muffled up beyond recognition, he came, bringing with him the thing desired — a common hand prayer-wheel.

CHAPTER XLVI

ADORATION OF GRAND LAMA

Unique experience—Potentate leaves for country quarters—Waiting crowds—Costly presents—Procession—Ceremony—Interior of temples.

During Mr. Sheepshanks' stay in Ourga came an experience singular, not only in his own adventurous wanderings, but, judging by the silence of books of travel upon this subject, probably unique in the history of European travellers.

By great good fortune his visit coincided with an announced intention of the Great Lama to remove to his country house, and to receive the homage of his people on the way. Accompanied by a young Russian, he drove into Kuren to the palace of the Khutuktu to witness the adoration of the incarnate god. Outside the gate of the place which shut out from his devotees all sight of the great man, country-folk, merchants, poor people, and those well-to-do, lamas of every rank and degree, awaited their deity from half-past ten till noon in an awe-stricken silence, broken only by the monotonous chanting of prayers.

"At length there was a stir among the people, which showed that the eagerly expected ceremony was about to take place; and they all moved off to an open space in front of an enclosure near the palace. After a little while

the gates of this enclosure were thrown open, and a small decorated pavilion was discovered inside, with a highly ornate chair, in which the great one was to sit. The pilgrims were all arranged in three or four broad rows across the open space, and sat down thickly upon the ground. We walked off to the gate of the palace enclosure, from which, we were told, the Khutuktu would soon issue. Presently a small procession of lamas arrived, and took up their position at the same spot. There were two men having long strips of fur which they wore, somewhat as the Eastern deacons wear their stoles, over the right shoulder, and hanging down towards the ground. There were two men in huge yellow woollen helmets, bearing trumpets shaped like flageolets; and a number of lamas, advanced in life and of high position, in large gilt processional hats. One lama bore a lofty round canopy of yellow silk, like a large umbrella with long hangings. Other lamas, of high degree, bore a sedan-chair covered with yellow stuff.

"Shortly after this procession had taken its place, the trumpets were sounded and all eyes were turned towards the gate, which up to this time had been shut. It opened, and then came out a group of high lamas, all in bright red flowing silk robes, and among them the god himself, who immediately took his seat upon the sedan-chair, and was lifted up by the lamas appointed for the purpose. He was a stout man, with a large, round, shaven, good-humoured face, not wanting in intelligence, but with a smirking and consequential expression. I should have guessed him to be about thirty years of age, but in fact he was only twenty-one; the time, therefore, of his fateful journey to Thibet was not far off.

"The trumpets continued blowing, the procession started, and soon entered the enclosure that I have mentioned. To

the gate of this we hurried in time to see the Great Lama take his seat upon the chair of state. All caps were taken off, the Khutuktu alone remaining covered, and a chosen few were ranged before him. These were they who obtained the privilege by valuable gifts. The presents of rich Mongols are often, I was told, very costly. I saw one man, only meanly dressed, carrying in a silver plate, shaped like a crown and elaborately carved, as his offering. These favoured ones were placed before the great one, and all, both men and women, took off their hats, which were held by the attendant lamas, and received the much-valued benediction, the while prayers were chanted out in the deep bass which the lamas cultivate, and handfuls of corn were thrown up into the air.

"We were standing at the gate during this ceremony, not being allowed to enter. While there, the Umban and other mandarins, clad in rich garments of blue silk, their hats adorned with buttons, which denoted their rank, and peacocks' feathers—a decoration conferred by Bogdo Khan—passed in and took up their positions not far from the throne. But they were evidently quite subordinate personages. When the favoured ones had received their special blessing, the trumpets were again sounded, we were requested to move away from the gate, and the great one came forth. First came the two lamas with their so-called stoles of fur; next the two trumpeters in their helmets; then one or two lamas; then one bearing a censer; then the sedan-chair, with the god lifted on high on the shoulders of the lamas. A few more lamas, and the mandarins closed the procession, which moved, not quickly, but not very slowly, down the ranks of people kneeling or prostrating themselves upon the ground.

"Each person, man and woman, had a small silk handkerchief, which he or she had brought as an offering, for they were all quite poor people. These were collected by the attendant lamas. The great one held a long strand or rein of silk in each hand, which he twisted round as he was borne along. Each strand was tied to the handle of a wand borne by a lama walking on either side. To the other end of this wand there was attached a small bunch of silk ribands, and with this, as the procession moved onwards, the lamas touched rapidly the bare heads of the people, they at the time, poor things, holding up their hands with the palms pressed together as if in prayer, and with a rapt, awestruck expression upon their simple faces. Thus, through the medium of the wand and the silk strand, each person was for a brief moment brought *en rapport* with the incarnate god.

"He, in the mean time, looked round with much indifference and complacency. As he passed near me and my companion, he looked at us, as we stood, with some displeasure, and prudence whispered that it might be safer to kneel, or at least incline one's head; but the prudence of my reflections was counteracted by the British obstinacy of my knees. I felt that it could not be done; and doubtless recognizing that we were not of his people, the lama's expression quickly changed to a stare of eager curiosity, and I, for my part, returned his gaze with some curiosity and yet more sadness. Thus the ranks were all passed through, the trumpets blowing lustily all the while; and the great one returning by the way he came, the walls of the enclosure once more hid him from our view.

"The people then slowly dispersed, many of them, however, stopping awhile to worship. Standing before the

gates of the palace, and placing the palms of their hands together, they touched their foreheads and breasts; and then, prostrating themselves at full length upon their faces, they touched the earth with their foreheads. This they would do, perhaps a few, perhaps many times; and then, brushing the dust from their heads, went away to their place of lodging."

The ceremony of the Benediction over, the young cleric gave himself up to a thorough examination of the temples of Ourga. Numerous as they were, he visited most of them. Outwardly they were much alike, with domes marking them off from all other buildings, and protected by palisadings of great height from the public view. Around them in the same enclosure were gathered the huts of the resident lamas, dwellings which in appearance and construction might have been snatched up from a desert encampment.

Passing through the porch—vibrating to the hum of the prayer-wheels revolving there—one enters the hall of assembly in which the daily services are performed. Upon low wooden benches, usually covered with a red stuff, the lamas, sitting cross-legged, face each other at their prayers. At all of the temples there would be a few lamas with two or three boys with shaven crowns shouting out their prayers at great speed to the noise of drums and cymbals constantly beaten. There would also be, in all probability, a few monks standing about talking and laughing, for reverence is no feature of life in a Mongol temple.

A visitor at once attracted the curiosity of the older lamas, and, without ceasing their task of beating the drums, they would ask many questions and laugh merrily, only to return to their recitations gabbled with astonishing

celerity. The impression left upon the traveller was one of pretence and unreality.

From the roof of the temple banners of silk are suspended, and hang nearly to the ground; and paintings from Thibet adorn the poles or pillars which support the roof.

Images and clay medallions of gods and goddesses are placed here and there, often within a glass case depended from the wall. A throne with canopy occupies a place of honour opposite the door; behind it is the corridor which leads to the Buddhist holy of holies, the shrine containing the chief idols.

Their visitor was permitted by some lamas, after such simple courtesies as allowing them to examine his clothing, hear the ticking and see the works of his watch, to enter the holy of holies of their richly decorated temple.

In addition to the customary paintings and images, he found attendant lamas engaged in lighting lamps of oil and preparing certain dishes to set before these representations of the divinities. For their delectation the altar tables were heaped with butter in various colours and divers shapes, cups of steaming tea, cups piled to the brim with different kinds of grain and rice. An unusual kind of a lamp revealed itself, in the form of a wick placed in a bowl between large lumps of butter, and contributing, by its fumes, to the closeness and oiliness of the atmosphere, from which at last the visitor was glad to retreat.

CHAPTER XLVII

FIRE WORSHIP

Traces of Shamanism—Officiating priest—Preparations—Curious vestments—Feeding the furnace—Incantations—Tedious ceremony—Refreshments.

Mr. Sheepshanks had long held the opinion that Buddhism, as it existed in that part of Asia, had incorporated some of the characteristic beliefs of Shamanism, fire worship one of them. On the last day of his stay in Ourga, and during a final visit to the temples, he received a confirmation of his theory. As he had already seen the adoration of the Grand Lama, so now on the verge of his departure he was to look upon the Adoration of the Fire.

In a small but ornate temple he found an old lama of benignant aspect, who was officiating after an unusual order of ritual with a number of the younger members of his order as attendants. The properties, if one may so phrase them, were a metal vessel looking like a silver teapot, a cup containing *samshu* (spirit) mixed with water, some peacocks' feathers and stalks of grass, and a bell. This the lama rang at intervals. Using the samshu as a sort of holy water, he dipped his fingers in it and waved them after the manner of one who weaves spells. At one part of the service he took up silk that was lying on the table and solemnly wound it

up. His attendants meanwhile continued the decorous repetitions of the sacred words. The service then seemed to come to an end, giving place to what is known with us as "an interval for refreshments." Tea was handed round whilst the others laughed and joked a little, and the lama unbent so far as to inquire about the stranger and his nationality. Having emptied his cup, he rose, and was invested by an underling in a robe of yellow silk.

Preparations for the worship of fire began. A small, portable brick stove was brought in, heated by a wick fed with butter, and placed close to the seat of the officiating priest. Upon a table were placed numerous bowls, containing wheat, rice, millet, and other kinds of grain, saucers with butter in various colours, two large bundles of grass, and some small logs of wood. The last things to be laid upon the tables were two ladles of silver.

The priest now seated himself, with a board before him, to protect him from the heat, a cloth across his knees, and the ceremony began.

"Attendants brought in a number of small bundles, which were distributed among the lamas in succession, beginning with the officiating priest. Each lama opened his bundle and revealed some very curious vestments, which I had not seen before. First, each put on a mitre of five points, all in the front, and within this and upon the crown of the head a spiral cap, terminating in a sharp peak; and then a pair of long ribbons, as strings to the head-dress, which was then complete. The only other vestment in the bundle was a good-sized silk cape, of various colours, and adorned with different patterns. Underneath this each lama wore his usual frock, the priest having, in addition, the yellow silk robe which I have previously mentioned. The

vestments, when new and clean, must have been decidedly rich and handsome; but now they were somewhat dingy and soiled.

"The wick in the interior of the furnace was then lighted from the small lamp upon the base, and the chanting began. The butter was soon melted, and the fire began to blaze up brightly. A large metal vessel was next brought in, filled with some smoking fatty liquid, perhaps melted butter, and the two ladles were handed to the priest by the attendant. With them he fed the fire from time to time, baling the liquid with the smaller ladle into the larger one, which, when full, was emptied into the furnace. The fire would then burst forth in tongues of flame, that mounted up towards the dome, and the cymbals were impetuously clashed.

"The various offerings were then thrown into the furnace one by one by the priest. First a number of the little billets of wood, then the different specimens of grain, bowl after bowl being handed to him by the attendants, and then the bundles of grass; and at each offering the cymbals were sounded. The red light of the flames shone upon the yellow faces, the shaven heads and quaint garments of the lamas, and for the moment concealed the faded colours of their robes. The strips and banners of silk hanging from the roof were stirred by the draught created by the fire. Now and then a thin column of smoke ascended to the dome as the various offerings were cast into the fire, and the air was filled with the odour of burning fat. The old priest, upon whose wrinkled countenance a ruddy glow was thrown by the red light, waved his fingers in a curious manner towards the flames, as though he were tendering these offerings to the invisible powers, and the attendant lamas all joined in the

sacrifice by hoarsely chanting out their prayers. The scene was strange indeed, and striking.

"When all the bowls of the first row had been emptied into the furnace, the priest ceased offering for awhile, and went through various minor ceremonies. Between the thumb and palm of his right hand he held a small sceptre of silver, about four inches in length, and between the thumb and palm of his left hand a small bell; and thus he would wave his fingers in a curious and indescribable manner towards the fire, and at intervals ring the bell. Then he would dip his fingers in the samshu and water, and wave them with an air. And then, perhaps, after awhile, the chanting continuing all the time, he would take the little bunch of grass and peacocks' feathers from the table and wave them and replace them where they were before. Then he began with the second row of offerings, which were handed to him in turn by the attendant, and one by one were committed to the flames.

"The scene had now continued for a long time—perhaps an hour and a half—and several of the lamas, particularly the younger ones, showed evident signs of weariness. One or two were quite boys; they must have been very warm, or the day was hot, and they had been sitting for long immediately in front of the fire, and between heat and fatigue began to show signs of drowsiness. Their faces were flushed, and they nodded upon their seats; but, rousing themselves with a start, they would again go on with their prayers, once reading a book of Thibetan prayers, which had been contained in their bundles.

"When all the corn was consumed, the moulds of butter were committed to the flames, and finally all the remaining billets of wood. The ceremony was now obviously drawing

to a conclusion. During a pause Mongolian tea was brought in and handed round. Each lama took one of their wooden bowls from his breast and partook of the beverage, of which they must have been much in need. They all clapped their hands solemnly. The priest extinguished the fire by pouring water upon it from a metal vessel shaped like a teapot, and then the service was done. The lamas folded up their vestments, and prepared to depart."

CHAPTER XLVIII

TO RUSSIAN TERRITORY

Journey from Ourga—Obi worship—Kiachtka—Decaying prosperity—Cathedral—Russo-Chinese boundary—Maimatchin—Return to civilized life—Mr. Grant—Off again—Old Lithuanian—Selenga River.

THE time was spent most pleasantly, but the hour at last arrived when Mr. Sheepshanks must bid farewell to his kindly Russian hosts. Henceforth his face was turned towards Siberia and civilization. He was to leave behind him the rattle of beads and prayer-wheels, and the gross idolatry which made a whole nation worship their fellow-man as a god, to come into touch again with the symbols and practices of his own Christian faith. As for the first part of his journey, his attendants were two Mongols, one of them a lama, and each with his horse.

From Ourga he passed out into a country of hill and valley all unlike the sandy wastes of the desert of Gobi. Desolate and forbidding, it had within it tracks of country where superstition had contrived to give an added dejection to the natural gloom.

One place—a long, weird valley abhorred and dreaded of travellers—was full of traces of the old Obi worship. Cairns on the hillside were everywhere to be descried with rods or poles carrying strips of rags, or of clothing torn from the

garments of passing travellers who had alighted to say a prayer. Thus to decorate these sacred piles of wood is a pious duty. Tradition demands a portion of one's own garb, but any piece of cloth seems to meet the requirements of the occasion. Amidst these last fluttering memorials of Mongolian religion, the wayfarer left behind him for ever that strange and ill-known country.

As he went a change came over the view. Cereals were now abundant, bullocks grazed in increasing numbers on the slopes and on the lower lands, whilst horses were less abundant. The people were no longer as well to do as in other districts; as eager to accost the passing traveller, they were more ready for tips; in short, he found himself passing out of a nomadic and pastoral population amongst a people in touch with civilization.

After a few nights and days of journeying, he saw before him the spires of churches, chimneys as of factories pouring out their smoke to the skies, houses white as snow. Europe had come out to meet him. He was riding from Mongol life directly into a city of carefully made roads, European shops and warehouses, public gardens, wide streets, and schools.

Kiachta lies snugly in a hollow, between hills of sand and fir trees, well sheltered from the north. Founded in 1730, it enjoyed something of the same privilege conferred upon the Hudson's Bay Company. The original merchant adventurers who had settled down so far away from civilized Russia had been permitted to govern themselves as far as internal affairs were concerned. Their elders communicated —and still communicate—directly with the Empire at St. Petersburg.

Remote and little known, the town had become very

opulent. It owed its existence, as the wealthy inhabitants owed their money, almost entirely to the tea trade flowing into it in long lines of camel caravans across the desert. Generation after generation it remained one of the greatest centres of trading in the world, whilst the proximity of gold mining added to the prosperity. But after two and a half centuries of overflowing life Kiachta is decaying. Its life is being squeezed out of it by the great Trans-Siberian Railway that carries away east and west most of the sources of its riches. The caravan with the camel will never come again. It moves along in the historic yesterday. The unchanging silence through which it passed is broken by the whistle of the locomotive and the hissing of its steam.

Kiachta still retains its rich merchants, who have not cared to move away; worshippers still make their way to the cathedral, which marks the most splendid achievement of church architecture in East Siberia. Its building alone involved the spending of nearly a million and half of roubles. But the fortunes of the city are fallen.

Before the traveller can enter Kiachta he must first pass through another town and the neutral territory of a few hundred yards which lies between. It is the meeting-place of the worlds—the boundary of Russia and China.

Marked out by two wooden posts, covered with mud, and void of any inscription, this boundary would be more properly indicated by a Chinese pagoda on the one side and a Russian temple on the other. For here Prester John and the great Russian Czar come in contact. Narrow paved streets with grey one-story houses and windowless walls made with clay mixed with stone; clumsy two-wheeled ox carts, loaded with boxes of tea, and guided by swarthy Mongol drivers; wild untrained horsemen from the desert

of Gobi and poor countrymen on slow pacing oxen, suddenly give place to Russian towns, provincial villages with loghouses, domed churches and droskhies, soldiers, and peasants.

Maimatchin, the Chinese town, which has shared in the rise and decline of its neighbour's prosperity, has a peculiarity, the strangest perhaps one can think of in a place of thousands of inhabitants. Throughout its streets, and in its houses, no woman's voice is heard nor infant's cry, nor are there any children ever to be seen. Men, and men only, dwell in it. This is the result of an early Russo-Chinese treaty that Chinese subjects might not become rooted in an alien soil. Like their countrymen at Ourga, these are exclusively traders hoping to make money enough to return to their native land to the bosom of their families.

The life of the one place is, of course, not rigidly excluded from the other.

In Kiachta, Mongolian cavalry, with ribbons streaming from their hats, dash about the streets. Russian moujiks pass to and fro with their loads. Merchants who speak in Slav elbow the dwellers from the steppes with their uncouth dialects. Peasant waggons from Siberian villages and clumsy Mongolian carts, on wheels without spokes, wobbling along drawn by patient oxen, mingle together. In Kiachta two worlds meet.

To the world of civilized life the traveller was not unwilling to return. It meant first of all a bath, and the opportunity of getting rid of the sand and dust of a month. It meant more generous living after restricted desert fare, for vegetables and provisions in plenty are brought in by peasants who start from their homes before the break of day in order to be in time for the market. It meant the

cheery welcome of the samovar—boiling and spluttering all day long—since the Russian, who makes but one principal meal in the twenty-four hours—at twelve or one,—refreshes himself and his visitor with tea many times during the day.

Above all, it meant the welcome and hospitality of an Englishman, Mr. C. M. Grant, with whom a fellow-countryman could speak again in his own tongue. For alone among strangers the most valiant heart grows a little weary.

No name was better known to travellers through Siberia than that of Mr. Grant. Long resident in the country, he had married a Russian lady—daughter of a former governor—and had so organized a pony express from Kiachta to Peking that instead of dawdling for three weeks and a month his carriers made the journey in the speedy time of twelve days.

As eating marked Mr. Sheepshanks' arrival, so it marked his departure, and Kiachta was left behind on the Festival of St. John Baptist, a day when an orthodox Russian will eat nothing but what is round—a delicate, if far-fetched, tribute to the Saint. The cart which had carried him across Gobi was disposed of, and a rough vehicle hired to be placed in charge of a Cossack, whose services had been lent by the head Russian official. The destination was Lake Baikal, one hundred and twenty miles further on.

Passing the church, famous for its icon which from time to time shone out upon its worshippers with miraculous brightness, the traveller passed out again into the open country. The road changed into a mere path as soon as it was out of the town, and led them through silent, dark woods of fir trees and beeches, in which one heard nothing but the ceaseless distant falling of the rain. With nothing

to stop the steady running of the ponies, Lake Baikal seemed easy of attainment.

It was further off, however, than at first seemed probable. A halt was made towards evening at a wretched inn where entertainment was offered for man and beast. Instead of resuming the journey—after the customary stoppage—the Cossack proceeded to take all the things out of the vehicle in view apparently of a protracted stay in the inn. This did not suit the traveller's book; but how was he to communicate with his driver? Gesticulation is eloquent enough as far as it goes, but it is not every one who can use it or comprehend it. The people of the inn, like the driver, knew Russian only.

After a night's rest, the adventurer sallied forth into the town—a poor place, but chiefly noticeable because all the side walks rested upon trestles standing some three or four feet above the level of the road. Whenever a person of any respectability came in sight he accosted him in French, German, and finally in English. A polite shake of the head was in all cases the only reply. Speech "understanded of the people" was as far from him as though on an alien planet.

Receiving at last from a good Samaritan the name and address of a likely man, he found himself at the door of an old and unsavoury Lithuanian, with matted beard and dull, melancholy eyes, exiled to Siberia some thirty years before. His German was as neglected as his appearance, but by dint of perseverance and eking out speech with shrug and gesture, the situation at length became plain. The high-road to Lake Baikal was under water as the result of heavy rains, travel upon it impossible.

This, then, was the explanation of the curious display

of trestles in the byeways. The River Selenga was in flood, and the surrounding country lay under a swirl of waters. The flood, then, must serve the purpose of the traveller. The Kama River, on the further side of the Ural, must at any hazard be reached before the steamboats ceased running for the winter, or one would arrive there to find an *impasse.*

With the utmost expedition Mr. Sheepshanks' bill was paid, his baggage placed in a boat with men hired to row it, and he was quietly floating down towards his desired haven. For the next day or two he was able to yield himself to his confirmed habit of bathing, taking a header from the boat into the stream to the astonishment of Cossack and boatmen, no less surprised than Chinese and Mongolian at the novelty.

CHAPTER XLIX

LAKE BAIKAL

Prolific stream—Holy Sea—Sudden storms—Home of Shamanism—Monseigneur Benjamin—Deadlock—Mimicry—Bouriats—Old religion of Asia—Mr. Birkbeck and the Archimandrite.

His course lay through a picturesque valley, warm and fertile, the low hills on the Selenga already ablaze with tints of autumn on the trees. The stream itself was singularly rich in fish, especially the giant sturgeon, without which the Russian dinner-table would be deprived of its principal *hors d'œuvre*. Since food is always assured to them from the running waters, a considerable population make their homes on the banks of the Selenga.

Baikal is the name given to the great inland lake of Eastern Siberia. Impressed by the mystic silence which reigns along its shores, responsive to the legends which have written themselves upon its surface, the Russians have named it "The Holy Sea." Lying at a height of 1500 feet above sea-level, with a fringe of mountains that rise, in some instances, sheer into the skies for 7000 feet, it has an area equal to that of the whole of England.

Quiet and desolate for the greater part of the year, it can at times be swept by the most furious storms. So fierce are the hurricanes that fall upon it that it is a common

saying in Irkutsk, it is only on Baikal in the autumn that a man learns to pray from his heart. Mysterious rumblings alarm the few neighbours as with the menace of earthquake. These are probably the occasion of its legendary lore.

Its waters conceal an immense number and variety of fish. The royal sturgeon is here; salmon abounds, though not to the same extent as in the Frazer River. Seals that frequent only the salt sea have made Lake Baikal the one exception in the history of their race, for they are frequently seen in its fresh waters.

The traveller had now arrived at a spot particularly fertile for the prosecution of the inquiries which he had so much at heart. He had long desired to know more of the great missionary enterprises carried on by the Greek Church amongst the heathen of Northern Asia. He was now at the very door of the Bishop of the Trans-Baikal region.

The study, too, of the Shamanism which he had found so rife amongst the Indians of British Columbia and Kanakas in the South Seas, could find its fullest exposition in the original haunts of that superstition amongst the aboriginal tribes of Siberia. Moreover, Monseigneur Benjamin, the Bishop to whom he was accredited, was an authority both on missions and on native beliefs.

His home was at the monastery of the Saviour, at Posolsky, on the southern border of the lake. This was the centre of the missionary enterprise in the Trans-Baikal district, and owed its existence to the piety and enterprise of a Russian merchant, chargé d'affaires at Peking at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Thither Mr. Sheepshanks proceeded, the letter of commendation from Monseigneur Palladius, the Russian Archimandrite at Peking, in his hands.

Through a gate, adorned with frescoes of the Saviour, the Blessed Virgin, and other holy personages, he entered with the Cossack who served as guide into a small enclosure of houses, with the dome of a church rising from the midst of it. The dome, shining with stars painted upon a ground of blue, rose from a lofty octagonal tower. This in turn was surmounted with a spire terminating in a cross. Around the settlement ran a lofty wall, effectually securing privacy.

The Bishop's own residence, situated near the entrance of the monastery, was an unpretending house of wood. He himself continued the traditions of a dignified appearance which belong to the upper hierarchy of the Greek Church. It was a tall, fine-looking man of middle age, with patriarchial beard and long flowing hair, who presented himself and welcomed his visitor. Dressed in a flowing silk robe, an effigy of our Lord lying upon his breast, a tall hat of a dark purple colour upon his head, he carried in his hand a pastoral staff.

His welcome was kindly, but alas! it was couched in the Russian tongue. A reply in French, English, German, elicited nothing but a gentle shake of the head. But a recollection of the Latin tongue, the polite language of the Middle Ages, and the vehicle of conversation between ecclesiastics of the Christian Church, came happily into the mind of the Cambridge graduate.

"Intelligisne Latinam linguam Domine?" at once opened the door which threatened to be impenetrably closed. In spite of Russian peculiarities of pronunciation, the Bishop made himself quite intelligible to his brother of another nation; though it is possible that all that passed for classical Latin between the two clergy would

rather have caused a professor or purist to wrinkle his brows.

The boys in the monastery school had just finished their midday meal, and rose up as their Father in God and the stranger from England entered the room. Of mixed parentage, Bouriat and Russian, they were all intended for the priesthood. One of them, who had often witnessed the incantations of the Shaman priests, gave an imitation of them especially interesting to Mr. Sheepshanks, the student of the superstitions of that caste. Whilst the Bishop smiled and the other boys giggled, the shaven-headed little actor leapt high in the air, waving a stick to which a bundle of rags had been fastened, now to the right, now to the left, and now, with special gesticulation, towards the imaginary person who was to be exorcised. And as he capered, he sang a strange heathenish chant.

It was to the Bouriat population, of whom many are still given up to the old Shamanistic beliefs, that the mission was more especially addressed. Fifteen missionaries served under the Bishop: eight of them monks, and seven of them secular priests with wives and families. These resided in the stations, twelve in number, and paid periodical visits to the monastery to mitigate the monotony of isolation, receiving in their turn visitations from their spiritual head.

The Bouriat is of true Mongol origin: a native of the northern part of the country. Tall and strongly built, he inherits the most virile qualities of the men of the steppes. By none was a fiercer resistance offered to the aggression of Russia. But superstition weakened his arm when he would still have been able to keep his enemy at bay. There came a forest fire of unprecedented suddenness and speed, before

which the dusky pine perished in great numbers. In its place there sprang up in every direction the birch tree with its white bark.

This was enough for the aboriginal. He saw in this the conquest of the paler Russian over the swarthy Mongol, and ceased his guerilla warfare. He passed quickly into a hybrid, speaking the Russian tongue, practising Russian vices, dressing in sheepskin like a moujik, drinking the moujik's national beverage (vodka), removing his cap at the name of the Czar, his overlord, yet wearing Mongolian cap and boots, retaining certain Mongolian habits with which he might well have dispensed, and believing, for the most part, in Buddha and Lamaism.

Out of a number of heathen, estimated at 112,000, twelve thousand had been converted to the new faith, and baptized into the Greek Church. The danger of lapsing into idolatry is less with these people than with most, for, by the law of the land, once an orthodox believer always an orthodox believer. There is no retracing one's steps. Hence the Bouriat knows that, by the strict law of Russia, he cannot revert to paganism when once he has been baptized, but must remain, at least outwardly and ostensibly, a Christian.

Yet, even in the Trans-Baikal district, dissenters from the Greek Church were not unknown. Separated from the main body for reasons of varying importance, sometimes apparently of no importance at all (why should the manner of folding one's hands at prayer make a schismatic of a man?), these wanderers from the fold, in spite of having no priest and no mass, were very energetic in spreading their own views. Three of their missionaries were at work in the Trans-Baikal province itself.

In converse with the Bishop, the foreigner learnt

many things of value concerning the old, old religion of Asia, in which he was so greatly interested. Driven further and further towards the ends of the earth by advancing light and knowledge; dispossessed of its fairest provinces by Christianity, Mohammedanism, or Buddhism, it still lingered on in the regions which gave it birth.

The Shaman, whose antics had been mimicked by the shaven novice, was near akin to the medicine man whom Mr. Sheepshanks had seen in an Indian village on Vancouver Island. Stripped to the skin, with face of deadly pallor, wild eyes gleaming beneath his matted hair, crawling on all fours amongst the filth, chewing the offal and gnawing the bones that were lying on the dunghill, with flakes of foam hanging about his mouth, and falling upon the mud, the witch-doctor of British Columbia was equally an interpreter of demoniacal possession with the wizard in Mongolia, who spun round and round in a frenzy, his garment stiff with rattling pieces of metal reverberating as he rotates, his face contorted, his mouth open in hideous ululations, until he fell exhausted on the ground.

After an intercourse with the Bishop, which included discussions on doctrine, the merits of icons, the celibacy of the clergy, and the need for unity between the great Christian Churches, the representative of the Anglican Communion made his adieus and returned to Baikal.

It was not to be expected that, with several thousand miles between them and the space of more than thirty years, the English priest, now a Bishop in his own country, should come into touch again with the Russian monastery. Yet by one of the odd chances of life, a Norfolk layman, staying in a convent not far from the Caspian Sea, touched the chord that connected those distant days and places.

He had journeyed there to inspect some scarce sheets of ancient music placed at his disposal by the white-haired Archimandrite of the convent. And the Archimandrite spoke to him of an English clergyman who had visited the monastery of Posolsky, in Siberia, when he was working there as a simple priest. He recalled his appearance, his name, and the circumstances that the Bishop and he had conversed in Latin, since no other tongue was available. He recalled, too, how democratic was this young Englishman, and how strong his conviction that bishops were paid far too much, their clergy far too little. It was with something more than a twinkle he received the information that the humble parson of 1867 was now himself lord of a palace and an episcopal income, and Bishop of Norwich.

"I wonder if he has changed his mind?" said the Archimandrite.

The Bishop, commenting upon this incident, adds, "If I see the old gentleman again, I will let him know."

MONSEIGNEUR BENJAMIN, BISHOP OF THE TRANS-BAIKAL MISSION.

THE TRAVELLERS' TARANTASS.

CHAPTER L

THROUGH SIBERIA

First steamboat—Irkutsk—Governor's kindness—Interview with Archbishop—Clergy and work—Greek Liturgy—Memorable drive begins—Travelling companion—Tarantass—River of Paradox.

A STERTOROUS, dawdling craft, whose panting could be heard miles away, bore Mr. Sheepshanks across the lake in the direction of Irkutsk. Formerly in crossing, a boat or barge might be detained three weeks on a voyage of forty miles by contrary winds without being able to land on either shore. An enterprising merchant had the skeleton of a steamer constructed on the lake, brought engines, boiler, machinery four thousand miles from St. Petersburg, and launched his vessel. The appearance of this monster steaming across in the teeth of a gale prostrated the Siberians and Mongols with astonishment. Some time after the visitor's departure, the lake asserted its supremacy over its conqueror and sank it.

Soon the town of Irkutsk rose before him. Built on a tongue of land formed by the confluence of two rivers, it presented a very fine appearance with domes and churches, and with the handsome villas on the hillsides peeping out through the clustering trees.

It was the governing centre of the great province which, stretching across an area no less than twenty times the

extent of France, includes in its population people of many races. In the streets of Irkutsk, Bouriats, Kirghese from the steppes, Tunguses, Circassians, Tartars, Armenians, Jews, meet and mingle with the native Slavs. It is a city both Western and Eastern at the same time, barbarism lifting up its head amongst some of the latest refinements and discoveries of civilized life. Rich from the caravan trade of tea, it derived much wealth from the gold-miners who winter and spend their money in the city.

In the house of the Governor-General, where he was hospitably received, the traveller listened to his own language again, admirably spoken by the Governor's wife. But when he paid his call upon the Archbishop, to whom he had letters of introduction from Monseigneur Benjamin of Baikal, he must needs fall back again upon the Latin. The Archbishop had much piety and learning, but neither French nor English. After the manner of his class, he wore a long black robe of flowered satin, with a monk's hat and veil, presenting, with his long grey beard and hair and benevolent air, a very venerable appearance.

Under this dignitary were ten missionaries, a monk, and nine secular priests, who were devoted to the work of converting the Bouriats, of whom there were 100,000 in the diocese. Addicted to the superstitions of Shamanism, and very uncivilized, living, many of them, like wild men in the wood, they had yet responded to the number of 11,000 to the teachings and influence of the missionaries, and had been baptized.

Subjects that would naturally appeal to clergy of differing sections of the Church Catholic were again discussed. The "filioque" clause in the Creed; reunion of Christendom; the number and value of the sacraments; ritual and cere-

monies in the Church of England—all these were presented from varying points of view in the course of the interview.

That the English priest might be able to follow the Liturgy of the Greek Church, he was invited to attend the church the next day—on Sunday.

Since the royal gate is closed during the most sacred part of the canon, he was placed by an attendant priest behind the iconostasis, or altar. From that sacred place he was enabled to witness what is never beheld by the people of the congregation—the Archbishop standing before the altar, the priests and deacons gathered around it in adoration, and the partaking of the elements. Whilst the clergy were celebrating their own communion, the voice of a priest could be heard from the nave, where he was exhorting the worshippers.

The combing out of his long hair with a long wooden comb by the Archbishop marked the curious conclusion of the service. Then the royal gate was thrown open, and a child carried in the arms of its mother was communicated by means of a spoon.

Hospitality is one of the great features of life in Irkutsk and Siberia. The invitations received by Mr. Sheepshanks were numerous and very friendly.

As a compliment to him as an Englishman he was treated to bottled porter, for which he had little relish, at about six shillings a bottle.

An unusual custom in the city, from an Anglo-Saxon's point of view, was that it required the men to wear evening dress (with decorations if they possessed them) for morning calls, and morning dress in the evenings. Happily a clergyman was free from these fine points of etiquette.

On the evening of September 25, he set out on a long

and memorable drive, during which he was to cover some 2000 miles in twenty days—a feat at least of physical endurance.

By the foresight of the Governor, a travelling companion had been found for him in the person of a German officer travelling westward. Such an arrangement was conducive both to speed and comfort. After the loneliness of the desert, and with a long journey in front, it was refreshing to have the society of an intelligent European. In friendly intercourse the tedium of the way could be abated.

The Russian Government for military purposes has placed a cordon of post-horse stations, from twelve to fifteen miles apart, on all the high-roads. Here are kept vehicles and horses to meet the needs of travellers. All civilians must apply for a permit to use any horses at liberty.

A tarantass was purchased, and loaded with such things as were needed for the journey: biscuits, tinned meats, dried fruits, brick-tea, sugar. Horses and driver were provided by the Government at a low charge.

Autumn, with its biting winds, its rain and cold, was settling down on the land, so Mr. Sheepshanks prepared himself to meet the rigours of the climate by donning a stout sheep-skin coat, fleece outward. An astrachan fur cap, and red sash around his waist, completed a costume which a Roman collar alone redeemed from a secular and Siberian aspect.

Of the tarantass to which the fortunes of the two were now committed it may be said—in a word—that it shares with the Chinese mule palanquin the distinction of being the most uncomfortable locomotion known to civilized man. It is a kind of rough phaeton, a springless, four-wheeled carriage covered by a hood. It is devoid of the relief of

springs, for these would be smashed to pieces in the first wild gallop on the rough roads. A box in front upon which the driver sits is its only seat. At the bottom of the conveyance the luggage of the passenger is carefully arranged, straw is laid over it, and he himself must keep things in position by sitting or reclining on the top.

A journey day and night of 2000 miles is not lightly to be undertaken in such a vehicle. Only those in robust health may attempt it; the steepness and inequality of the roads, and the lack of springs giving a shaking up the very remembrance of which is painful. The traveller must not be depressed by solitude nor monotony, nor continual jolting, nor fastidious about his food, his companionship, nor surroundings of the humblest and dirtiest.

The ordinary tarantass has no brake; the roads are often bad and steep, recalling the dangers of English travel one hundred and fifty years ago; streams have to be forded, ravines bridged over in rough and ready manner must needs be crossed; the drivers go full tilt from top to bottom, dashing over the bridges like madmen and halfway up the off hill before they draw rein. There is excitement and a certain fascination in this, but it is not without its strain on the nervous system.

As a rule Siberian post-horses are sorry creatures to look at. But they are spirited and speedy. A curry comb probably never touches their coats, but under the continual influences of coaxing, scolding, screaming, and whip, they attain a pace which in England would be adjudged as nothing less than "furious driving."

The post-road, along which the travellers proceeded, crosses the Angara, by which Lake Baikal discharges itself into the Arctic Ocean. Instead of coming into existence

after the manner of its kind as a brook, it is born a mile wide with a current like a mill race. The fall of forty feet in a distance of forty miles to Irkutsk of course accounts for the current. Steamers ply backwards and forwards between the city and the lake, but whereas they are six or eight hours struggling up stream, they come down again in two.

The Angara is the river of paradox. Cold with an Arctic iciness even in the hottest days of midsummer, it is the last river in Siberia to succumb to the onslaughts of the frost. In August it chills the adventurous bather to the bone; at Christmas it steams, as though it were boiling. To complete its singularity it overflows its banks, not in the spring when other rivers are bursting their bounds, but in early winter when the other streams are locked in ice.

The travellers effected their crossing by means of a floating bridge. This consisted of a boat held up by a strong warp to an anchor dropped aft five hundred yards up the stream in mid channel. Double bottomed, with a spacious platform or deck, and a movable rail on either side, the boat could carry three or four carriages. And this without taking out the horses.

CHAPTER LI

ON THE GREAT POST-ROAD

Sensations of travel—Empire highway—Coming of the locomotive—Roadside change houses—The age of wood—Peasantry in Siberia—Resources of country—Intemperance—Tomsk.

THE road stretched before them day after day: dipped down into the valleys, spread itself over the hills, and fled before them all day and all night. For they stopped only to change horses, then took to the highway again in a country neither picturesque nor especially interesting. Throughout the province on which they had entered the villages seemed to be taking refuge in the valleys, so as to be sheltered from the impetuous winds as well as for the sake of the running water.

For some days they passed through a line of forest trees in gorgeous autumn clothing—red and yellow, flecked at times with snow. To trace the fires of the sunrise and the sunset as they kindled on the horizon, or to be wrapped in a garment of sleet and rain; to see the poplars, already almost bare of their yellow leaves, standing out against the skies; to feel hour after hour the sharp plunge of the tarantass after some steep ascent, the fresh air dancing in their faces as they rattled precipitately down the other side; to be moving ever along a country in which the wind cuts like

a knife—these were the experiences of the travellers westward.

There were roads certainly, but devoid of beauty, though not of interest. During the wet weather of early autumn they had turned into a mass of soft mud, cut up by wheels and horses' feet.

For they were on the great post-road which, running like a thread through the three thousand miles between Vladivostock and Moscow, brings the two ends of the immense Russian territory into touch. In the distance like a mere brown streak upon the hillside, lost in the forest, reappearing again in the low-lying land, it is an achievement more wonderful than any accomplished by the great road-builders of Rome. Along that road two centuries ago Russia had sent her embassies to China; the tides of war had rolled across it; millions of gold and silver had travelled over it under escort of mounted Cossacks; and numberless caravans of tea. It has witnessed the passing of exiles and emigrants, all the pain and the daring and the misery by which a nation has risen within the last half-century between the lake and the sea.

But the days of the post-road are over. It is now disappearing, and its tracks invaded by weeds and grass. The persistent railway has thrust itself among the quiet hills and through the forests and the steppes, and the traffic of centuries has heen diverted from its beaten track.

The roadside houses, for change and refreshment, were both poor and wretched. They had but one living-room for the family; on the other side of the door, one or more apartments were reserved for the passing guests. The furniture of these was slight—a table, chair, candlestick; a bench for sleeping on, sometimes padded, sometimes in its native hard-

ness; an icon, a looking-glass, and sundry framed notices. Boiling water for tea and breakfast were always obtainable, but one must trust to one's own supply of provisions, or be content with the chance of milk and eggs and occasionally meat.

Built on traditional principles, the houses aimed at keeping out the cold, and so by consequence the fresh air. To enter one of these, fresh from the clear and stimulating atmosphere outside, was an experience to be remembered. Open the door, and the warm, fulsome exhalations of closely pent-up human beings, stretched out on the benches or sleeping on the floors, were intolerable. This, too, in rooms incessantly peopled, without apparently having been swept for years.

Sometimes no one would be in sight; then from the huge stove which filled the place with its fumes, a man, dishevelled and haggard with sleep, would roll down to meet the traveller's wants. These would be but few. Fresh horses and a steaming bowl of tea with a few biscuits, then out into the darkness and away.

The villages on their way seemed prosperous enough, but without enterprise or comfort. They consisted of unpainted log houses of one story with rough surroundings. For wood abounds everywhere in Siberia. It takes the place of iron and masonry; it is the material out of which domestic utensils are made; even tools are fashioned from it. The age of bronze and stone has given place to the civilization of timber—the Slav civilization.

A want of refinement is apparent; the one æsthetic side to the rural life is found in the flowers—fuschias, geraniums, and many another—which bloom in the windows of every house.

As to the peasantry of the country, the opinion of the traveller was on the whole favourable. He found them honest, kindly, and dull; very ignorant and very attentive to their religious duties; thronging their churches; scrupulously observant of all religious rites. In numerous instances the direct descendants of convicts, like many of the first of our colonists in Australia to-day, these free peasants are more hardy and progressive than the Russian moujik generally They are the constituent elements of a great nation, for a land peopled with exiles must needs breed intelligence; there are emigrants to supply the initiative, and the military population, the Cossacks, the daring, that are necessary to build up a race.

And the country in which they live is worthy to be the home of a progressive people. Associated in the imagination of most with the biting frost of a rigorous Arctic winter, it is in reality a place of immense natural resources, in which the cold of winter, though piercing, is dry, and therefore both endurable and stimulating. That it is not an unproductive Arctic waste is shown by the long lines of loaded waggons from the Siberian frontiers.

Immense forests of birch, larch, and cedar that cover its surface; valleys with all the richness of alluvial soil; far-reaching rivers with abundance of fish; gold-mines and deposits of minerals yielding a large revenue each year—all these find a place in Siberia. Nor is it the home only of convicts and political exiles. It has a prosperous and wealthy mercantile class; its peasantry, already alluded to, in spite of their deficiencies, are in advance of their brethren in European Russia.

The intemperance of the Siberian freemen is a thing which may not be passed over without reference. When

Mr. Sheepshanks declares that they are the most intemperate people he has ever known, he is in unhappy agreement with most visitors who have travelled through Siberia. In some villages through which he passed, especially at festival times, the houses remained lighted up through the night, the dwellers within apparently the worse for drink. This experience may be compared with that of Mr. Keenan at a later date.

He tells how he arrived one dark Monday evening at a station some fifty miles from Chita, to find the whole village in a state of hilarious intoxication. Sleighs filled with young men and boys, shouting and whooping, careering wildly hither and thither; long lines of peasant girls in bright calico dresses unsteadily promenading to and fro in the streets, with their arms round one another and singing songs; older inhabitants, more decorous, but all excited and flushed with drink; the starosta, or head of the village, so drunk he could with difficulty stand—the same story of indulgence everywhere.

As for the priest of the community, he was so overcome with vodka that he had to be taken home by the soberest of his parishioners. Other clergy there were in the place—priests in long gowns and high cylindrical, brimless hats, draped with black, and all of them fuddled: no one appeared able to give a coherent explanation of this epidemic of intoxication. The information came at last from the only sober man in the place, and he a heathen and Bouriat: "They have been consecrating a new church."

After turning their backs on Irkutsk, the travellers passed only two small towns until they came to the banks of the Yenesi, busy with traffic. Crossing this stream, the largest in Asia, on a sort of ferry, they drew nigh to the city that

stands on its banks, its sparkling gilt and enamelled cupolas rising against the dark background of the forests.

Easily approached by Mr. Sheepshanks and his companion, the tracks to it are readily obliterated by any fall of snow. A large party of soldiers and exiles missing the road have been found frozen to death within a few miles of it. The appearance of the city is cheerful and imposing with its white houses and numerous churches. Very cold in winter —for it is the coldest town in Siberia in the same parallel of latitude—it has an air of homely comfort with its solid brick houses.

Its outskirts, however, are given over to a collection of paltry wooden huts. The position it occupies, midway between the waterway to the Ural Mountains, post-road to the Eastern provinces, marked it out as a place for the exchange of European and Siberian merchants.

CHAPTER LII

THE LAST STAGE

Exiled to Siberia—A natural prison—Omsk—The Urals—Ekaterinburg—The boundary-post—Rush for the steamer—On the Volga—Nijni-Novgorod—Moscow—Home.

LEAVING Tomsk, the travellers found themselves in full steppe land. Before them stretched the steppes of Barabinsk, green with grass, and chequered by little clumps of dwarf trees and by Lilliputian woods.

Occasionally, as they went, they heard the clank of chains, and met parties of exiles on their way to the prisons of Kara or Saghalien. Clad in long coats of sad-coloured frieze, in chains and manacled one to another, soldiers around them as an escort on either hand, vehicles in the rear filled with the sickly and little children, the procession moved on to the confused tramping of feet, never to return westwards.

Many of the deported were criminals and bore in their faces every appearance of ruffianism and ill-doing. Others were political exiles, martyrs in the cause of national regeneration, whilst some were sent into Siberia for offences which hardly seemed to warrant so severe a punishment. It is enough in Russia that a man should be habitually idle or drunken, or that he should refuse to maintain his family;

his neighbours have it in their power to make an unwilling colonist of him. And he must walk all the way from the Ural Mountains to his destination, unless he is ill.

The Trans-Baikal provinces serve admirably as an enclosure for political offenders. It has natural boundaries difficult to escape. On the north immense forests offer only starvation to the refugee who flees in the winter; the inhospitable Mongolian desert lies before him on the south; westward he comes into touch with his own authorities; the hostile Chinamen dwell to the east. At one time a price was set upon his head, and in the Trans-Baikal districts the Bouriats were ever on the alert to hunt down escaped convicts, to shoot them like vermin if they could not take them alive.

The province offers, too, an admirable field for work. Rich in silver and gold and gems, it affords at one and the same time the opportunity for isolating offenders and employing their labour to profitable uses. Some of the exiles who condemn themselves to banishment are voluntary ones, generally the relatives of those who have been sentenced to deportation.

Omsk, the town next on the way, was one of importance as the centre of an enormous commercial output. But it was no abiding city for a person in a hurry, who was concerned lest he should fail to reach the river Kama before the close of the navigation for the winter season, to the vexatious delay of his journey.

It was growing steadily colder, with nights and early mornings of strong frost. The water poured from the customary metal jug in the post-houses over the wayfarers' hands (the ablution of the country) congealed almost as it fell.

The Ural Mountains came in view, but came only after

the manner of the Rockies, to bring a feeling of disappointment. These seem high and inspiring only to men of the steppes; whoever has been accustomed to the inspiring lines of the Alps, or even the mountain ranges of Great Britain, come upon the chain without being aware of it. Its dreadful and menacing gorges exist only in imagination; its slope too gentle to notice, though in one place it reaches a height of 4000 feet.

Racing down the slopes, the travellers drove into Ekaterinburg, where time permitted them only to glance around the place and make a purchase of a few chains of crystals. The centre of a district in which ornamental stones, jasper, malachite, porphyry, and so on, are collected, there is a great sale in the streets and stores of the polar bears, reindeer, wolves, and other fanciful figures carved on them by women and children.

It has more serious commercial enterprises. Founded in 1729 by Peter the Great, who set up his foundries there, it is to Ekaterinburg that the iron from the Urals and the gold from Siberian mines are brought to be smelted. At night the travellers heard the tingle of the triangle, carried by the watchmen as a warning for wanderers, and inadvertently as a signal for evil-doers.

Urging on their drivers to utmost speed, passing through immense forests of evergreen trees, leaving behind the villages where the famous Orenburg shawls, made from the wool of Kirghese goats, are woven and sold, they came to the boundary which marks off Asia from Europe. At the wayside they passed a pillar, ten or twelve feet high, of stuccoed or plastered bricks, on one side the coat-of-arms of the Asiatic provinces of Tobolsk, on the other that of the European province.

Surely no boundary-post in the world has witnessed so much human suffering, or been passed by such a multitude of despairing and heartsick people. Since the beginning of 1800, half a million of men and women have trodden that Via Dolorosa.

The post itself is covered with inscriptions, scratched or pencilled on the hard surface of the brick. The last farewells of love; words of patriotic ardour; the names of those whose identity was often to be lost for ever—all have had their wavering record there. Like the Tower of London, the boundary of Russia has a nation's history written upon it.

Racing down at top speed, Mr. Sheepshanks and his companion reached the hill that overlooked the shining Kama River. To his immense satisfaction the Englishman saw beneath him the last steamboat of the season still anchored to the pier. Steam from her funnel showed that she was even then getting under way. A final stampede, a hasty purchase of tickets, and passenger and luggage were hurried aboard as the last bell was ringing.

The fatigues of the long ride in the tarantass were at an end, leaving the traveller in robust health; indeed, he found his Siberian trip far less trying to his constitution than the journey across the prairies of America in the stage-waggon.

The Kama, a river rising in the Ural Mountains, bore the clergyman, now alone, along its swift and muddy current through attractive scenery, to the easy movement of the boat, until they turned into the broad tranquil Volga. This pleasant and comfortable voyage came to an end at Nijni-Novgorod, the City of the Great Fair.

Crossing the floating bridge, before him lay the white

domes of Byzantine churches, or those of blue and silver or gold and green rising out of masses of foliage on the terraces, a river lined with steamers, bright with flags, the ancient Kremlin, whose high craggy walls had kept back the fierce rushes of a Mongol horde in the fifteenth century.

The whole city was dominated by the spirit of trade: swarthy Tartars in skull caps, Russian peasants in the customary sheepskin coats; long-bearded, long-haired monks, whose days were spent in begging; pedlars, dealers, vendors of all sorts—with these the streets were filled.

The Fair is a separate and independent city. Had the stranger arrived in the early autumn he would have found one of the busiest centres of life in the world. With July a forest of shipping seems to grow from the depths of the river; the hot, dusty air thrills to the scream of the steamer syrens; goods to the value of 120,000,000 roubles change hands; every habitable dwelling is crowded to the door: a military band plays in the square. With no less than half a million of traders added to its population, a great flood of human life surges through the city.

But by the end of the year, the City of the Fair lies in torpor. No steps in the streets: no clangour of the bells in the cathedral; no movement in the houses or shops, it remains neglected and silent, a city of desolation. But with the autumn its pulses awake again to life.

Moscow was the next place of interest in the traveller's itinerary. Afflicted alike by Tartar, Pole, Frenchman, occupied in turn by each, it has survived pillage, massacre, fire, and famine to remain the most thoroughly national of the cities of the Empire.

Mr. Sheepshanks remained for some time in the city,

fascinated by its daily life, and lost in wonderment at the number and magnificence of its churches, the wealth of gold and precious stones and splendid workmanship which adorn them.

With the lessening spire of the Kremlin behind him, he turned his face once more westward. Travelling by St. Petersburg and Germany he arrived in Dover at the end of November, 1867, and so returned after his long peregrinations to his native land.

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